

ILLUSTRATED
AFRICA

NORTH
TROPICAL
SOUTH

WILLIAM · D · BOYCE

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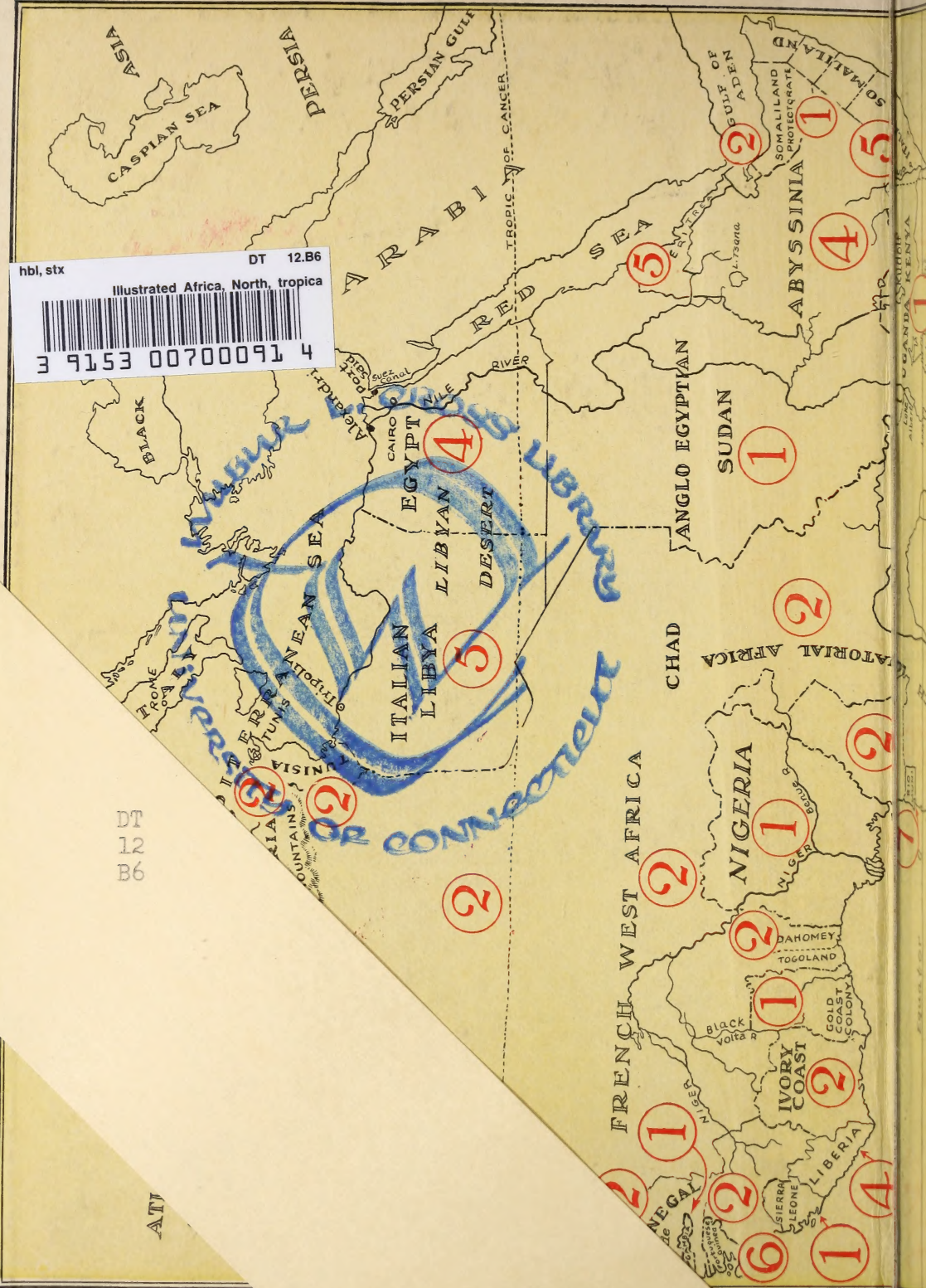
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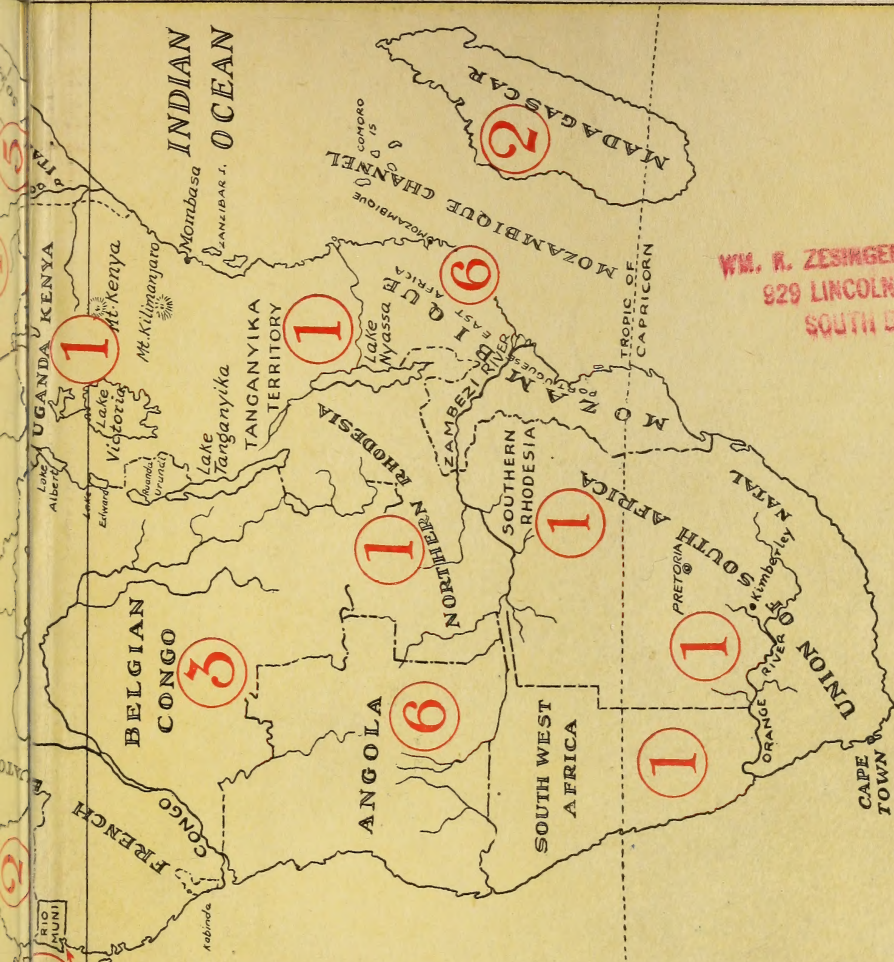


Equator

ATLANTIC OCEAN


LEGEND

- 1 BRITISH—
Gambia, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast Colony, Nigeria, Southwestern Union of South Africa, Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia, Tanganyika Territory, Uganda Kenya, Somaliland Protectorate, Anglo Egyptian Sudan.
- 2 FRENCH—
Morocco, French West Africa, Senegal, French Guinea, Ivory Coast, Dahomey, Cameroons, French Equatorial Africa, Algeria, Tunisia, French Somaliland, Madagascar.
- 3 BELGIAN—
Belgian Congo.
- 4 INDEPENDENT STATES—
Liberia, Egypt, Abyssinia.
- 5 ITALIAN—
Italian Somaliland, Eritrea, Italian Libya.
- 6 PORTUGUESE—
Portuguese Guinea, Angola, Mozambique.
- 7 SPANISH—
Riff, Rio de Oro, Canary Islands, Rio Muni.

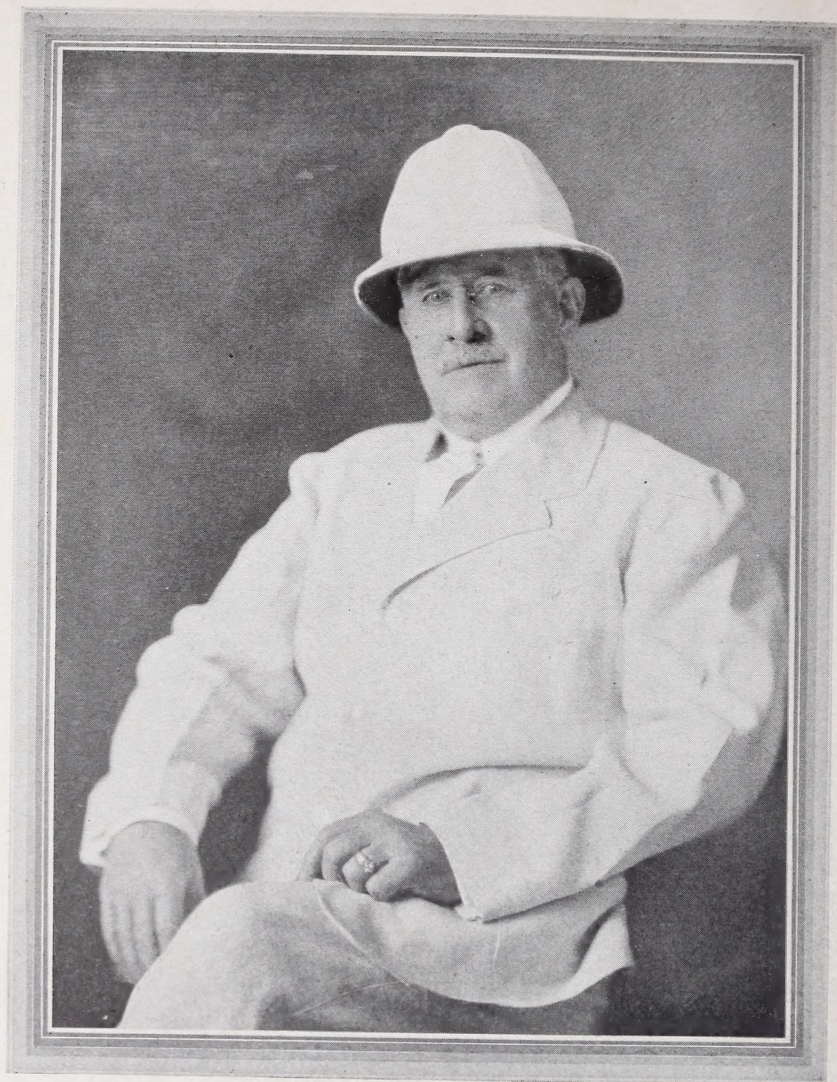


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W.D. Boyce

ILLUSTRATED AFRICA

NORTH
TROPICAL
SOUTH

BY

WILLIAM D. BOYCE

AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRATED SOUTH AMERICA," "UNITED STATES
COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES," AND "ILLUSTRATED
AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND." PUBLISHER
OF THE "BLADE AND LEDGER"

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

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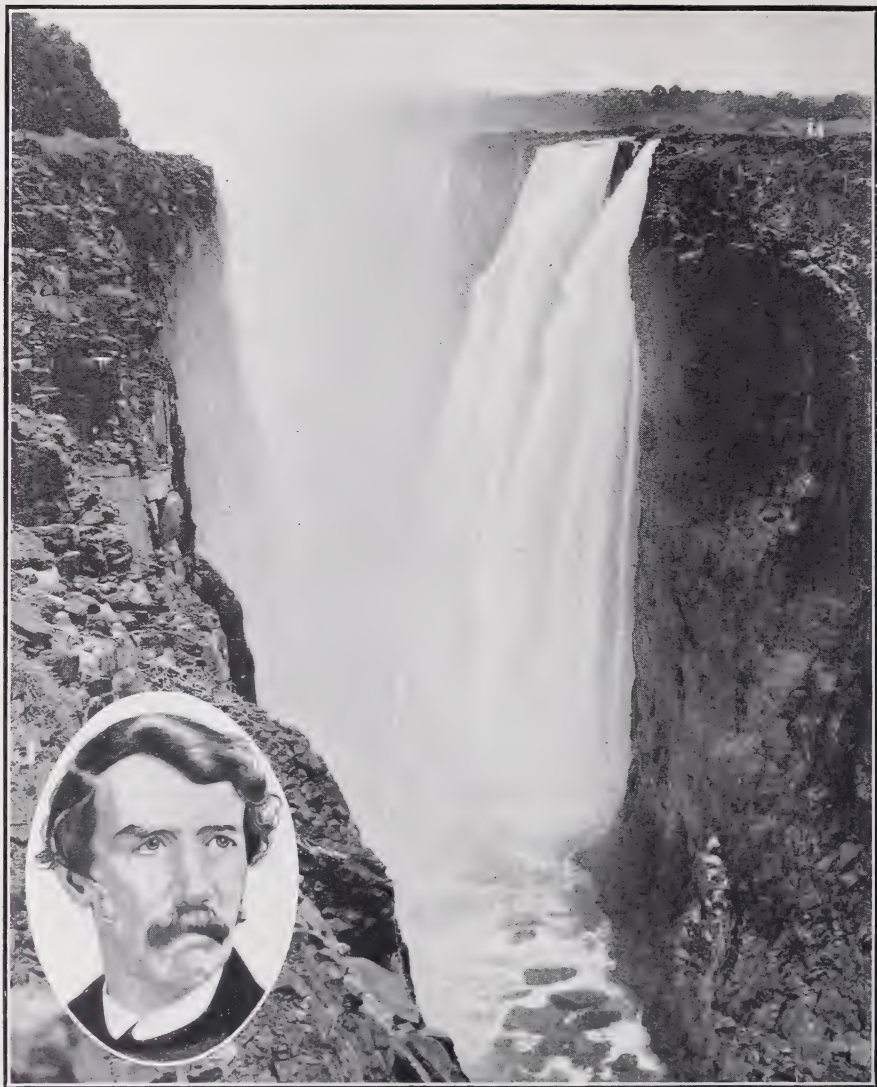
FOREWORD

WHEN I pick up a book, I first read the Foreword or introduction as it helps me better to understand the point of view of the author and why the book was published.

Always looking for a good story for "THE BLADE," I realized that Colonel Roosevelt, at the time of his trip, had centered the world's attention on Africa and big game shooting. Roosevelt had with him expert photographers and scientists. I had to add something new to shooting and photographing if my expedition was to compete with the Colonel's in challenging public interest, so I took into Africa balloons from which to photograph the wild life of jungles and plains. Pictures from the air were new at that time and the spectacular character of the undertaking made it excellent newspaper copy.

I had no intention then of writing a book on Africa or any other country. All I wanted was an exclusive story for my readers and I got it. We increased the circulation of "The Blade" 300,000 copies per issue. This experiment showed plainly that our readers were eager for illustrated articles from other countries. Within the last few years I have completed "Illustrated South America," "The United States Colonies and Dependencies," and "Australia and New Zealand." The text for these three books first appeared as exclusive, illustrated travel stories in "The Blade." After these books had been published, many wrote or asked me, "Where is your book on Africa?"

As far as I could discover, the entire continent of Africa had never been treated in one volume. It was an undertaking which I did not care to tackle as it meant at least three years of my life at a time when I felt I was entitled to ease up on work and enjoy my family and friends. However, as I had written about all the countries south of the Equator, around the world, except South Africa, I accepted the task and here



Victoria Falls and Dr. Livingstone, the first white man to see them.

is the result—"Illustrated Africa, North, Tropical and South," between the covers of one volume.

I have tried to add to the world's information on all countries on and south of the Equator, around the world. It is for the reader to say how well I have succeeded.

Africa is three times the size, in square miles, of the United States and has an estimated population of 170,000,000. Of this total, about 2,000,000 are white, the remaining 168,000,000 being colored. Since the different countries in Europe began "selling" their governments to Africa, they have discouraged the practice of the natives eating each other as that practice reduced the "head tax," or "hut tax." The population of Africa is today greater than it has ever been.

One thing about Africa that I never could understand until I had spent years traveling in and thru nearly all parts of the continent, was why the country had not been pre-empted by Europe long before America was discovered. It is only during the last seventy-five years that the negro has been "convinced" that he needed the white man's government and "agreed" not only to surrender his independence but to pay for protection from other tribes and from himself. As long as the civilized world favored or tolerated slavery, European government made too much out of the African slave traffic to interfere. Local slavery still exists in all interior native settlements.

The historical progression in man's settlement of the world is: First, Asia; second, Africa; third, Europe; fourth, America. No doubt Tropical Africa was inhabited as early as Asia, but the Sahara Desert held the negro back from reaching the Mediterranean Sea, while the brown Arab and Berber, or western Asiatic, spread along the northern coast of Africa and across the Mediterranean Sea to what is now Spain and Portugal. Until Europe became land hungry as well as trade hungry, the various governments maintained a "hands off" policy toward Africa. There was method in this madness as Europe at that time was scarcely out of its formative stage politically, and domestic or local problems commanded the attention and

resources of the governments. The Mohammedans had run out of Africa the first Asiatics, the Italians (Romans), and the Greeks.

The Islam religion appeals to the Africans, as it never changes, as does the Christian religion. It suits a people who are mentally capable of very little improvement. Africa is the poorest country in the world for its size. The Mohammedan religion is a poor man's religion. The beggar is respected. The rich sometimes give away their wealth and go to begging. The law of Mohammed requires ten per cent tithes every year. The killing of a Christian is a sure "thru ticket" to heaven. Mohammed made a study of the Hebrew and Christian religions and adapted from them the teachings which would be best suited to the inhabitants of a poor country. He recognized that the surplus female population had to be absorbed into some home, as there was no other work for them, so he made polygamy, or plural marriage, part of his religion. This phase of the new creed especially appealed to the African black and brown men. It also suited the women for several in one family made far less work. The Mohammedan heaven is pictured as a beautiful place of green grass, fresh water and plenty to eat. To the men is held out the promise of a new set of wives, white wives for the negroes. If Mohammed lived today he could, no doubt, write pulling advertising copy for most anything. He certainly understood human nature. I am unable to comprehend how white governments expect permanently to force their rule on countries inhabited by people with a mind just the opposite to the white mind. One hundred and twenty million Africans are Mohammedans, 40,000,000 are backward negroes who are fetish worshipers, and 10,000,000 are counted as Christians and Jews. As fast as Christian missionaries enroll the negroes, the Mohammedan proselytes them with an alluring picture of a heaven which appeals to them because they can understand it.

Morocco, of all the political divisions of Africa, will, for years, attract the most attention. The Spanish Riff country is part of Morocco, nominally governed by the Sultan of Morocco

who is under the "protection" of the French. The Riff country is the Switzerland of Africa and is occupied by the purer strain of Berber stock, the best fighters on the Continent. Tangier is a zone in the northwest corner of Morocco, nominally under the Sultan, with a protectorate in which France, England and Spain are the powers. Ninety per cent of the inhabitants of Morocco are Mohammedans and will remain so, always watching for a chance to rebel against domination by a Christian power. Had not France under Marshal Lyautey kept right along in Morocco during the World War, just the same as if there was no war, the whole country would have revolted. Algeria governed by the French has 5,000,000 Mohammedans only waiting their chance. The same condition exists in Tunisia. If France ever gets into another European or World War, she will lose her African possessions.

The Mohammedan has nominally forced Great Britain out of Egypt. Note, I say nominally. In reality, Great Britain still is in Egypt and will some day be formally asked again to come back and save the country.

If you knew Africa as I do, when you thought of North Africa you would think of Arabs, the Sahara Desert and the Mohammedan church. When you thought of Tropical Africa it would be in terms of wild game and negroes. It is well known to all who made shooting excursions into Tropical and Central Africa before the World War, that the wild game there multiplied up to the point where there was not enough food or water to sustain the wild life. I used to wonder at this, until I knew the native negro and realized that his mind was not as acute as the minds of the animals. If the native negro were mentally as bright as the wild game about him, he would take them for meat and live off the wild game rather than eat other natives. In Asia, Europe and America the wild game never was as abundant as in the negro sections of Africa, because the inhabitants of Asia, Europe and America had more acute minds than the wild beasts.

As near as I can estimate, knowing something about the whole of Africa, 65 per cent of the population is black, 20 per

cent is brown and 15 per cent mixed or white. Not much more than one per cent is pure white. With the weight of 99 per cent colored on a whole continent of 170,000,000 inhabitants, one can easily realize the improbability of the white man remaining there indefinitely, and permanently policing the country. As soon as the mines are worked out the white man will disappear. He will either return home or sink into oblivion in the abyss of color thru intermarriage. The question of perpetual white government in Africa becomes more and more doubtful every year. We may confidently expect the ultimate answer to be as it is in South America, where the original five per cent pure whites are gradually being absorbed by the Indian or "red man."

Germany is now practically demanding the return of her African colonies. Of course, she will not get them again. In this she will be mighty lucky for they would be only a bill of expense. Of all the colonies or "protectorates" in Africa, Germany had the poorest because she was the last European country to catch the colonial fever. Bismarck disapproved the "spreading out" policy. The World War was brought on thru the former Kaiser's ambition for colonial expansion. The Congo has always been and will continue to be a bill of expense to Belgium. France has lost money on her African possessions. The only real, practical colonizers in the world are the British. They have had much experience during the last four hundred years. Yet, I do not believe they expect to stay in Africa permanently. They hold their colonies and protectorates there primarily for business reasons. They sell the best government in the world to backward people and trade follows their flag—not the missionaries. I know they do not consider Africa a paying agricultural country, but the great mines, the diamond and gold mines they own in South Africa are the richest in the world. When these are worked out, the British will not be interested enough to remain and spend incomputable sums policing a country where the profits of trade will not justify the expense of government. They control the eastern part of Africa from Cape Town to Cairo, and now you seldom

hear anything about that always impossible proposition, a "Cape-to-Cairo" railroad. That was only talk to keep out other European countries which coveted openings on the Indian Ocean.

Rapid transportation, in any country, is considered of first importance. In all Africa, a country three times the size of the United States, there are less than 25,000 miles of railroads. The mileage in many of our important states is much greater. The African rivers are shallow and navigable only for light draft boats and, with the exception of the Congo and Niger, are subject to floods and seasons when they go nearly dry. As for transportation thru the air, the only good landing places would be on the deserts. Tropical swamps make poor parking places. As for good roads, only in the French possessions in North Africa are they practical to any extent or commercially useful. The desert and tropical areas furnish no natural advantages or paying traffic. The only reason for building highways would be political. Ninety-nine per cent of the population cannot afford and do not want travel facilities other than those which they have had for thousands of years. Forcing modern conveniences on them is, at best, an unprofitable expenditure of energy and money.

The white man does not like crowding. He wants plenty of room, and he wants and needs a good agricultural country back of him as he is a great eater. The yellow, brown and black man is not so particular. He usually is satisfied to live any way and eat any thing. In contemplating the future of Africa, I have kept in mind the fact that the white man is getting crowded, especially in Europe, and that the United States, with its present stringent limitations on immigration, no longer affords an asylum for the thousands who would seek more open country. After several years in Africa, studying the possibilities of white civilization there, I have abandoned the thought that it might offer relief for the crowded white man. Conditions there are unfavorable except for temporary residence. White children do not do well except in limited areas

and the white man will not live permanently where he cannot enjoy a family.

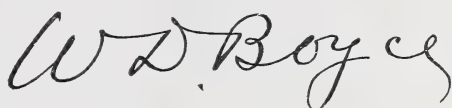
Fifty per cent of Africa is desert or has so little rain that a white man can not exist. Forty-three per cent of the whole of Africa is tropical and overrun with swamps and rank vegetation. Animal life, particularly those forms of domestic animal life essential to the needs of the white man, does not do well under tropical conditions. The negro exists. He neither knows nor appreciates when he is introduced to a better mode of living. They are constitutionally fitted for only that form of life which calls for no resistance to nature. They have neither ambition nor initiative.

The white family can live and thrive on the little fringe of green shown on our African map inside the back cover, in South Africa from Durban to Cape Town; also, on the coast of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia. The white man gets along fairly well for a while in the tropics where the altitude is from 4,000 to 6,000 feet, as at Kimberley and Johannesburg. When I first landed at Nairobi, in old British East Africa, the governor asked me if I thought it was a white man's climate. I replied: "Look at the healthy white children." He said the elevation, 5,000 to 6,000 feet, accounted for their color and that they would not remain healthy. Governor Sir Percy Girouard had been in Africa more than twenty years, in the Sudan, South Africa, and West Coast, and then on the East Coast. I had based a statement on appearances; he was talking from experience.

I am not much of a pessimist. Everything usually looks good to me. I think I can draw the "case card," so, as I have gone from country to country in this world, usually I have seen the bright side and have written of events, persons and things as they "looked" at the time I was writing. This will account possibly for discrepancies between some of the text or "copy" in this book and the conclusions I have come to later when I took the whole continent into consideration. The chapters herewith presented have been written at the "time and the place." On safari, on river boats, on the desert, in tropical

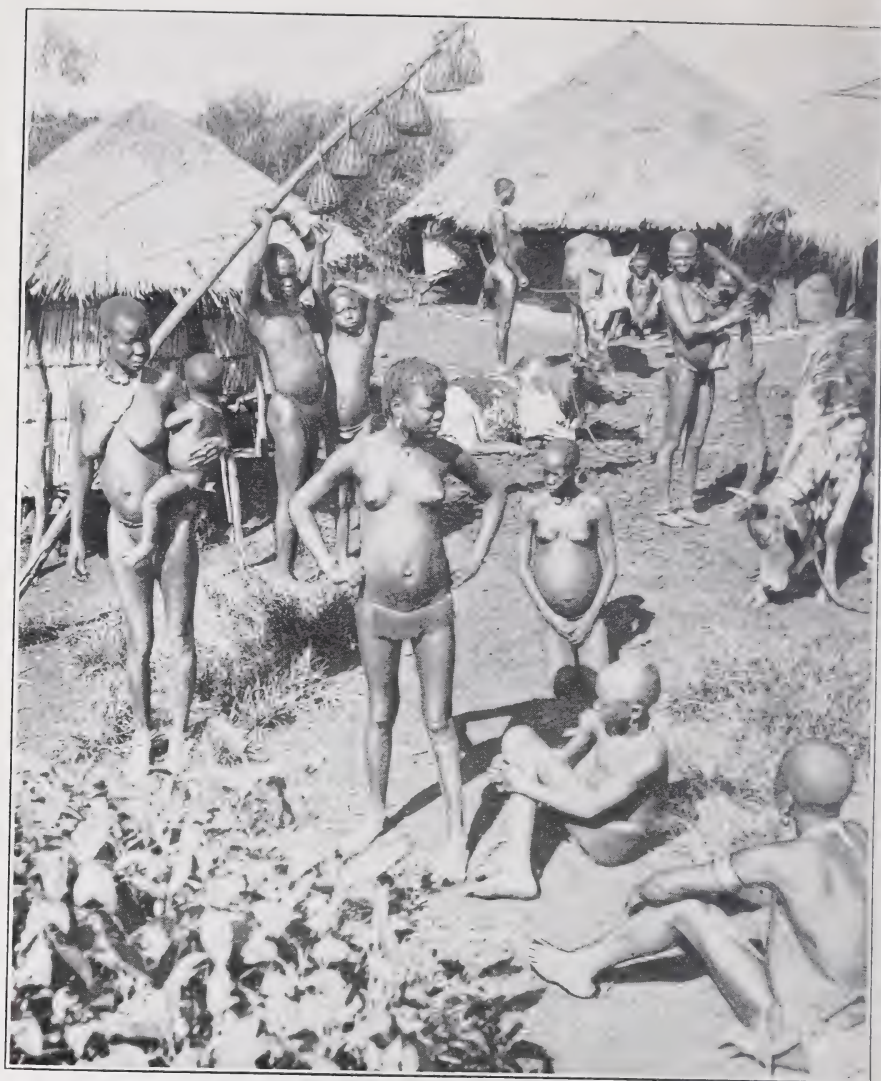
swamps, on railroad trains, in tents, in hotels, at sea level, at 10,000 feet altitude, at night and in the daytime I have prepared copy. Often I have written while brushing off the tsetse fly and listening to the roar of lions. I have taken notes on a camel's back while the Arab driver chased away the Bedouin dogs. I have prepared copy during an earthquake.

Neither modern romance, as written in the spectacular accomplishments of Cecil Rhodes, nor ancient splendor as revealed when the insatiable curiosity of man broke the seal of the centuries on the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen, has been able to wean the popular imagination from picturing Africa in pigments of shadow-drenched jungles, viciously charging animals, superstitious savages and black slavery. From the days of misty tradition, thru the comparatively short period of recorded history to the present day, Africa, the second largest continent on the globe, has been a land of fascinating mystery. Imagination and speculation have been so thoroly mixed with facts, that those who do not know the country as I do have absorbed more fancy and grotesque notions than truth.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "W.D. Boyce". The letters are fluid and connected, with a prominent "W" and "D" at the beginning and a long, sweeping "y" and "ce" at the end.

CHICAGO,

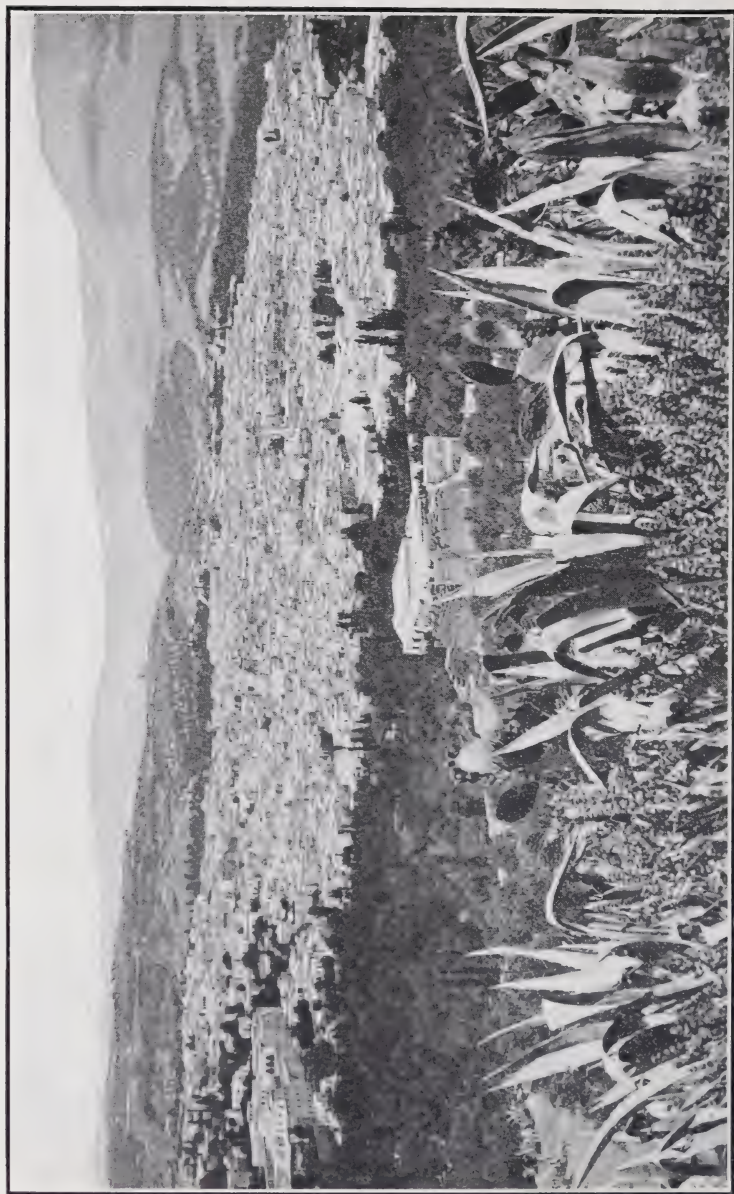
NOVEMBER 1925



A typical native village in the interior of Tropical Africa.

NORTH AFRICA

MOROCCO, TANGIERS, ALGERIA, TUNISIA,
SAHARA DESERT, ITALIAN LIBYA,
AND EGYPT



A distant view of Fez, the Mohammedan Sacred City in Morocco, which for centuries has been one of the centers of Moorish culture in North Africa.

CHAPTER I

MOROCCO THE MYSTERIOUS

THE crimson and turquoise of a Moroccan sunset had yielded to an enchanting purple dusk. My motor car crept cautiously from the winding track of Segotta Pass into a shadow-swept valley. Having traveled this old world east,

west, north and south and beheld its natural wonders as well as its spectacular monuments to the folly and faith of mankind, I am not easily thrilled, and yet I confess to a quickening of my pulse as my car topped the crest of a ridge and for the first time I looked upon the Sacred City of Fez—Jewel City of the Mohammedans' "most westerly land of the setting sun."

In my mind were thoughts of the ancient grandeur of Cordova, Granada and Seville; the romance of the Andalusian epoch in Spain, the Islamic hordes slipping down from the Pyrenees Mountains bent on the conquest of Europe, to be

checked only by the mailed fist of Charles Martel. I was reflecting on the stupendous failure of the Arab, Berber and Moor in their bid for dominion and their astonishing persistence in the face of that failure. I was wondering if, after all, it was a failure. Subtly the indistinct groups which drew aside with something of contempt and disapproval in their demeanor as our motor car passed reminded me that the mightiest conqueror had not changed these people. It was as if the spirits



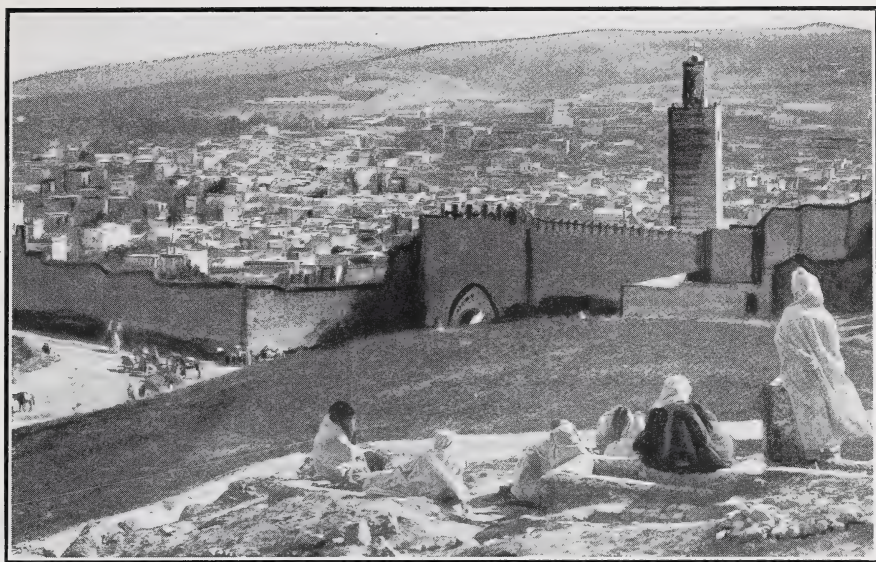
Moulay Youssef, Sultan of Morocco.

of Joseph and his brethren and all the patriarchs of the Hebrew genesis, by some sort of magic, had materialized from the mists of legend and tradition to impress me with the fact that I was in a land and amidst a people where time was nothing, where the wealth, power and circumstance of which my day and generation are enamored were held in contempt. Here was mysterious strength; the strength of immutability—a negative rather than a positive strength, a passive rather than an aggressive strength, but, nevertheless, such a strength as has yielded nothing to the pressure of alien civilizations in full three thousand years.

Nestling in the valley beyond the ridge, a purple haze drawn about it suggestive of a Moorish woman's veil, was the Sacred City of Fez! It seemed, almost, a phantom city, the twinkling lights, not too bright in the early dusk, giving an Arabian Nights sheen to the picture. The knowledge that those lights were generated by American oil did not detract from the picture. The mud walls, over which contending dynasties have battled for centuries, were clearly distinguishable, and many minarets reared their silhouettes against the sky as if determined that in one's first impressions the religious character of the historic city should be dominant.

A sudden turn in the road and the view was lost and the veritable army of natives, with their heavily loaded donkeys and mules, and their flocks of sheep and goats, hurrying in picturesque confusion lest they be too late to pass thru the gate before it was closed for the night, commanded our attention to the exclusion of everything else. Our motor car horn joined in the din of shouting natives and bleating flocks, and, perhaps, Allah's protection, on which the Mohammedan so confidently relies, brought us down to the gate without accident.

There the density of the crowd blocked us, and, as the street beyond the gate was much too narrow for our machine, we climbed out of the car and joined the motley procession, moving noisily thru the big gate. Our progress was slow, for those who brought produce for marketing had to stop at the tax collector's stall and haggle over the entrance tax.



A view of Bab Ajissa and the mosque just within the gate, with a section of Fez stretching away beyond the great wall. It was thru this gate on New Year's Eve, that Mr. Boyce made his entrance into the famous city.

This was the Bab Ajissa (sometimes called Guissa), built by the Almohades in 1204, and made memorable in 1912 by the desperate defense of it against the Berber insurgents by Lieutenant Chardonnet, who was killed during the battle. It is what is known as a "bayonet gate," the passage thru the great wall making a right-angle turn to the left and another to the right, the aim having been to confuse enemies who might force the outer gate and expedite their annihilation, the construction being such that the defenders on the walls could hurl stones and spears on the massed enemy in the narrow, zig-zag passage below.

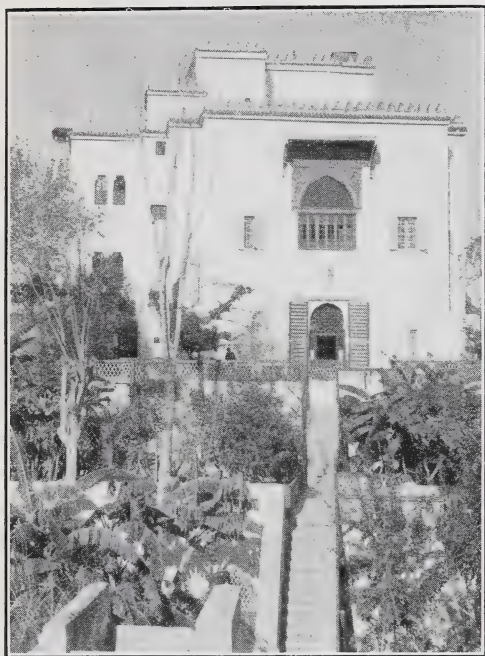
No defenders disputed our entrance, but the sheep and donkeys crowded us against the walls and it took some lusty yelling before our courier could open a way for us. Such close contact with these swarthy bearded Moors, who walked amid the confusion with their burnouses drawn about them and with

impressive dignity in their bearing, again reminded me of biblical stories. I was thinking of these when I came out of the tunnel-like passage and found myself in a narrow street between high walls. Involuntarily, I looked up. Above me towered the minaret of the Mosque of Bab Ajissa and from it a heavy-voiced muezzin called the faithful to evening prayer. Directly above the minaret, as if fashioned as the topmost decoration of the ancient tower, a golden crescent moon hung in a sky of deepest blue.

This was my entrance into the Sacred City of Fez, so many years forbidden to "infidel Christians," on New Year's eve. That crescent moon standing directly above the minaret of the mosque reminded me of the story of the Star of Bethlehem. That crescent and star have been in conflict for more than twelve centuries and the end is not yet, and in those centuries no city other than Mecca itself has played a more conspicuous part than has Fez.

If my advent into Fez had something suggestive of the sublime in it, I was presently to have a touch of the ridiculous in my experience at the hotel. The Dar Jamai stands to the east of the mosque of Bab Ajissa and its front entrance is reached only by a circuitous route thru the congested souks (markets) of the city. We took a shorter way, thru a dark, narrow street which brought us to the back door of the hotel, and when the proprietor appeared on the scene he informed us that he had no rooms for our accommodation. Perhaps he had a prejudice against back-door callers. There was a great argument, in which I played the part of a silent and amused spectator. After the proprietor and my courier had talked themselves into a state of exhaustion, I was taken in, conducted thru winding passages to an open court, then up sixty-five steps and installed in "the Sultan's room," just as if it had been built for my exclusive use.

Dar Jamai once was the palace of a vizier of the sultan, Abd El Aziz, and this room, on the very top of the rambling structure, had been built for the use of the sultan on his frequent visits to the palace. By the time I had climbed to my



Dar Jamai was once the palace of a grand vizier of a Sultan. It is a great, rambling structure, with a terraced garden, and only a part of the main building is shown in this picture.

room a few times I had a new appreciation of the merits of an American elevator. However, a mixture of barbaric luxury and unbelievable inconvenience is part of life in these Mohammedan countries. Late the next morning, when I looked from my window and saw the entire city of Fez spread out before me, I forgot the sixty-five steps—until I had to climb them again.

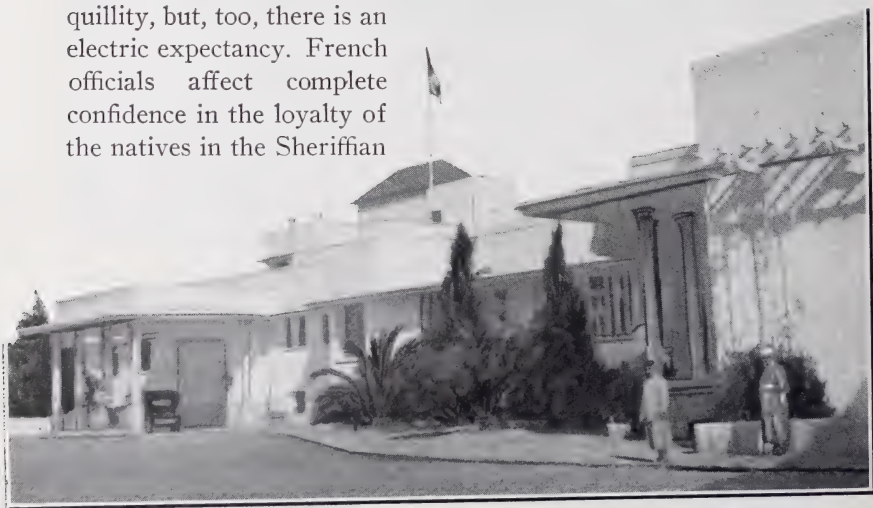
I say "late the next morning" advisedly, for we celebrated the advent of the year at the hotel. We found that ten American and British girls, properly chaperoned by their French teacher, were guests in the hostelry, and I decided that if we didn't

celebrate the New Year's arrival no one would, because the Jews have their own New Year and the Mohammedans have theirs. I invited the girls and a delegation of Belgian newspaper men and their wives to be my guests at a midnight luncheon. At 11:45 we gathered in the dining-room, and with Arabs making weird noises which we were expected to accept as music, thirty-five wanderers from the Western World had a real New Year's party.

Imagine my surprise when I discovered the next day that my little party had made of me something of a celebrity among the hotel guests. When I appeared in the dining-room at the noon hour one of the Belgians came to my table and delivered

an oration of thanks and appreciation in behalf of those who had joined me in the celebration. I couldn't understand a word of the speech, but I could understand the smile and the warmth of the speaker's handclasp, and I am sure that besides having had a most enjoyable New Year's I contributed a little to more friendly relations between the U. S. A. and Belgium. I always try to remember, when in a foreign country, that every American traveler is a representative of his country, and, in a measure, his country is judged on the impression he makes.

When you are in Fez you are in the very heart of Morocco and at the source of its religious thought, its learning and its political intrigue. Of all Africa, Morocco is nearest to Europe, yet only recently has it been opened to foreigners. Today there are districts where travel is unsafe. In the Riff country there is war between the natives and the Spanish. This war now has spread to the northern frontier of French Morocco. The success of the natives there, under Abd el Krim, has stirred Mohammedan North Africa profoundly. There is, in most Moroccan districts, the appearance of peace and tranquillity, but, too, there is an electric expectancy. French officials affect complete confidence in the loyalty of the natives in the Sheriffian



On the crest of a hill, overlooking Rabat, is the new white city built by the French to house their government officials. This is the entrance to Marshal Lyautey's home and headquarters.



Lyautey

This autographed picture of Marshal Lyautey, the presiding genius of the French administration in Morocco, was given to Mr. Boyce by the Marshal during an interview in his headquarters in Rabat.

Empire—the confidence of a Daniel Boone with his favorite rifle in his arm, with a good bullet rammed home in the barrel and dry powder in the pan.

Modern Morocco begins no farther back than 1912, and I had the pleasure of an interview and visit with the man who has been the presiding genius in Moroccan affairs since that date. King Leopold of Belgium built and gave to his country the vast territory of the Belgian Congo; Cecil Rhodes, in South Africa, added two provinces to the British Crown, and here, in Morocco, Marshal Lyautey was building a great empire for France. He is an interesting personality—a most extraordinary mixture of soldier, statesman and humanitarian, whose vision and sympathetic understanding of the Moorish people made it possible for him to maintain peace thruout most of the French protectorate and lay the broad foundation for future development, in the span of a dozen years.

Marshal Lyautey* is the Resident Commissioner General for the French Republic in Morocco. His headquarters are at Rabat, on the Atlantic coast, about midway between Tangier and Casablanca. The second day I was in Rabat I went to pay my respects to this famous Frenchman in his beautiful home and office on the hill in the “new town.” He does not speak English and I speak no French, tho I understand a little of it. But the inconvenience of talking thru an interpreter did not mar the enjoyment of the visit. When I was ushered into the marshal’s office I found a slight-built, wiry type of man, no more than five feet seven inches tall. He wore a plain service uniform and the only decorations were the stars on his sleeves, which proclaimed him one of the marshals of France. His hair is white and he wears it pompadour. His eyes are quick moving, blue-gray, well shaded by heavy brows. His nose is rather large and the lines of his mouth are firm beneath a heavy mustache. I insisted that I was the older, but he laughed and admitted he was 70.

On the mantel behind his desk were many pictures of his family and friends. To me they were an infallible index to

*Since this was written Marshal Lyautey has resigned.



Rabat, on the Atlantic Coast, is government headquarters for the French administration in Morocco. This picture shows that portion of the town which lies along the banks of the river, Bou Regreg, a shallow stream separating Rabat from the town of Sale.

one trait of character—the love of family and country. I had further convincing proof of this when we stood on the veranda of his home and looked out over old and new Rabat, a wonderful panorama, with the little river, Bou Regreg, winding thru the valley, and the white walls of the town of Sale on the other side. It was a magnificent view. We looked in silence for a time and then the marshal said: “Four years ago there was not a stone or a tree on these hills!” There was pride in his voice and it was more than justified, for on those hills now are magnificent homes and beautiful gardens, and a series of buildings in which are housed the civil cabinet which aids the Resident General in the administration of the French protectorate. Every building has observed Moorish traditions in architecture and this beautiful new city has been built in four years. That is the genius of this man. He builds cities

in four years and the foundations for empires in twelve.

Thinking of Cecil Rhodes' grave in the heart of the country he developed, I said to the marshal: "I imagine you will want to rest finally in this land for which you have done so much." Without a moment's hesitation he replied: "No, my heart is in France. That is my country. I want to be buried there."

Marshal Lyautey and the military officials in the Taza district, which is the French frontier contiguous to the Spanish Riff country, frankly admitted that the Abd el Krim revolt against the Spanish was a potential menace to the peace of French Morocco, and everywhere, I observed, the French were holding themselves in a state of preparedness against any eventuality. As a matter of fact, the Mohammedan is both fatalist and opportunist. He accepts without complaint from the hand of Allah today's vicissitudes, even tho one of them may be foreign domination. Tomorrow, he will improve the opportunities from the hand of Allah, and if one of them is a chance to revolt against his masters, so much the better. However well it may be concealed, there always will be hostility between the Mohammedan and the Christian, and the former will submit to the latter only when and as long as the Christian has the most gunpowder and bullets. In a subsequent chapter I will discuss the Riff war and its potentialities; here I want only to fix in the reader's mind a few basic facts and outstanding personalities essential to an intelligent understanding of current conditions in Morocco.



This is the Sultan's palace in Rabat. While it is not imposing from the outside it is richly furnished and within its walls are several beautiful courts and gardens.



There is no difference between state and church in the Mohammedan mind. The Sultan is both secular and spiritual ruler. It is an ancient custom that he shall frequently go to the mosque to pray. These public appearances are gala events. In the picture, Sultan Moulay Youssef, mounted on his Arabian horse, is leading the procession to the mosque.

The present Sultan of Morocco is Moulay Youssef, a brother of the two Sultans preceding him, and a son of the famous Moulay Hassan. He was placed in power by the French. Morocco is the empire of the Sultan. He is the nominal head of the government and the actual head of the Mohammedan religion in Morocco. He has a magnificent palace in Rabat and all laws are promulgated over his signature, the Resident General, Marshal Lyautey, countersigning as the chief official of the French protectorate. "Protectorate" means that the French are protecting Morocco from being grabbed off by some other nation.

The Sultan keeps up all the ancient customs of his people, both in government and religion (the two are scarcely separable in any Mohammedan country) and he has his own representatives, or "viziers," in each district, and a grand counsellor or



One of the courts in La Bahia Palace in Marrakech. This palace is now used as Marshal Lyautey's home and headquarters when he visits the famous city in southern Morocco. While of comparatively recent construction, it is a splendid example of Moorish architecture.

prime minister for the entire empire. Each vizier has a French adviser and the actual power is in the hands of the French.

One important factor in Marshal Lyautey's success has been his remarkable sympathy for native customs and his scrupulous avoidance of anything that would make the Moor feel he was being deprived of his country or his rights. The marshal observes all the Moorish customs in his dealings with the Sultan and his people; every building erected must be of Moorish architectural lines. Officials are careful to avoid anything that would seem domineering.

The Sultan has his palaces in the principal cities like Fez and Marrakech, and makes periodic visits to them with his entire household. Marshal Lyautey frequently visits the various districts and meets on a plane of equality the leading Moors. In Marrakech I went thru his palace, La Bahia, constructed from 1894 to 1900 by Ba Ahmed Ben Moussa, who was the son of a negro slave in the Sultan's household. He rose to be prime minister for the Sultan Abd el Aziz.

The palace is a rambling structure, with many courts and gardens in which one finds most interesting examples of later day Moorish tile and Mosaic work. These do not compare in workmanship with similar work in India, but there is no denying the beauty of Moorish decorations.

Morocco lies between 36 degrees and 25 degrees north latitude, its northern limits being about 300 miles south of the line passing thru Chicago, New York, Madrid, Spain, and Naples, Italy. On the north is the Mediterranean Sea. On the west is the Atlantic Ocean, while Algeria, French territory, is on the east. The great desert country forms the southern boundary and a Spanish zone which joins the Spanish territory of Rio De Oro touches Morocco on the southwest. Its area is about 261,000 square miles, the same size as Texas, our largest State, and for the most part the country is rolling plains and rugged mountains, the highest peaks in the Atlas range lying within the Moroccan district. The most reliable estimate of the population places it at about 4,500,000 for the French zone, 500,000 for the Spanish zone, and 50,000 in the Tangier district.



Djemaa El Fna is an open commons in the heart of Marrakech where one sees a most interesting picture of Moroccan life. In the morning this place is used as a market. In the afternoon it becomes an amusement park where great crowds of natives gather to hear story-tellers and watch the dancers and fakirs.

CHAPTER II

MOROCCAN COMMERCE AND CITIES

WHY is Morocco interesting to Americans? First, I imagine, because from Morocco came the Mohammedan invaders who conquered Spain and threatened to make Europe a Moslem empire. Historians made the most of that,

and every boy and girl in school, reading about the grandeur of Cordova, Granada and Seville, in Spain, believes that the Moorish regime was one of romance and that the Moor is an Othello. I hesitate to dispel the illusion, but I have now traveled thru Morocco from north to south and from east to west and found neither romance nor poetry—and I was wearing my glasses all the time.

A more recent event challenging American interest for Morocco was the capture of Perdicaris, an American reporter, by the notorious chieftain, Raisuli, in 1903. Theo-

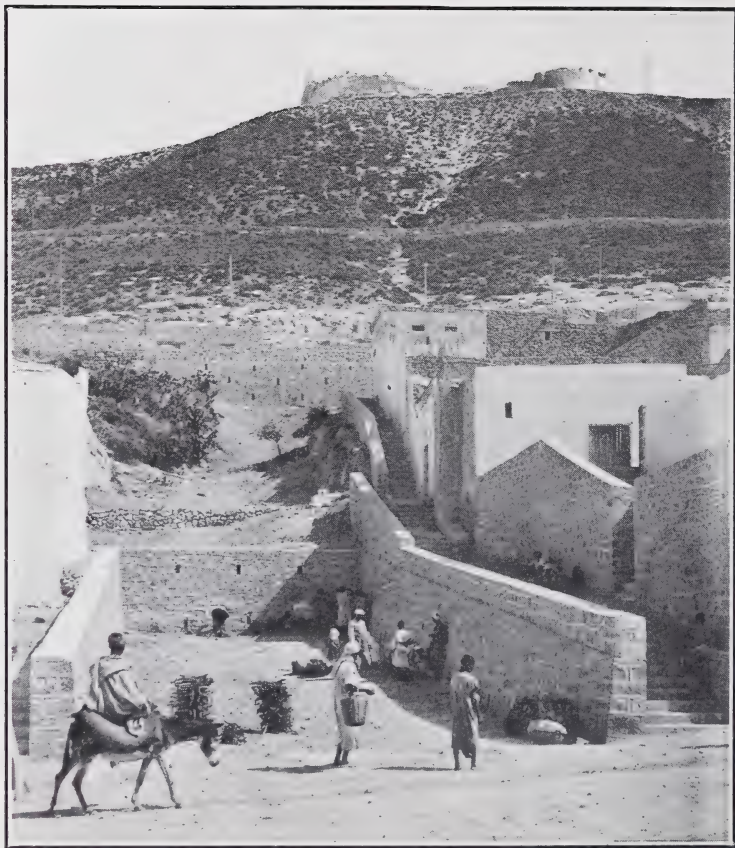
dore Roosevelt sent seven battleships to the Moroccan coast and demanded "Perdicaris alive, or Raisuli dead." Raisuli laughed and said: "I hear that America has many strong fish



The largest mosque ever attempted by the Moors was located in Rabat. This picture shows about all that remains of the building. This tower had a roadway instead of stairs so that the muezzin could ride a donkey to the top when he went to call the faithful to prayer. The ruin is known as Hassan Tower.

in the sea, but I have seen none of them come up on the beach," and from the fastnesses of the Riff mountains he made Mulai Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Morocco, pay the \$70,000 ransom for Perdicaris. Perdicaris recently died in Chiselhurst, England, and Raisuli, stripped of his power, stricken with dropsy, was captured by Abd El Krim's army and died.

Another event interesting America was the German threat made at Agadir in 1911, which came near precipitating the



A view of Agadir, showing the casbah or fort, overlooking the town. It was here that Germany made her war gesture in 1911. The French now are improving the harbor at Agadir.

war which finally broke over Europe in 1914. German interests had a little mine back of Agadir, the Atlantic port nearest the rich district of the Sous beyond the Great Atlas Mountains south of Marrakech. On the pretext that they were protecting German citizens, Germany sent the warship *Panther* to Agadir. France called the bluff and in subsequent negotiations France gave Germany the Cameroons in equatorial Africa, most of which is again French territory by virtue of the treaty of Versailles, which stripped Germany of her colonies. Agadir isn't much of a town to make a fuss about. It has less than 2,000 inhabitants, and the French are using it now for a military post. Even with harbor improvements it will be a long time before it rivals Casablanca as the chief Moroccan port on the Atlantic.

Morocco leather and Moorish rugs, especially those from the Rabat district, have interested some Americans, but if canary birds could talk they would be unanimous in asserting that Morocco is interesting chiefly because the United States gets from it most of its bird seed. Three million pounds of canary seed were exported in the third quarter of 1924. I don't know what you pay for it, but I can buy all I want in Casablanca for 3 cents a pound. In 1923 Morocco's exports to the United States were of a total value of \$320,086.30, and 60 per cent consisted of bird seed.

Aside from these features, Morocco hasn't interested Americans very much, because there are fewer than fifteen native Americans living in the country, and most of them are in Casablanca. There are a dozen Jews who are naturalized Americans and nineteen "mohalets," who are Moors but classed as American protégés because they represent American business interests.

I made my entrance into French Morocco at Casablanca, the only port on the west coast of Africa in which ships of five and six thousand tons can come up to the docks. Our ship did not dock, however, and when I got tired of waiting for the regular tender I gave my baggage to one of these modern Moorish pirates and followed him down Jacob's ladder



The only mining activity commercially important in Morocco is the phosphate industry. This is a view of one of the phosphate docks in the harbor at Casablanca, the chief port on the Atlantic.

into his rowboat. Right there I started something, for immediately three rowboats and their crews, numbering nine men, started a war of their own to decide which should take a "Christian infidel" ashore. I never heard so much conversational bombarding in my life. There was a waving of oars and boathooks and fists for fifteen minutes before an armistice was agreed on and I was made to understand that I was to change boats. It wasn't just what you would call a calm sea, but as my luggage had been shifted to the other boat with more dispatch than care, I decided I didn't want to be separated from my other pair of socks at the very beginning of a long trip, so I juggled myself from one boat to the other and fifteen

minutes later I was landed on the custom house dock with an Arab army trying to get hands on my baggage.

The courier scheduled to meet me wasn't in sight. It looked as if I was going to be forced to surrender to the Mohammedans, when a bare-footed American negro with a Mason and Dixon drawl shuffled up and asked if he could help me. That coon was as ragged as they make them. He was chewing on a crust of bread and he looked cold and hungry, but he had a 14-karat grin and I fell for him. For 25 cents he delivered me from the hands of the heathens, got me by the first line of customs officers and had me well on my way in the custom house when my courier appeared and took charge. The negro and the ragged boatman who brought me ashore showed me that there is a great gulf between the masses of Morocco and the favored few at the top. I found later that the boatmen were slaves for debt to another man and they got none of the money I paid for being rowed ashore. That was hard luck,



This is the Chamber of Commerce building in Casablanca, and it is a splendid example of how the French are preserving the Moorish atmosphere by adhering to Moorish lines in all the modern buildings.

because the show they staged before getting me in their boat merited some compensation for the actors.

One of the first things I observed in the harbor of Casablanca was a freighter loading alongside a phosphate warehouse and that is one of the first things to mention when speaking of the commerce of the country. Important phosphate properties are being developed between Casablanca and Marrakech. A standard gauge road, which will be electrically operated, is nearing completion. The phosphate deposits are very extensive and are a valuable asset to the French. The industry is the only mining activity in Morocco, tho there is reason to believe that minerals may be found in the Atlas Mountains.

Casablanca is a modern city. The French practically rebuilt it after the negotiations in 1912 established them as the recognized "protectors" of Morocco. Fine new buildings, such as would be a credit to Paris, have been erected. Moorish architecture has been employed in all of them and some are of exceptional beauty. It seems the French are trying to out-Moorish the rich Moor and the result is astonishing. Wide streets, great white buildings, beautiful gardens—a fairyland from the Arabian Nights. Even the old Arab town has been cleaned and some of the streets widened. Electric lights, running water, paved streets add to the comfort of the 110,000 inhabitants made up of about 51,000 Mohammedans, 18,000 Jews, 25,000 French and the remainder Europeans, mostly Spanish.

Every city confronts the problem of the scarlet woman. Casablanca offers an example of how the French handle this problem in Moroccan cities. These women are segregated in a city of their own. It is a walled city and the gates are guarded. No woman leaves it without a police permit and the residents are subjected to a daily medical examination. One reason for this strict supervision is that it is a method of combating venereal diseases in the negro troops brought in from Senegal. When you consider any question it is well to have in mind the time and the place. These elements consid-

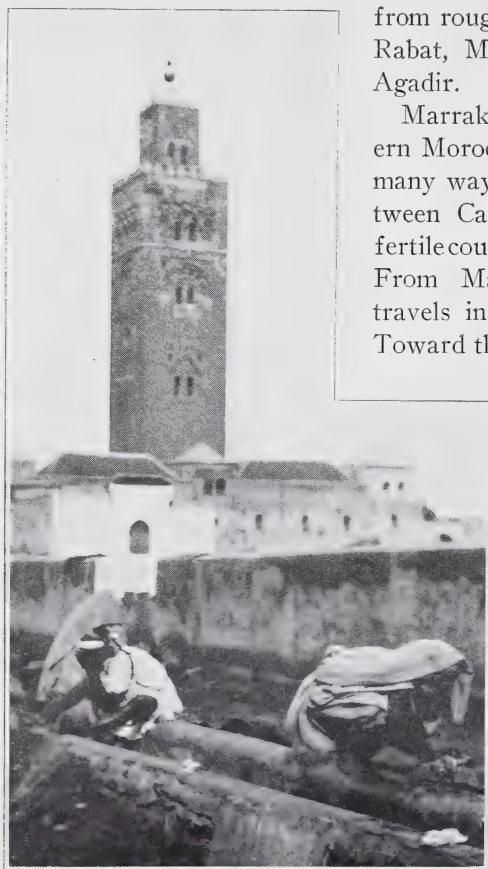


An airplane view of Casablanca, the chief port for Morocco on the Atlantic Ocean. The city has practically been rebuilt by the French. It has many really beautiful streets, residences and public buildings.

ered, the French policy is about as acceptable as will be found in any modern city.

The environs of Casablanca, as is the case with all Moroccan cities, are given over to trucking for the local market. Most of this is done by natives, as French colonization in this country has not progressed very far. The colonization policy requires a Frenchman to have about \$25,000 before he can take up land. There is nothing like homesteading as we know it in the United States. The man with money can buy a tract of land and work it with native labor, which is paid from 25 to 30 cents a day.

Along the Atlantic coast from Tangier to Agadir, there is a strip of fertile country. Most of the products exported pass thru Casablanca because of the dock and harbor facilities. Loading must be done by lighters and ships have no protection



Historic Kutubia, the book-sellers' mosque, always dominates the view of Marrakech. In the "old days" two hundred manuscript dealers had their stalls in the shadow of this mosque. The minaret, said to have been commenced in 1196 A. D., is the oldest in the city.

from rough weather in the harbors of Rabat, Mazagan, Safi, Mogador and Agadir.

Marrakech, ancient capital of southern Morocco, is the largest city and in many ways the most interesting. Between Casablanca and Mazagan, the fertile country of the Chouia is crossed. From Mazagan to Marrakech one travels in the land of the Doukkala. Toward the south the country becomes

very rough, the road passing thru several spurs of the Atlas Mountains, the Djebilet being the last mountain wall before reaching the plain of Haouz in which Marrakech is situated.

As you come from the mountains the city offers a striking picture. The district is an oasis, with thousands of palm trees, tho the dates here are rather inferior in quality. Thru the palms one gets enchanting glimpses of the great walls surrounding the city — one of the most interesting relics of ancient Morocco and a

very convincing reminder of the former glory of this Moorish metropolis to which come the caravans from the Sous and the desert beyond. The city is completely surrounded by mountains, the Great Atlas peaks to the south being white with snow. Caravans of all sorts, donkeys, mules, camels, sheep and

cattle, crowd the road as you approach the great walls which date back to the twelfth century. The tower of the "book-sellers' mosque," the Kutubia, built by the Sultan Yakub El Mansur, who sponsored the Giralda in Seville and the Hassan Tower in Rabat (1184 to 1198 A. D.), dominates the picture and you easily imagine that you are traveling in the centuries of the heroic days of Moorish supremacy.

I experienced a real surprise when our car rolled down a broad avenue and turned into the garden of the hotel La Mamunia, for the last thing one expects at Marrakech is a modern hotel with steam heat and every modern convenience of Western civilization. The hotel is a modern Moorish palace, wonderfully decorated in Moorish fashion, and the Savoy in London, the Ritz in Paris, the best hotel in New York or the Blackstone in Chicago could afford no better service than I enjoyed at Marrakech in the shadow of the Great Atlas Mountains. I must observe, however, that the Arabian buss boys, who helped the French waiters in the dining-room, gave a ridiculous touch when they appeared with short socks on their feet and American garters on their legs. Perhaps the socks and garters were no more out of place in Marrakech than a dinner suit, but you wear one when you dine in La Mamunia.

Here, as in Rabat, Casablanca, Fez and other cities, the French are building a modern district. Every precaution is taken to make it harmonize with the setting and care is taken to preserve the old cities as they were when the French came. There are 145,000 people in Marrakech, 130,000 being Mohammedans, 12,500 Jews, leaving 2,500 Europeans, mostly French.

Because of its importance in Moroccan history, I visited many of the landmarks of Marrakech, but found nothing more interesting than the crowd which gathers in the Place Jemaa el Fna, a great open commons, on which formerly the enemies of the Sultan were executed. Here I found every type of Moor, the Bedouin from the desert exchanging gossip with the Berber from the mountains, the farmer from the



Marrakech is surrounded by a great, mud wall, along which are growing date palms. The view one gets of the city and surroundings from the mountains is one of the finest in North Africa. Thousands of date palms form a green setting. The dull brown wall, at a distance, seems a thread of gold surrounding the setting of white houses.

Sous gossiping with farmers from the Doukkala to the north, Aristocratic Arabs in silks, poverty-stricken beggars in ragged, filthy burnouses, who take your franc but spit in contempt for the Christian who gives it. Story-tellers, fakirs of all descriptions, hold forth here and in their audiences you may study the complex racial mixtures from the coal-black Senegalese to the regular-featured, light-complexioned Berber. In Marrakech I saw several blue-eyed, red-headed Moors.

There is a confusion of mosques (which you must view from the outside), palaces, schools, cemeteries, tombs, gardens



Mogador is another Atlantic Ocean port in southwestern Morocco. While not commercially important, it is a picturesque town, with a great mud wall surrounding it as shown in this picture.

and great gates and walls. Having visited the tombs and temples of Egypt the year before, I found the famous Saadian tombs in Marrakech disappointing from a spectacular view-point. These are just south of Jama Mulay Yazid el Mansuri, the big mosque of the casbah, or fortress. A tunnel-like alley leads to the tombs. The decorations of the rooms are more interesting than the tombs themselves. Tombs and buildings are as they were when the Saadian sherifs prospered from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries.

I was interested in the famous gardens established by Sultans of other years. The Aguedal is the largest. It dates

from the twelfth century and contains 1,600 acres. It is planted with orange, lemon, olive, apple and other fruit trees, and in it are two large reservoirs supplying the water for irrigation. The roads thru the garden are narrow and our car had more than one tight squeeze getting thru the gates of the immense walls, which were thicker than our car was long—and it was a seven-passenger limousine. In making one turn at a gate, we came near ruining the house of the old Arab watchman. If we had hit it the damage would have been about ten cents, because the hut was of reeds. However, we gave the old man a franc to quiet his nerves, took his picture and considered the incident closed.

The Menara is another Sultan's garden established in the seventeenth century. It has about 800 acres, but is a very beautiful place, with a great reservoir in the center fed by waters brought from the Atlas Mountains. It is planted with olive trees. I found the botanical garden of Ba Ahmed very interesting. It is an experimental nursery in which almost every kind of fruit tree and vine is grown and all sorts of grafting experiments are made.

Because we are told that the Moors in their heyday established great schools, I went to the famous Medersa of Ben Yusef, a building first used as a mosque and later changed to a school during the time of the Sultan Abd Allah in 1570. The walls of the main court are decorated with texts from the Koran, these being cut in plaster relief. Of course, there were no benches or desks on which to whittle. The students sat on mats on the floor. No women or girls are allowed inside an Arab school, so the lady tourists stood outside and peeked in. I went to a modern school in Rabat, later, one in which French is taught to the sons of rich Arabs. There they had desks and blackboards. The "star" scholar was called up to "show off" for me and he wrote on the board, in French, "The Crow and the Fox." I gave him a franc and told him that he wrote better French than I—a doubtful compliment, since I write no French whatever.

Marrakech is noted for its leather work and rugs, tho the



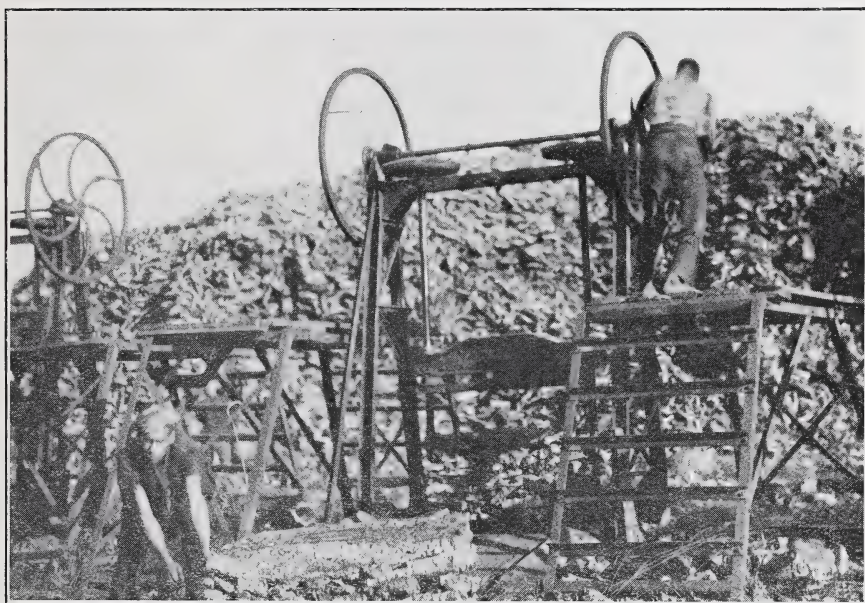
One of the historic places in Marrakech is the Saadian tombs, in which are buried the sultans of the Saadian dynasty, in power from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century. Several of the tombs are shown in this picture. The decorations on these walls are of especial interest. The tombs themselves are of marble on which are cut texts from the Koran.



Mr. Boyce inspecting a cork oak tree in the great forest of Mamora. The rough, outer bark has been stripped from the tree which Mr. Boyce is touching. The inner bark of the tree provides the best cork.

rugs are not as good as those made in Rabat. The souks are always interesting. I attended a sale of silks one afternoon. In a narrow street about 200 feet long the natives were packed like sardines in a box. The auctioneer took the article he had for sale, worked his way thru the crowd, calling out the price he was offered. If you made a bid, you had to wait until he made a trip thru the crowd to see if he could get a better price.

If you travel thru from Marrakech to Rabat, which is the seat of government, you get a striking contrast between old



After the bark of the cork oak has been stripped from the tree, it is baled for shipment. This is a scene in one of the baling camps in Mamora forest. Man-power is used exclusively.

and new Morocco, for Rabat, while it has its old town, is practically a new town built during the last few years. Rabat has a population of 33,714, about 11,000 being French and Spanish. There are two interesting relics of old Morocco in Rabat. One is the fortress of the Udaia, which surmounts a cliff 150 feet

high along the eastern base of which runs the Bou Regreg, while the ocean washes the northern base. The other is the Hassan tower and the ruins of the ancient mosque. Only the tower and pillars remain, but they suggest the enormous size of the original building.

Rabat is on one side of the river and Salee on the other, the river emptying into the sea at this place. This harbor used to be a favorite with the pirates preying on Atlantic and Mediterranean commerce. The French will have difficulty in making a real port at Rabat, as there is a great sand bar at the mouth of the river, and a big breakwater will have to be constructed to protect ships from the heavy seas.

The famous Rabat rug is made from native wool and colored with vegetable dyes. The government now protects buyers by putting an official certificate on the ones in which vegetable dyes are used, the tourist trade having prompted the natives to use inferior aniline dyes.

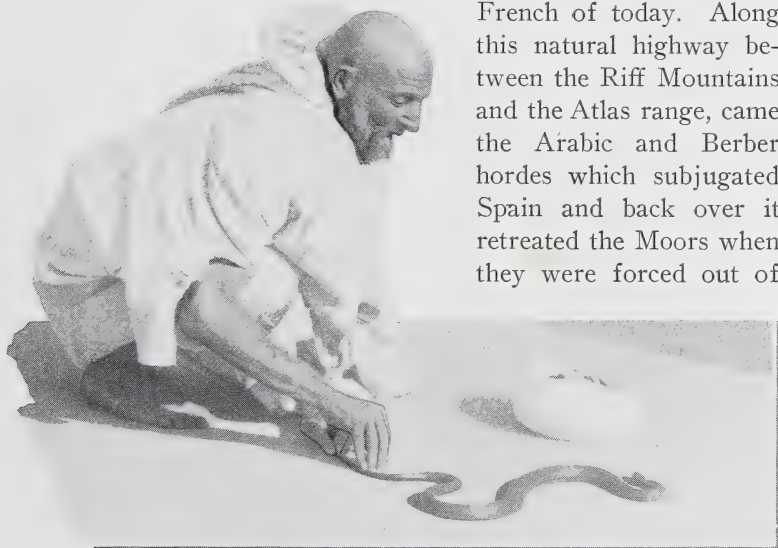
East of Rabat is the great cork forest of Mamora, which is only now being exploited. I made an inspection of one of the camps. The outer bark of the tree is known as the "male" cork, and its commercial value is much less than that of the "female," or inner cork bark. The male bark is used for making compressed cork and charcoal, which is important as a fuel in Morocco. After the outer bark has been stripped, the second growth bark must be permitted to grow for several years before it is stripped. The cork is baled much as we bale straw, and in this form is ready for shipment. At this camp I saw my first cork house. It was a hut, with walls and roof made from the outer bark of the cork tree. I suppose the native is never troubled by being unable to find the keyhole as long as he has his corkscrew with him.

CHAPTER III

ALONG THE "TRACK OF THE SULTAN"

TRAVELING east from Rabat one passes thru the heart of Morocco along the famous "track of the Sultan," which has been the road followed by the invaders of the country from the days of the Phoenicians and the Romans down to the

French of today. Along this natural highway between the Riff Mountains and the Atlas range, came the Arabic and Berber hordes which subjugated Spain and back over it retreated the Moors when they were forced out of



The snake charmer who invaded the garden in Meknes.

Europe. About midway between Rabat and Fez is Meknes, a city of many mosques and the monument to one Moor's unsuccessful love affair.

Mulay Ismail put Meknes on the map when he sent a delegation to France to ask Louis XIV. for the hand of his daughter, the Princess de Conti. Louis politely refused, it being said that he pointed out that the Princess was used to such palaces



Bab Mānsur El Aleuj in Meknes, one of the most famous gates in Morocco. In English, this is "the gate of Mansur, the Christian Renegade." Every Friday evening, the pasha holds court under the main archway. The gate was finished in 1732 by Mulay Abd Allah.

and luxuries as existed in Versailles, and that compared with these the famous Moor had nothing to offer. Instead of a bride, Louis sent Ismail a coach and horses. You see the rear wheels of the coach in the military school at Meknes and I saw horses that looked old enough to have been the gift of the diplomatic French King.

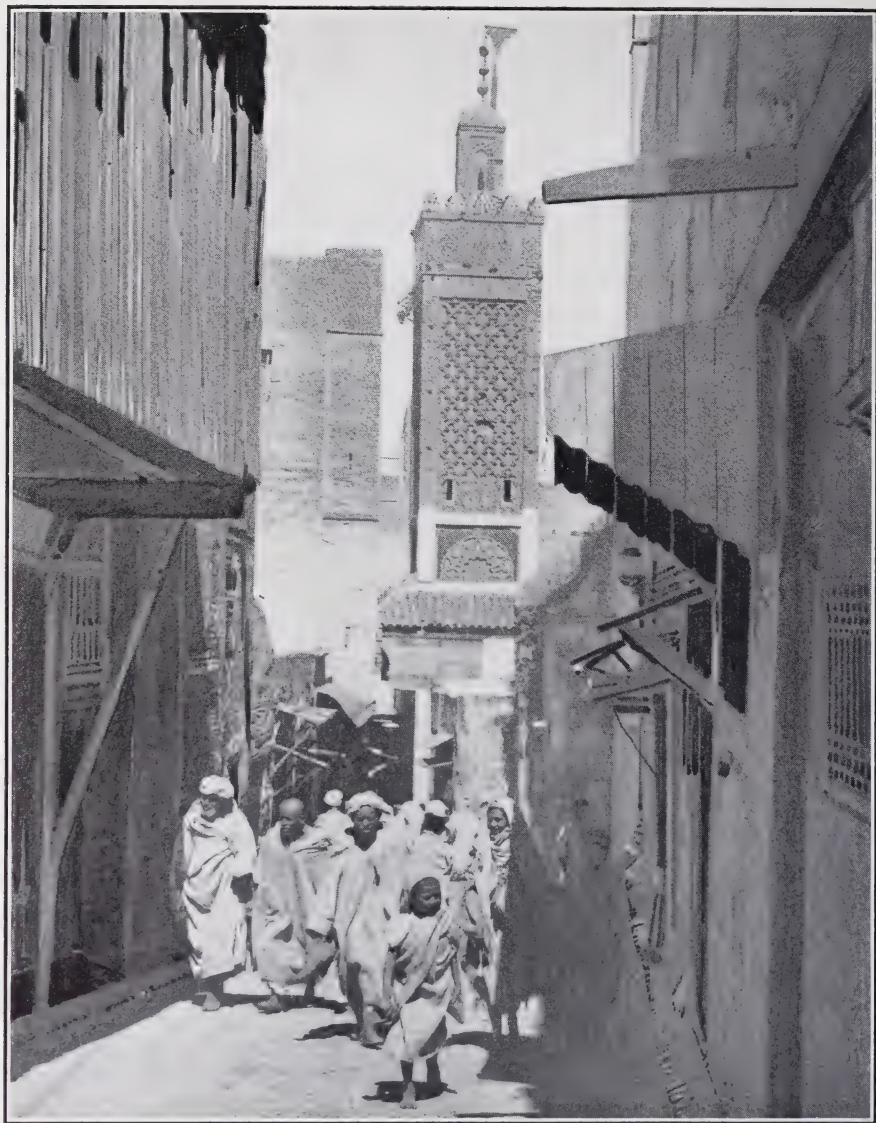
However, Mulay Ismail wasn't pleased with the coach when he had hoped to have a French bride. One bride more or less shouldn't have bothered the Sultan, because he had a crowded harem from which he is reputed to have brought 800 children to call him father. In his chagrin at being turned down by the French King, Mulay Ismail started to build a city that would eclipse the grandeur of Versailles. He built thirty miles of mud walls, monumental gates, huge granaries and stables, mosques and palaces. He piled up mud and stone for miles around, but Versailles remained Versailles while Meknes remained a city of mud. I counted thirteen mosque towers rising from Meknes. I guess thirteen must have been unlucky for Ismail.

There is one gate in the Meknes wall that is worth seeing. It is the Bab Mansur el Aleuj (gate of Mansur, the Christian renegade). It was completed in 1732. Its size and the relief work with which it is decorated are impressive. Several marble columns were used in the gate and these doubtless were taken from the Roman ruins of Volubilis which is ten or twelve miles distant.

We had a very acceptable lunch at Meknes in a hotel on a bluff across a ravine outside of the walls. As a settler for the meal, when we came out into the garden, we found a snake charmer whose especial sensation was to permit the largest snake to bite him in the eye—at one franc per bite. I would have paid twice the price for the privilege of kicking the mangy charmer out of the garden.

As a Roman ruin, Volubilis, near Meknes, isn't much, but it is worth seeing because it appears to have marked the frontier of the Roman invasion in Central Morocco.

The average person hears more about Fez than any other



This is a typical street scene in Fez, where the streets are narrow and the land most uneven. In the native cities they know nothing about bringing streets to grade. The minaret is that of the Echerabrin mosque.

Moroccan city. It is known as the "holy city," and is situated in the heart of a mountainous country inhabited, for the most part, by the warlike Berbers. Religion in Morocco borders on fanaticism and the fanatic always is a fighter. Right here in Fez, Marshal Lyautey came near ending his career—no longer ago than 1912. He was in the city with a small force when 30,000 Berbers swept down from the hills, forced the gates and fought their way to within about 150 yards of the building where Lyautey and a handful of soldiers were barricaded. The timely arrival of General Gouroud was all that saved Fez from another bloody massacre.

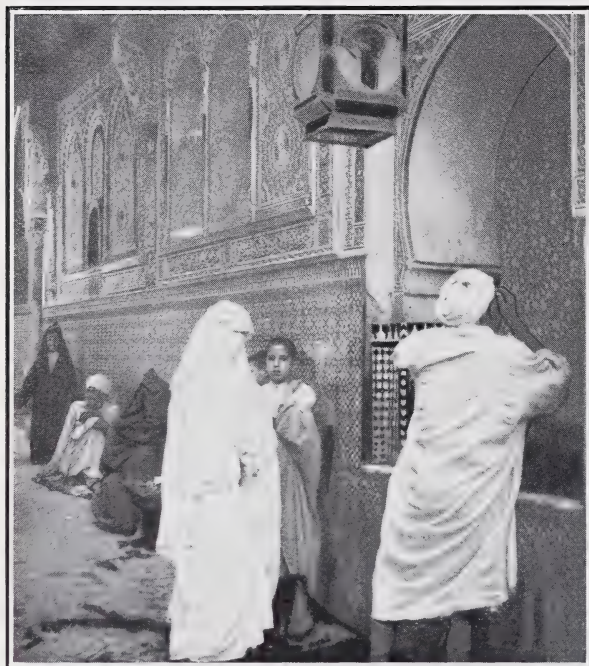
There is a tradition that in the ninth century there were Christians in Fez, as well as Jews and fire worshipers. According to Mohammedan historians the town was founded by Mulay Idris II in 808, the Idris family being direct descendants of Ali, son-in-law of the prophet Mohammed. That circumstance made them powerful. If a Mohammedan can trace his lineage back to even the hired girl of the prophet's wife's brother's second cousin he has influence. Many of the Moors driven from Spain settled in Fez. The city has been fought over more than any other in Morocco. It was devastated by famine from 1229 to 1232. Each new Sultan had either to capture it or defend it from his rival, and it has always been an incubator for religious and political intrigue.

In 1911, the Sherarda and tribes near Fez revolted on the Sultan and hemmed him in his holy city. He sent an appeal to the French, and General Monier marched into the capital May 21, 1911. The French have been there ever since, for the following year M. Regnault, French minister at Tangier, and Sultan Mulay Hafid signed a convention that recognized the French protectorate over Morocco. Less than three weeks later the Sultan's bodyguard revolted and staged a slaughter of Europeans. Then came Marshal Lyautey and the establishment of French authority and comparative peace.

Fez is a city of 125,000, of which 112,000 are Mohammedans, 9,000 are Jews and the remainder European, the French

population numbering 3,000. Thus does a mere handful of whites dominate a horde of Moors!

There is no end to the interesting places in Fez, but I was most impressed by the streets of the native Arab town. Some of the impression was on my feet, for the cobblestones are so



rough and sharp that American shoes are no protection against them. The streets are narrow; frequently you can touch both walls by extending your arms. They are just so many tunnels, for many of the houses are built over the street, shutting out the sunlight for fifty to a hundred yards at a stretch. Not only are these streets very winding, but they travel up and down hill, often so steep that stone steps are used.

At this votive wall of the Moulay Idris mosque in Fez, you always find devout Mohammedans awaiting their turn to drop alms into the hole provided in the ornate panel. This locality is one forbidden to "Christian infidels" as the tomb of Idris, patron saint of Fez, is held to be too holy ground for unbelieving sight-seers.

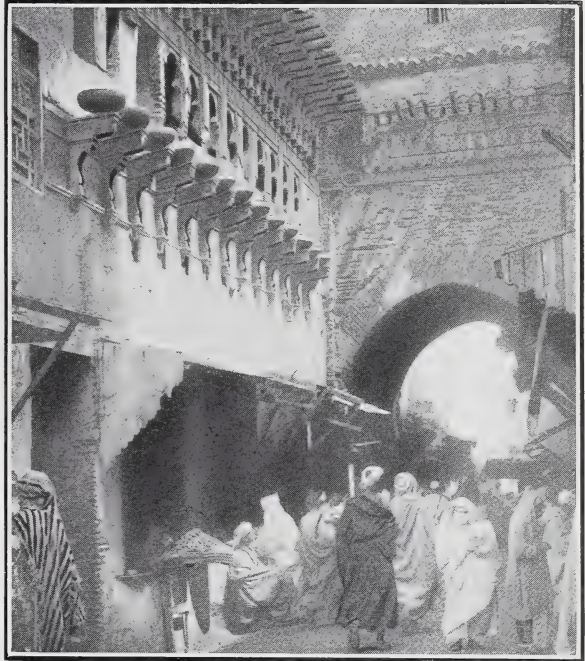
When you look down on the city from the hills, or, as I often did, from the roof of the old palace that serves as a hotel, you see a picturesque agglomeration of white walls from which rise innumerable towers marking the mosques. When you get twenty or more of these leather-lunged muezzins calling the faithful to prayer—just about the time when you are getting your sunrise nap—you

wish that you could heave a brick at them as you might at the cats on the back fence. They seem always to be in competition to see who can yell the loudest.

Our brethren of the Mystic Shrine have made Fez's best known product familiar to the United States. All sorts of fezes are made here, the red fez being worn by the Mohammedans and the black fez by the Jews. The women of this district make a heavy embroidery work using black thread mostly. You see as many unveiled women as those who are veiled, because about half of the population is Berber.

I saw Arab women here without their veils when I was a guest at an Arabic feast. There were two women, each with two slaves.

The slaves were more negro than Arab, but the two women were typical Arabs. One was quite young and fat. The other was older and fatter. We sat on cushions along the walls of the room, the Arabs seated cross-legged, but we guests couldn't fold our feet under us so we kept them on the floor. The slave girls brought in a great silver urn of hot water, kept hot with



One of the interesting features of the Medersa Bu Inania, is the old gongs formerly used as a clock. There are thirteen of them and they were used to strike the time of day. What sort of mechanism was used to operate this ancient time-piece is not known. Bu Inania is one of the most famous schools in Fez.

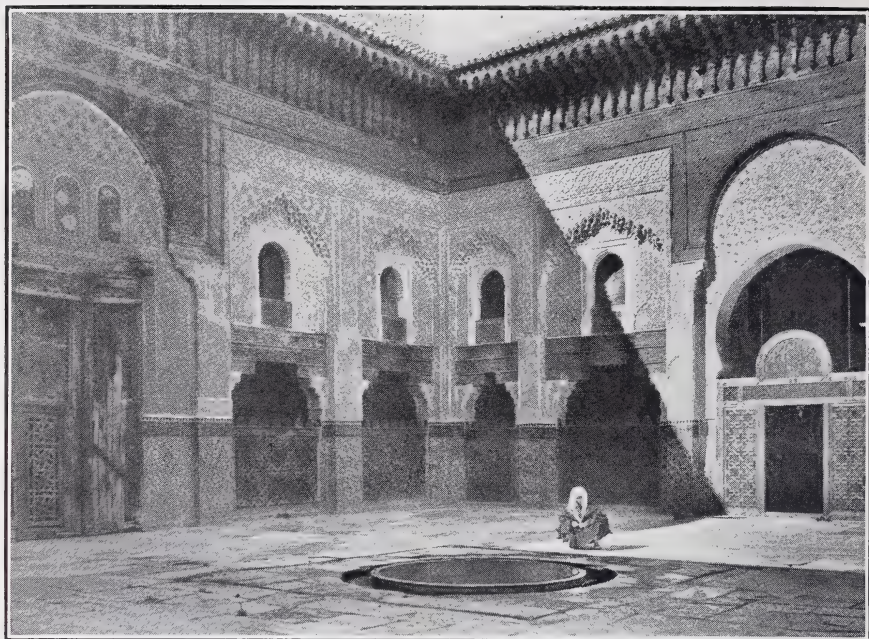
charcoal embers, and two silver teapots. Our host put the tea leaves in one of these, and filled the other about half full with sugar and mint leaves. Onto the tea leaves he poured the hot water and after the tea had had time to brew he poured the liquid into the second teapot. He then poured the mixture into the glasses, which were passed to us by the slaves. The mint kills the tea taste and the concoction is as sweet as syrup. A little of it goes a long ways with an Occidental palate. Arabian cakes also were served. These were but baked dough well sweetened. Some were flavored with the meat of dates. Having seen the native date merchants seated at the top of their piles of dates in the markets, with the dirt of the street and swarms of flies about them, I wasn't partial to date flavor.

While we sipped our tea and I made a bluff at eating the cakes, Arabic musicians gave us samples of native jazz. It sounds much like a cross between a buzz saw and a pig under a gate. The audience always claps to the music. The two women favored us with the Arabic dance, which is a muscular dance in which only the abdomen is used. If the woman moves her shoulders or feet, she isn't considered a good dancer.

It was on this occasion that I saw Mohammedans drink champagne, altho spirituous liquor is forbidden by the Koran. A group of Belgian newspaper men who had been my guests at a New Year's dinner were present, and, after the Arabic feast, they bought wine. Glasses were passed to the Mohammedans, both men and women. They not only drank the wine, but they were greedy for it, and the younger of the two women drank six glasses, one after the other. The slaves actually quarreled with each other trying to get as much of the wine as they could beg, borrow or steal. I observed that several of the Mohammedans, before drinking, would dip a finger into the glass. Later I found out that that was one way they had of obeying the Koran and not denying themselves the drink. The Koran says not to drink the "first drop" of wine. Of course, if one dips his finger in the glass and lets the "first drop" fall to the floor, he can drink all the other



This is the wool-workers' section of the "souks" (market) in Fez.



This is a part of the court of the famous Medersa Bu Inania, one of the finest specimens of Moorish decorative art in North Africa. It was built 1350-1355 and is named after Emir Abu Inan, who sponsored it.

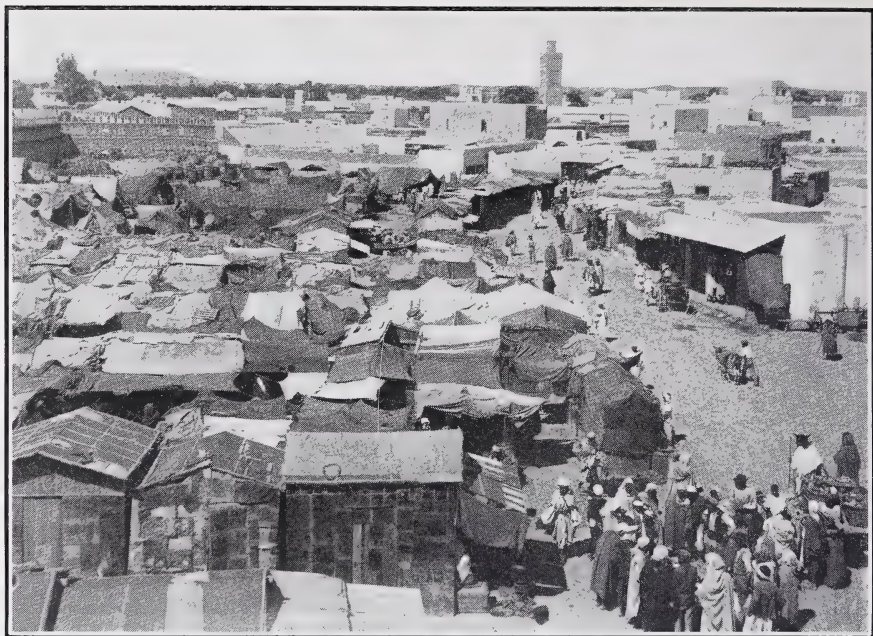
drops with a clear conscience. Other Mohammedans say the Koran does not mention champagne; it names only wine. There are tricks in all trades—even in the Mohammedan religion.

The ten American and English girls who were present on this occasion were the real show. That afternoon they had been shopping in the souks and each had purchased a Moorish kimono, brilliantly colored and trimmed with an abundance of gilt braid. They gave a touch of regal splendor to the *fête* and seemed thoroly to enjoy themselves until the final ceremony of perfuming the guests. Slave girls pass among the guests sprinkling them with a perfumed water and then follow with a brass or silver brasier on which is burned Arabic incense, the perfumed fumes coming out thru a perforated top. It is the

custom for each woman to stand over this brasier, slightly bending the knees until the rim of the skirt touches the floor and to remain in that position until the fumes come up thru the clothing and out at the neck. The first young woman to go thru the ordeal, not knowing just what was expected of her, had rather a bad time of it, but all the girls were game and submitted to what one of them was pleased to designate, "that fool fumigation."



Looking down into the court of the Karuini mosque, said to be one of the oldest and the largest in North Africa. It has fourteen doorways, but a Christian can't get into it. It will accommodate 20,000 people.



A general view of Oudjda, chief city on the Moroccan-Algerian border.

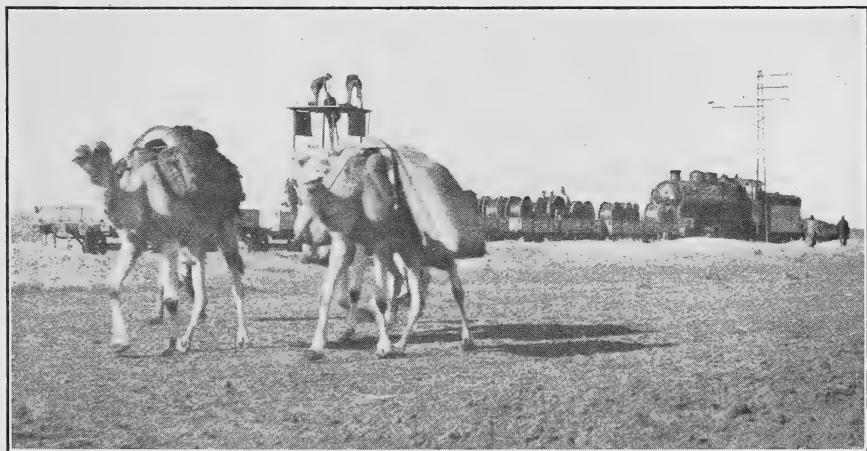
Fez is surrounded by a great wall and has several interesting gates. It is literally crowded with mosques, schools and palaces in which the purest of Moorish architecture and decorations are to be found. It is worth while to find a place where one can look down on the great Karuini mosque built in the ninth century and later enlarged until it is the largest in Maghreb—native for Morocco. It is said to have 270 columns and a capacity of 20,000 worshippers. It has fourteen doorways, several of them being decorated in bronze. A library of 1,600 volumes is one of its chief treasures. Students of Moorish architecture say that many of its features are similar to the work in the Lion Court of the Alhambra at Granada, Spain.

There is one place in Fez where a Christian watches his step and doesn't linger. It is the entrance to the shrine of Mulay Idris, patron saint of the city. This is a holy spot for the

Mohammedan and it would be quick suicide for an infidel foreigner to step inside the door. To the left of it is a mosque and near it the "poor box," in which the faithful deposit alms while they press their lips against the wall. It reminded me of the famous wailing wall in Jerusalem. The alms thus collected go to the descendants of the saint, the Idrisside sherifs.

There are three towns in one at Fez. Fez el Bali, or the Medina, is the oldest part of town. It is in the lowland on the bank of the River Fez, which is an important water supply for irrigation, the drinking water being brought from springs outside the city. Fez Jedid is on higher ground above the old town to the west. The imperial palace is in this district and the mellah, or Jewish quarters, are a part of it.

Dar Mahrez and Dar Debibagh make up the third district, much newer than the other two. In this third zone are the military barracks. A fourth district, lying between the River Fez and the Dar Debibagh and Dar Mahrez camps, with the garden of Ain Khemis on the east, is being built. The military



The old and the new in transportation in Morocco. This railroad is being built from Casablanca toward Marrakech and the phosphate fields. It will be operated by electricity and is standard gauge.

railroad station is located in it and it will be the modern European district eventually.

From Fez east to the Algerian border the country is very rough and mountainous, and, for the most part, is given over to grazing. The road travels thru Taza pass, with the Riff Mountains on the north and the Atlas Mountains on the south. The chief town in the district is Taza, military headquarters from which, in 1924, military activities were carried on along the north frontier and in the south where in the middle Atlas Mountains there still are a few tribes which have not submitted to the new order of things. The French have this southern district pretty well hemmed in. They let "general winter" do the fighting for them and after a hard winter a few more tribes come in and make peace. The Beni Ouaraine and the Ait Tserrouchene districts are the ones still holding out.

Taza is an important military depot on the narrow gauge railroad that runs from Rabat to Oudjda. The depot is fortified and the military buildings are on a plateau above the station. Higher on the mountain is the native town where a few years ago the Arabs staged a Jew massacre, killing more than 3,000. The situation along the north border beyond which is the Spanish zone will be referred to in connection with the Riff country and Abd el Krim, the chief who is fighting Spain and France.

From Taza east to Oudjda, on the border between Morocco and Algeria, all the towns are fortified. There is quite a strong military force stationed at Guersif, where it is but forty miles to the Spanish frontier.

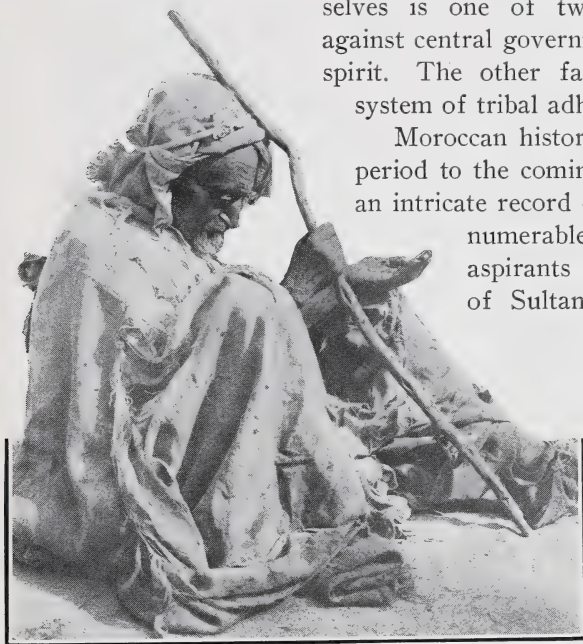
Oudjda, on the border, is about equally divided between native and European population. There are many Spanish living here and here are located the Moroccan customs officials who check up on everything coming in from Algeria.

CHAPTER IV

MOROCCAN CUSTOMS AND PEOPLE

IN THE United States we say, "Let George do it!" In Morocco they say, "Let Allah do it," and if Allah doesn't do it, it isn't done. Allah is the national alibi and the Moor's disposition to forget that God helps those that help themselves is one of two factors working against central government and a national spirit. The other factor is the ancient system of tribal adhesion.

Moroccan history, from the earliest period to the coming of the French, is an intricate record of wars between innumerable chiefs and rival aspirants for the elusive title of Sultan. A chief's power depended on his ability to lick the other fellow, and the other fellow, when licked, always was looking for an opportunity to revolt. The caid or chief was pretty much absolute. The tribe is the unit of society and gov-



Begging is quite a respectable occupation in all Mohammedan countries.

ernment in Morocco, and it will be a long time before the Moor is ready for any other form of administration. The French have not attempted to change this system, but use the tribal

chief as the agent of the government wherever it is possible to do so. If a chief won't play the game, it is an easy matter to find another chief and put him in power with the backing of the French forces.

The Moor, especially the Berber stock of the mountains, is a fighter. Even today, if there were no strong restraining hand at the top, the Moors would be fighting among themselves, for rivalries between chiefs and districts are very keen.

The only adhesive influence is the Mohammedan religion, and even that has its sects and denominations which have made



A Berber chief.

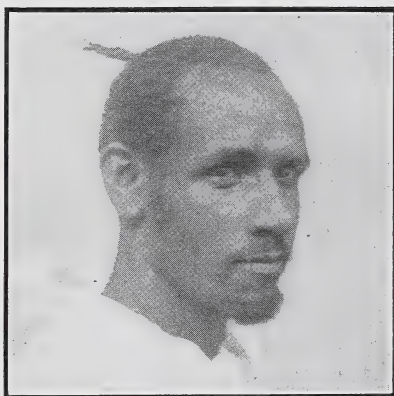


A Jewish tradesman.

and, under just the right conditions, will make war on those who do not agree with them. The Berber was first to dominate northern Africa. He was but partially subjugated by the Phœnicians, Romans, Vandals, Byzantine invaders, in turn, and when the Arab came from the east with the Mohammedan religion, the Berber accepted it, but only after changing it to meet his fancy. The Berber never has been orthodox on the basis of eastern Mohammedanism. About the first thing he did after accepting the Islamic philosophy was to revolt from the caliphate. While the Berber believes that Allah is the one god and that Mohammed was his greatest prophet, from there on he "rolls his own" or goes in for home brew

in his religion. He may be quite ready to join with Arab and negro Mohammedans against Christians, but he is equally willing to do battle with his co-believers in Allah when the opportunity offers.

Less than 15 per cent of the population of Morocco lives in the larger cities. The balance is rural, living in small villages and tribal communities. The Bedouin's home is where his tent is, which is to say that he wanders about, following the seasons and pasturage, taking his family, flocks and all his belongings with him. The purer type of Berber is to be



Arab type.



Arab-Negro type.

found in the mountains where he raises his flocks and a little garden. In the Bedouin the Arabic blood predominates, mixed, often, with the African black. Frequently the Berber has the features and complexion of a white man, but he, too, has mixed with the Arab and the blacks and it is impossible always to distinguish him in the crowd.

When you see an unveiled woman you may be sure she is Berber or Jewish. In many districts the Berber men wear a dark burnous with a splash of red decoration on the back, but when you see their dark faces and thick lips you suspect that they have got their labels mixed. I had less difficulty in recognizing the Berber in the Taza district, and south



Here is a picture of the Arab's plow and "team." The plow is but a crooked stick, sometimes shod with iron. The team generally is a camel and a donkey, or a camel and a horse, thereby giving the Arab farmer a bit of contrast. (The Arab bolted when he saw the camera.)

of Marrakech it was seldom that I saw a native who looked as if he might be free from negro blood.

It is in the country district that you realize how primitive Moorish civilization really is. Their methods of agriculture compare to our American methods as a donkey compares to an airplane. The first thing you see in the farming districts is the antiquated plow—a heavy, crooked stick with a pole extended forward to be hitched to the crudest sort of yoke, and one handle at the back so that the plow can be guided and lifted from the furrow. I saw such plows in Egypt and Palestine last year, and there have been no improvements on them since the time of Abraham and Isaac.

To the wooden plow may be yoked a camel and a donkey—the tall, lean, humped-back camel and the little, solemn-faced burro making an incongruous team. Often oxen are used, sometimes small mules and occasionally horses, but the Moor seems to take a delight in hitching a mule with an ox, or a donkey with a horse. Perhaps that is one way he gets variety, which is said to be the spice of life.

The rural village often is but a cluster of grass and reed

huts, surrounded by a fence of thorn brush or cacti. I have seen negro bombas in Central Africa much better built than many of these Moorish huts. The Bedouin generally lives in a tent of heavy cloth woven from camel's hair. Down in the desert these tents are quite attractive, but they are the exception. The Bedouin packs his tent and moves on for two reasons—to get better grass for his flocks and to get away from the lice which take kindly to his tent and his person.

One interesting feature of the rural districts is the diversity of plant life and the general appearance of the country. In one day's travel by motor car south of Casablanca I saw lands reminding me of the Bad Lands of the Dakotas, the plains of Kansas, the semi-arid regions of Texas and Arizona, and the palmetto-covered landscapes in Florida. However, I saw very little that an Illinois or Iowa farmer would accept as a gift without feeling that he had been imposed upon.



Bedouins have no fixed abode. They wander from place to place in search of pasturage for their flocks. Tents or grass huts serve as houses and their camps are dirty and, often, vermin ridden. Many of the Bedouin chiefs are rich in flocks of sheep, goats and camels.

The Moorish farmer doesn't clear his land before plowing. Allah put the palmettos and the weeds there, so why should a good Mohammedan remove them, especially in view of the fact that digging palmetto roots is a tough job. They plow around or thru the palms and brush and sow their seed regardless. As the grain is gathered by hand the palms and brush do not bother much.

Flax, barley, oats, a little wheat and some maize or corn are grown, but all the grain grown in Morocco would sound like a crop failure in any of our grain States. Vegetables of every variety are grown abundantly where there is sufficient rainfall or irrigation. I have seen in the souks (shops) beans, cauliflower, celery-cabbage, beets, potatoes, both Irish and sweet, several varieties of spinach, celery, artichokes, tomatoes and parsnips. Olives are grown in abundance. Dates are the important fruit, especially in the desert regions, where they are the staple food for both people and animals. At Marrakech and south there are thousands of date palms, and besides furnishing food they play a most important part in the life of the native. The leaves are used for matting, the fiber is made into rope, and the wood used for building material and fuel. Like the little boy's apple—there "ain't no core" when the Moor gets thru with his palm tree.

But the more you see of the country people the more you are impressed with the fact that they are miserably poor. They look gaunt and distressed, and the donkeys, mules, cattle and camels appear but half-fed. The sheep and goats make out somehow. Speaking of the fine horses that are popularly associated with the Arab, I didn't see a horse in Morocco that I would accept as a gift until I got up in the Taza district and saw some of the mounts belonging to army officers. As a matter of fact, in Morocco, the mule is used more than the horse, because the mule is a better traveler on mountain tracks and has an easier gait than a horse. The saddles used on the mules come pretty near being upholstered rocking chairs. They have a low horn in front, well padded, and a high back.

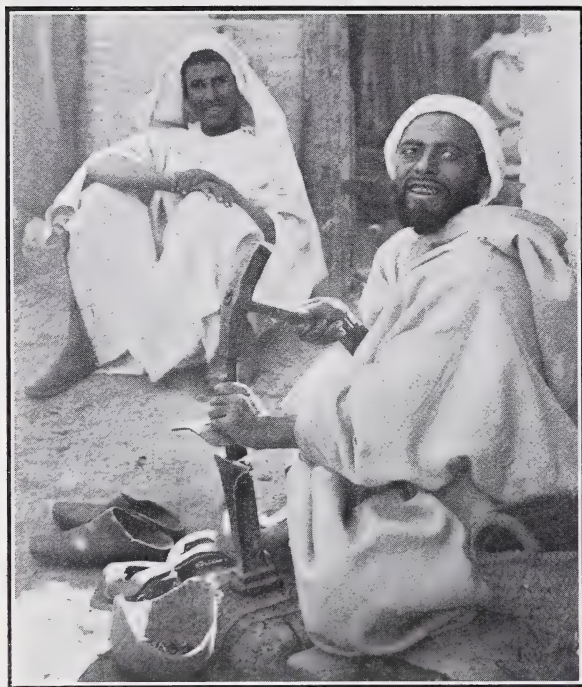
Life in the Moroccan cities is, for the masses, as depress-



Religion plays an important part in the daily life of the Mohammedan and, as a rule, his holidays are religious celebrations. There are numerous religious organizations in North Africa, most of them given over to fanatical practices. Their frequent parades bring great crowds into the streets and to the roofs of the houses. (This picture was taken during a religious *fete* in Fez.)

ing as in the country. The few rich have the palaces, which, from the outside, look like slaughter-houses or tanneries. Inside, they are beautifully arranged, with courts and gardens and no end of decorations. These palaces are so few that they make no impression on the passing visitor, who sees only the narrow, dirty streets, high, dirty walls, and dirty ragged people of all ages, from the half-naked children to the half-naked beggar.

The Arabs and Jews do not get on well together, and for that reason in all the larger cities the Mohammedans and Jews have separate districts for their homes and shops. The Arab town is called the "medina," while the Jewish quarters are the "mellah." It is quite convenient for the Mohammedan to



As often as otherwise, the tradesman works in the street, with the crudest sort of tools. This is an Arab iron worker—not much as a mechanic.

generally is black, and, as a rule, he is cleaner and better dressed than his Arab neighbor. The Jews have their own religion, of course, and when they turn out on Saturday many of them are expensively dressed. Incidentally, you get three Sundays to the week in this man's country, for the Mohammedan has his Sunday on Friday, the Jews observe Saturday, and the Europeans stick with Sunday. The result is that you never know it is Sunday, because two classes of the population are always working and have their shops open.

To the European, the Moor is strangely dressed. The men wear a fez about which they often wind a white cloth, making a turban effect, and a flowing outer robe, the burnous, that is much like a big gunny sack. As often as not the burnous has no

have the Jews in one place when the sons of Islam start out to slaughter Jews, as they have on many occasions.

While the Arab hates the Jew, he really needs him, for the Jews are the business men, and they seem to prosper even where they have to trade with Arabs. The Jew is not permitted to wear the red fez so common with Mohammedans. He must wear a black fez. His outer cloak

sleeves, being but a long cape with an attached hood that can be pulled over the head. Beneath this many wear another sacklike robe of white material, a vest, often of silk and generally decorated with a splash of color, and knee-length pants, which are made very full, so they look much like a short skirt. Most of the men are bare-legged and bare-footed, except for the sandal-like slippers which have no uppers at the heel.

The Moroccan woman wears a white, sacklike robe, with a long band of white cloth which she uses as a shawl and draws about her head, hiding her face. Sometimes she wears a veil drawn tightly over the bridge of her nose and over her forehead in such a manner as to leave only a narrow slit thru which she can see. Others wear the shawl so folded over the face that it leaves only one little peek hole. Beneath the flowing robe the woman wears a loose blouse, generally decorated in colors, and about her waist is a very wide belt, highly ornamented. She wears pantaloons which extend down to the ankles. The long, outer robe extends down to the ground and as often as not she goes bare-footed. When she wears slippers



These are women shopkeepers in a Moorish market place. They are selling bread. Instead of powdering their noses they exercise great care lest someone should get a glimpse of their faces.

they are decorated, or are of some pronounced color such as red or blue.

The Jewish women dress like the Mohammedan women, except that they do not go veiled. The Berber woman, too, does not cover her face except when you are trying to get a photograph of her. The Arab woman aspires to be fat, and the fatter the better according to Arabic ideas of feminine beauty. She wears enough jewelry to make her a good advertisement for a hardware store. Silver, brass, stones of various kinds and beads of all sorts make up her adornments. These are used in the hair, as bracelets on arms and ankles, and for the belt. Earrings are worn by all women and these adornments range in size from a one-cent piece to the dimensions of a horse-shoe.

If I am a judge of feminine beauty, few of them are even good-looking. Occasionally you see a pair of eyes that are attractive, but too often a fleeting glimpse of the face reveals the heavy, thick lips and the broad nose that bespeak negro blood, and an indescribable coarseness of features. Woman is scarcely more than a beast of burden in Morocco, except in the harems of the rich, where she is but the plaything of her lord and master. The Berber woman works harder than her man. She walks and carries the baby on her back while father rides the donkey. I have seen Berber women carrying on their backs bundles of firewood that completely hid them except for their feet. The Mohammedan religion gives women scant hope of a future life. They may go to heaven—if their husbands want them to. Well, if Moorish husbands are no better in heaven than they are on earth I can't imagine their wives feeling badly about being barred from entering the pearly gates.

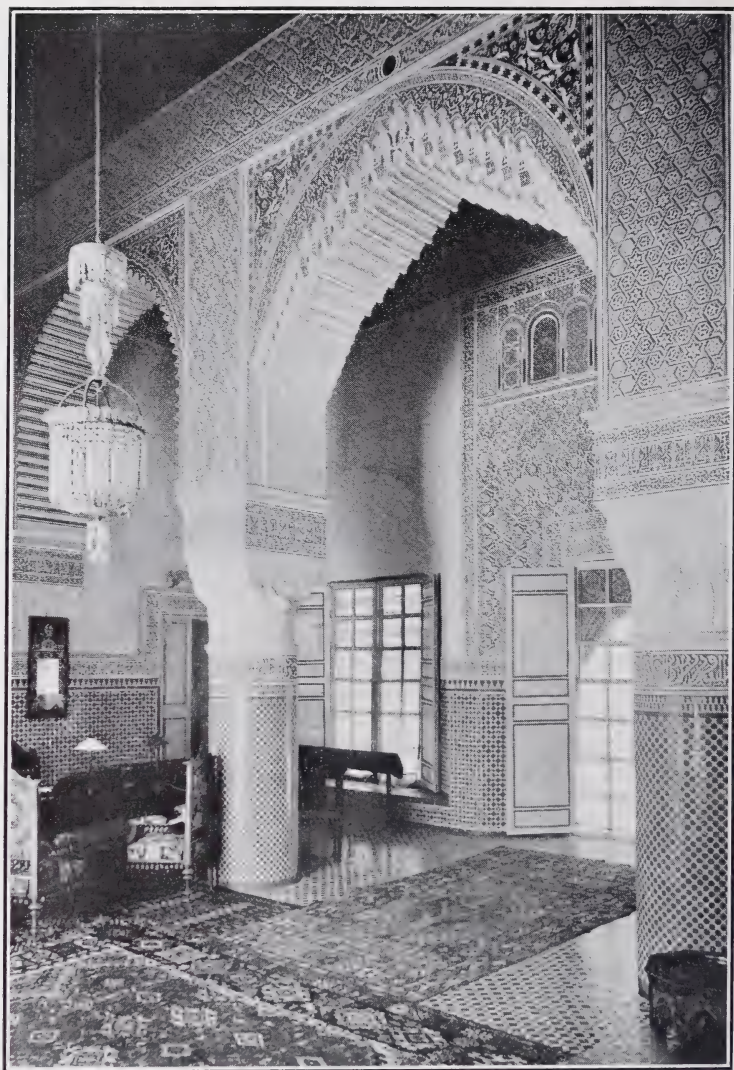
I found the souks, or market shops, of the cities about as interesting as any feature of city life. In these narrow streets, over which, as a rule, has been built a lattice work to keep out the sun, you can find all the articles known to the native life and more odors than have been catalogued. Merchants



The Moorish woman does her washing in the creek and instead of rubbing the clothes she tramps on them with her feet or beats them with a club. Each locality has its community wash tub.

and artisans of a kind have their districts. Here are the blacksmiths, there the carpenters; here are the leather merchants, and farther on the silk venders. Their shops are a few feet square. You have to shut your eyes and hold your nose when passing meat stalls, where it looks as if flies were eating all the profits. An Arab artisan has three hands, because he uses his foot as a hand. I watched one youngster making beads from date seeds. He held the knife with his toes and trimmed the revolving seed almost as evenly as it could have been turned by machinery.

These people have their amusements, even as you and I. At any time of the day, in the market place or near the city gates, you will find a motley crowd seated in a semi-circle in front of a story-teller. As a rule these story-tellers are old men, and some of them have quite a reputation. Most of their stories are of love and war.



Interior decorations in the palaces of the rich Mohammedans often are very beautiful. This is a view in one of the great rooms in Moulay Hafid's palace at Fez. It is now used as residence and headquarters for Marshal Lyautey when he visits Fez.

CHAPTER V

TANGIER AND SPANISH MOROCCO

AS THUNDER doesn't come from a clear sky, it slowly dawned on me as I stood one morning at my window in the hotel at Tangier, that for the first time since the World War I was hearing the sound of cannonading. On this trip



Abd el Krim, the Riffian leader whose native army has driven the Spanish forces from the interior of the Riff country and has turned against the French.

I landed on the African continent at Tangier, having come across the Strait of Gibraltar from Algieras, Spain. In Madrid, where I spent several pleasant days with the American Ambassador, Mr. Moore, I heard much regarding the war in Spanish Morocco. Not only had the Riff tribesmen of the Spanish zone practically run the

Spanish army out of the country but they had run many Spanish politicians out of office. Reverses to the Spanish forces in the Riff country were responsible for Primo de Rivera coming to power. He was spoken of as the "dictator," and frequently compared with Mussolini of Italy.

Primo de Rivera appeared to be the only prominent man

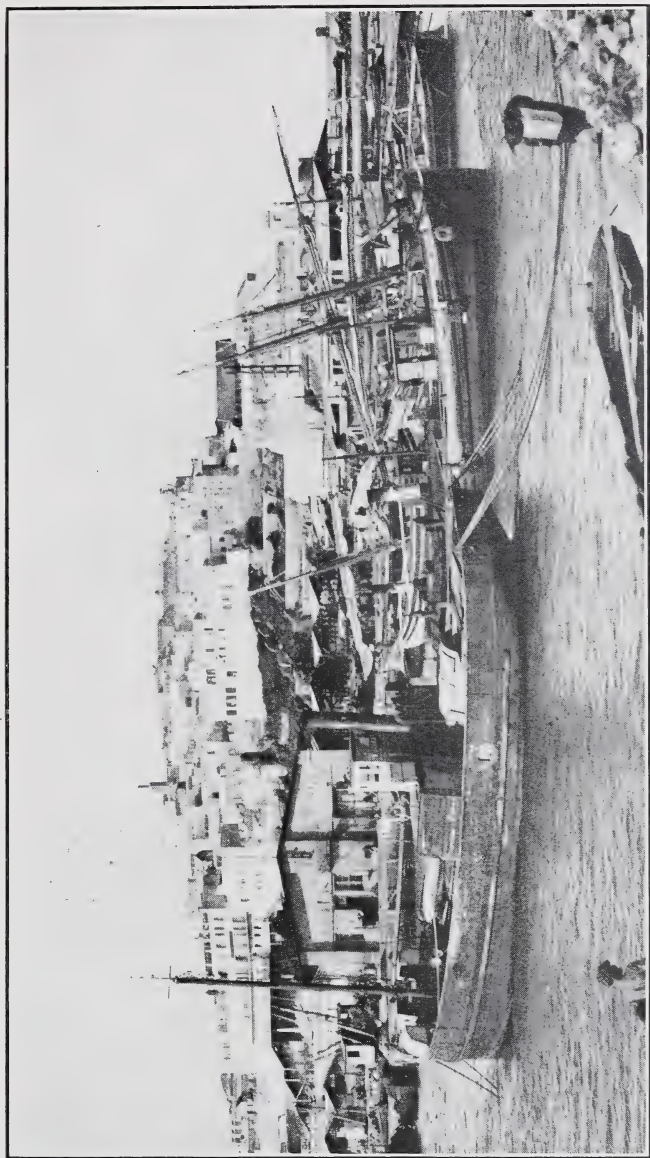
in Spain who had courage enough to change the African war policy when it became apparent that Spain was spending millions of dollars and wasting thousands of lives in a war game that wasn't worth the candle. He was responsible for the general withdrawal of Spanish troops from the interior of the Riff to well-fortified positions along the coast.

Tangier, on its landward sides, is surrounded by Riff territory. It is an international zone, three times the size of the District of Columbia, in which Washington, our national capital, is located. The natives here are in daily touch with the natives who are fighting in Morocco, and, naturally, the Riff war is a very live subject in this locality.

For three hundred years the city of Tangier has been an international question. Commercially it has no great importance, but strategically it is very important, as it is located at the Atlantic Ocean end of the Strait of Gibraltar, and, if the territory of any one nation, it could be made as important to that nation as Gibraltar, at the Mediterranean end of the Strait, is to Great Britain. Every nation in Europe would like to control Tangier, but European rivalries are so strong that no nation has been able to get control, and the city and district of Tangier is international territory now, controlled by the Spanish, French and British.

Each nation circulates its own currency, and each has its own postal system. You thus have your choice of three kinds of postage stamps and three postoffices, sending your mail out under the flag you prefer. The three kinds of money in circulation enable the Moorish tradesmen to get you coming and going and standing still. If you have French money, the price will be quoted in Spanish money. If you have Spanish money, the price is in British or French money. The price always is in the money you do not have, and the tradesman takes down an extra profit on the exchange.

Before the World War Germany, Austria and Italy were insisting on being taken in as part of the big show in the Tangier government. France, England and Spain objected unless some other governments were taken in, because a new



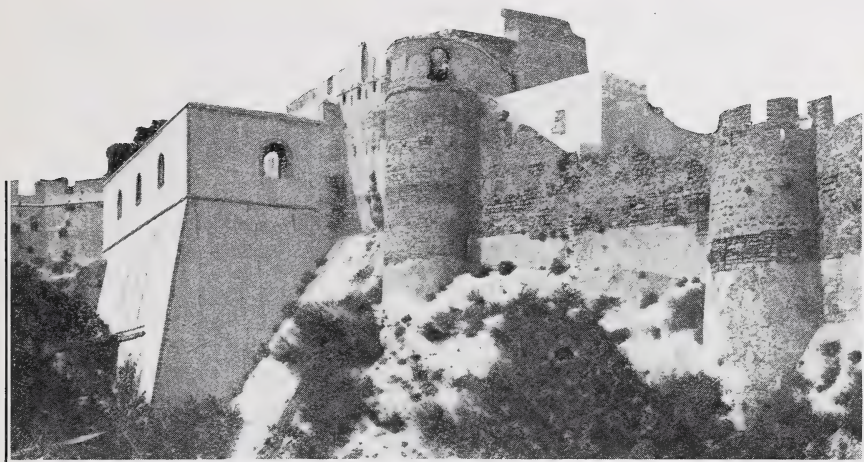
This is a view of Tangier from the head of one of the moles which have been thrown out into the bay to protect the inner harbor. The harbor is so shallow that the larger boats must anchor out in the bay and freight and passengers are taken ashore on lighters and tenders. At a distance, Tangier, with its white houses rising on a great terrace from the bay, is a beautiful picture. It loses some of its enchantment when you are in the narrow, dirty streets.

combination would have been possible that would have given Germany control. France, Great Britain and Spain finally agreed to give eight other countries, the United States being one of them, a voice in the Tangier government. Before the new plan went into effect the war came and Germany and Austria, of course, were dropped. The United States refused to mix in affairs in foreign countries, and, up to date, tho there have been several conventions on the subject, the three powers—France, Great Britain and Spain—continue to control the Tangier zone. They collect the taxes, police the town and supervise the public improvements. The population of the city of Tangier is about 55,000, while that of the entire zone is 65,000.

The reader will be interested, as I was, to learn what sort of people compose this population. It is a confusing mixture of Arabs, Berbers, negroes, and Jews. The Spanish outnumber the French and the British are in last place numerically. You find few Americans here other than those representing our Government, "citizens of convenience," and the occasional tourist.

In 1786, when the United States made a treaty with the Sultan of Morocco, who then exercised control over Tangier, that worthy presented to George Washington the building occupied since that time by our legation or consul. This was most unusual, because, under Mohammedan law, no Christian can hold real estate there. The street in which the United States consulate building was located narrowed down until today it is no more than four feet wide. However, after you get inside the building you will find it roomy and well laid-out, with plenty of light and air.

The United States Consul General for all of Morocco, including the French and Spanish zones and Tangier, is located here, and he has charge of all United States Consuls in these zones. Our Consul for the Tangier zone, Mr. J. Lee Murphy, did everything possible to make my stay pleasant and gave me valuable assistance in gathering data. He acts as judge in all trials where Americans get into trouble in this country;



On a high cliff, overlooking both the city of Tangier and the bay, is the ancient casbah or fort, which was built by the Portuguese in the fifteenth century. This picture is a view of it from the land side. It is a formidable looking mass of walls but one shell from a modern siege gun would reduce it to a pile of earth and stone.

also "citizens of convenience," mostly Moorish Jews who do not want to be tried under Mohammedan laws, are brought before him if they are the defendants in any action.

From a business standpoint there is not much trade between Tangier and the United States, yet from a political standpoint the post is important because Tangier still is one of the potentially dangerous points on the political map of the world.

At present the harbor and dock facilities do not encourage shipping. Only small tenders can come up to the docks and even the boats which ply between here and Algeciras and Gibraltar have to anchor out in the bay and send in smaller boats. As there is no breakwater for the protection of ships in the bay, often it is two or three days before the weather permits the boats to make port.

However, in a year or so the dock facilities will be improved, as a concession and contract have been given a French company to build a breakwater that will enable all but the largest ships to come to Tangier.

The railroad which you find marked on maps from Tangier to Fez has not been completed thru the Spanish zone and only graded thru the Tangier zone. Until the Riff war is over there might be some trouble in keeping the trains on the track, the track on the ties, and the ties on the grade.

There has been so much bootlegging in war material (gun-running) that the roads are pretty badly cut up and motoring is anything but a joy ride.

I imagine the uninitiated get quite a thrill coming into this port, to be loaded into a little tender like sardines in a box, in charge of jabbering Moorish boatmen, and later delivered to the tender mercy of an army of dragomen who seem determined to crowd you off the dock into the sea in their eagerness to attach themselves to part of your bank roll. Having been up against much the same game in Egypt I picked out quite an intelligent young chap whose fez and burnous—the cloak-like outer garment worn by the Moors—were not as dirty and ragged as the others, and told him to see that we and our baggage got to the hotel. From that moment I was his “meat,” and he fought off the others even tho there were times when one might have thought he was starting a riot.

In speaking of the population I failed to mention the donkeys, tho they are the most numerous and I might say the most important inhabitants in all these Moroccan towns. In these narrow, winding streets the donkey has the right of way, and time and again you are forced to step into a doorway to let him pass with his bulging load of firewood, vegetables, chickens, grain or what-not.

Tangier is built on the sides of the steep hills about the bay. In many places the streets are but narrow stairsteps. Carriages and motor cars are out of the question in such a place, so the donkey and the small mule are the chief means of transportation. There are a few carriages here, but they can be used only in a few streets. Fewer motor cars are to be seen. There are no more than a half dozen streets on which they can be used, but they come in handy for travel outside the city. They say here that if one can drive a motor car in Tangier he can

drive any place else in the world. They may be right, because the driver has to look out for the native children, the grown-ups, the donkeys, and, at night, the beggars who seem not to care where they curl up in the street for a little sleep.

Under favorable conditions it is but three hours' journey from Algeciras to the Spanish mainland of Europe, thru the strait to Tangier, and yet I know of no place in the world where, in the same length of time, one travels so far in the matter of peoples and customs. You go back many centuries when you arrive in Tangier, for life must have been much the same here more than a thousand years ago as it is today in the Moorish and Jewish sections of the town.

The Moorish, or Mohammedan, section clings to the hillside to the west, and above it is the Casbah, the historic fort built in the fifteenth century by the Portuguese, who were the first Europeans to hold the district. In this district you seldom see a woman's face. Most of them wear a white cloth drawn over the nose, leaving only the eyes and forehead exposed. Here, also, every child you see wears a pigtail. The girls have their braid done up in a cloth; the boys have their heads shaved, a tuft of long hair remaining at the center of the head like an Indian's war lock. By this tuft of hair the lad hopes eventually to be pulled into the Mohammedan's heaven. The women, as a rule, are dressed in a white or cream-colored outer garment that covers them head and body down below the knees. They wear no stockings and most of them wear red Moorish slippers. Yellow seems to be a favorite color for footwear for the men.

The grand market, or "soko," takes the place of our "town square." It is the public market to which the country people bring every conceivable thing that is salable. When you enter the soko thru one of the gates you find it a milling mass of donkeys, goats and people. Vegetables, fruits, fagots, candy—of which the Moor is very fond—bread, meats, fish, all in little heaps on the ground with groups of motley, hooded traders about them, and over all a swarm of flies and bees. There is a constant din caused by the drivers yelling at their mules



French troops moving up to the fighting line in the Taza district where the French are fighting the Riffians who are attempting to reach the sacred city of Fez. Thousands of the soldiers used in Morocco by the French are blacks from Senegal. They, too, are Mohammedans as are the Riff tribesmen against whom they must fight.

and donkeys, and the busy merchants calling out their wares.

Around the edges of the market space, and opening on them, are native shops—mere cells in the wall, some six feet square. In these dark cells a fat, lazy-looking, fez-topped man reclines on the floor, apparently so indifferent that if you bought anything from him you would have to wait on yourself and roll him over and put the money in his pocket. When you look into these dark booths you are apt to think that ten dollars would buy the entire stock, yet in some of them are to be found silks and embroidery of considerable value.

There are, of course, many mosques, all of them closed to the infidel foreigner, and each guarded by a few beggars. None of the mosques are very imposing, but one or two of them are very old. The two Moorish graveyards are uninteresting except for goats. When the Moor is buried he is simply wrapped in a cloth and placed in the grave—no coffin and very little ceremony.

There are two seasons here—the wet or winter season, from October to April, and the dry or summer season, from May to September. A heavy frost is very rare, and the “Levante” (hot wind) always is dreaded. When I drove thru the country in December, they were plowing and seeding. This crop will be gathered in March and another planted in April, which will be harvested in late summer.

After all, the lasting impression one gets here is that the native population is miserably poor. I inquired what these natives did for a living, and I was told that “they took in each other’s washing.”

Representatives of all the European countries stationed in Tangier are watching the Riff situation—the most dangerous in Africa today.

The Spanish zone of Morocco is known as the Riff. Abd el Krim is now the chief of the Riff tribes. Under his leadership these mountain Moors have successfully defied the armies of Spain. He has made the Riff the most discussed district in Africa.

As long as there are 120,000,000 Mohammedans in Africa,



Abd el Krim's successes have inflamed the Moors thruout Morocco and the French are doing everything possible to keep the natives in their territory loyal. Here is a Moorish mass meeting near Larache in the Riff. A vizier of the Sultan is pleading with the natives to refrain from joining the Abd el Krim revolt against Spain and France.

firmly believing that a "Mahdi" will appear, drive out the foreigners and re-establish the ancient glory of Islam, Abd el Krim will be a potential menace to the peace of Africa and Europe.

The Spanish zone of Morocco is the extreme northwestern part of North Africa. From Larache on the Atlantic coast to the Algerian border to the east is a distance of about 250 miles. At no place does the district extend more than fifty miles inland. On the west is the Atlantic Ocean. North is the Mediterranean Sea. The international zone of Tangier has been cut from the northwest tip of the country. South lies French Morocco, while the narrow eastern frontier meets that of the department of Oran of Algeria, French territory. The line between Spanish and French zones in Morocco is a political one with no natural barrier to prevent free communication between the Riff people and the Moors in French territory.

Since 1921 Abd el Krim and his Riff tribesmen have waged war on the Spanish. This war has been so successful that

every day brought its rumor of Spanish disaster and spreading revolt. While I was in Tangier bad weather interrupted the boat service with Algeciras and Gibraltar. When a boat finally came thru we learned that several tourists had cancelled passage because a report was current in those European ports that the Riffians were making a drive on Tangier and that Great Britain, Spain and France were rushing troops to defend the town. The very day all this was supposed to be transpiring, I was enjoying a motor car ride out of Tangier into the Riff country, and altho it is true that I had heard, that morning, the sound of heavy cannonading, during the ride of about fifty miles I saw nothing suggestive of war—except the guards at the international bridge at the border of the Tangier zone.

However, I well knew that beyond the first ridge of mountains there was a real war, which has cost Spain millions of dollars and thousands of men, and is responsible for Primo de Rivera being a dictator of Spain today. Briefly, the Riff situation is this: Abd el Krim went to Spain as a boy and picked up some education. He returned to Spanish Morocco, as an employe of the Spanish government, but was released



Abd el Krim's army has driven the Spanish from the interior of the Riff country. Spain now holds only a narrow stretch of territory from Ceuta to Tetuan and a small area adjacent to and including the port of Melilla. This picture shows a corner of the big market in Tetuan.

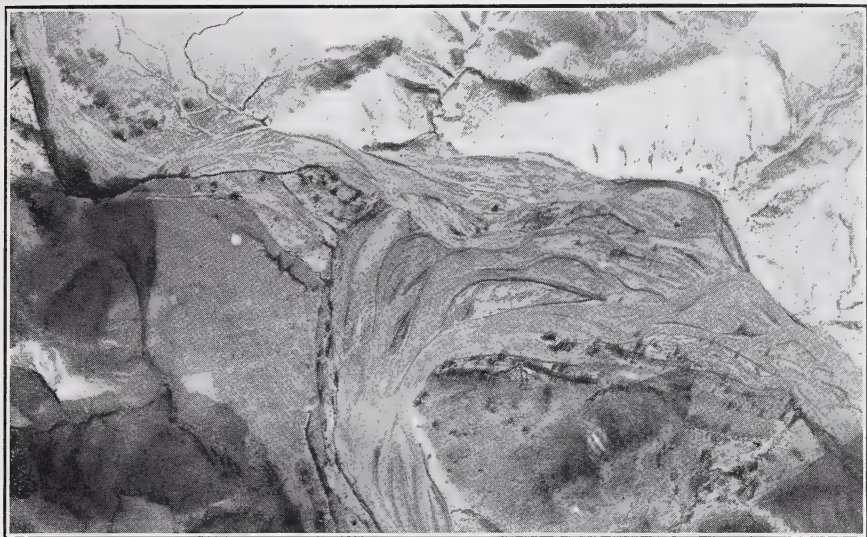
because of irregularities. Later he was reinstated and learned much about the Spanish army and the strength of various posts. He quietly began to excite the mountain tribes to revolt, spreading his propaganda first beyond Tetuan, where the Spanish outposts were very weak. Several tribes revolted and won their first skirmishes. Other tribes joined until the revolt became general thruout the interior. Abd el Krim took command and in three years of fighting drove the Spanish forces out of the interior of the Riff. Today the Spanish army is making no attempt to recover the interior, but is content to hold a strongly fortified line that defends Ceuta and Tetuan and the Mediterranean port of Melilla.

Abd el Krim dominates at least four-fifths of the country, even controlling part of the Mediterranean coast between Melilla and Ceuta; Adjir, in the gulf formed by Capes Quilates and Maure, being headquarters for the Krim government.

There is not a rougher, wilder country than the Riff. General Pershing didn't catch Villa in Mexico, and that was easy compared to catching Krim in the Riff, where there is nothing but mountains and canyons. With tribes which know the mountains and can climb where a goat couldn't go, it has been easy for Krim to cut down the Spanish whenever they attempted to advance. On one occasion the Krim forces captured 16,000 Spanish prisoners and it is reliably reported that 12,000 of them were executed. Krim has captured so many rifles that he has five for every soldier in the Riff. He has taken airplanes, automobiles and machine guns, but they are of little use because the Riffians can't use them or repair them when they get out of order.

On several occasions Krim has captured foreigners serving in Spain's foreign legion and sent them to their respective consuls in Tangier with the request that they be sent home, saying that the Riffians are fighting only Spain, and have no desire to hold as prisoners men of other nationalities. There were thirty-seven members of the Foreign Legion sent to Tangier by Abd el Krim shortly before I was there.

Spanish prisoners, for Abd el Krim, are bank checks, and



This airplane view shows the character of the country in the Spanish Riff. It is extremely mountainous, making it difficult to use much of the heavy, modern war machinery. In country such as this the Spanish and French soldiers do not have as great an advantage over the Riff tribesmen as is popularly imagined.

he cashes them, as he needs money, on the Bank of Spain. The cash value of a common soldier isn't much, as Spain won't pay much for common fighting men, but Abd el Krim has taken many officers prisoners and for these Spain pays a fancy price. He has been paid as much as \$50,000 for the release of one officer.

In fairness to the Spanish it should be said that fighting the Berber, the most ferocious fighter of all Mohammedans, in a country that is "just one mountain after another," is anything but an easy job. The Spanish soldier is a good fighter, but in modern times he has been poorly officered. That is one reason he has made such a poor showing in the Riff. The official class of the Spanish army is weakened by politics, and political intrigue in Spain, as much as the military sagacity of the Riffians, has defeated the Spanish effort.

When I was embarking at Algeciras, Spain, on my way

to Morocco, I saw a Spanish transport come in with at least 2,000 soldiers from the Spanish zone. I knew then that I would get no place in the Spanish zone if the military authorities could prevent, because army officers do not welcome visitors when the army is retreating and troops are moving. I decided that if I saw the Riff fighting zone it would have to be from Abd el Krim's side of the fence, by going in from French Morocco.

On a line south of Adjir, between Fez and Oudjda, is the town of Taza, the military headquarters from which the French are watching developments in the Riff and directing the defense of their northern border.

At Rabat, the capital of French Morocco, and at Taza, I got a line on the French policy toward Abd el Krim and his war. Briefly it was this:

The tribesmen of the Riff—mostly Berbers—and those of northern French Morocco, are one people. They travel and trade back and forth, and, in normal times, the native doesn't know where French territory ends and the Spanish zone begins. Now comes Abd el Krim, successful in a revolt against the Spanish. The Mohammedan imagination is inflamed. There is no border line in the Mohammedan's hatred of foreign Christians. Abd el Krim is the agent of Allah.



While the Mohammedan has a prejudice against modern inventions, this picture proves that he makes good use of the narrow gauge railway in the Taza district. This railway is an important adjunct to the army as it connects the Taza district with Rabat and the Atlantic coast.



The fortified railway station at Taza. As Taza is headquarters for the army which is defending the French frontier north of Fez, it is a very important military town. The military establishment stands on the side of a mountain above the railway station, and the native town is still higher on the mountain above the military camp. In the foreground of the picture are several haystacks, plastered over with mud, a practice common in Morocco and Algeria.

He wins battles against Christian armies. Always there is the danger that Mohammedans on the French side of that imaginary border line will join the revolt. How real is that danger is shown by the events of July, 1924, when a "Mehalla," or native army from the Riff border, crossed into French Morocco. In three days French forces met and defeated them and drove them back into the Spanish zone. Abd el Krim insisted the raid had been made without his knowledge. There is no doubt, however, that the thrust was made to see what the French would do and to encourage the tribes in north French Morocco to revolt. Thanks to the speed and completeness of the French victory, the invaders were thrown back and no revolt developed in French territory at that time.

But the French knew they had not heard the last of Abd el Krim's war. With the Spanish resting behind well-fortified lines and giving the Riffians no opportunities to win new successes, the French realized that the temptation to invade French Morocco would be very strong. They knew that Abd el Krim's power depended on winning battles, and when I passed along the frontier between French and Spanish



Huts used for Senegalese soldiers in the French military post at Guersif, one of the objectives of the Riff drive.

Morocco the former were strengthening their lines of defense against the day when the Riffians would again attempt a drive toward Fez. The prudence of that policy has been demonstrated this year (1925) when the Riffian insurgents made a demonstration in the Taza district, sending strong forces toward Guersif and Fez, only to find that the French, during the winter, had strengthened fortified positions just south of the neutral zone. The concentration of troops by the French was especially heavy in the valley of the Oued Ouergah, directly north of Fez, and in May of this year I had reliable information that the French had 75,000 soldiers mobilized in the Taza-Fez area, with a like number in reserve.

It is significant that the French have laid all their cards on the table for more than a year, so that the Riffians and the population of French Morocco could know exactly what might be expected in the event of a Riffian movement into French territory. In January of 1925, both in Marshal Lyautey's headquarters at Rabat and in field headquarters at Taza, I was told very frankly what was going on along the border, and what might be expected. In Taza the headquarters' officials and the chief of the information department of the army gave me figures on the French forces, went into detail regarding the fortified positions being prepared in the north, and assured me that their policy was one of "watchful waiting." Staff

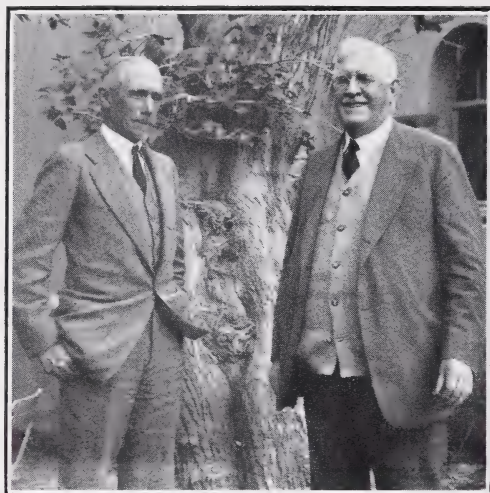
officers insisted that the French would make no aggressive move against the Riffians, and that, as long as they kept their forces in Spanish territory, it was no concern of the French. They said, however, that any movement into French territory would be dealt with speedily. It was obvious that the French wanted the Riffians to understand just how matters stood. The plan of defense as outlined to me in January was carried out to the letter when the Riffians came across the border the following spring, and, having been thru the district, and, under the most favorable circumstances, seen the state of preparedness of the French, I cannot make myself believe that the Riffian insurgents will make much headway in their present efforts to carry their war into French Morocco.

There is this to be considered, however: Religious fanaticism is a difficult thing to reckon with. Those who have traveled North Africa know that there is ever present in the Moorish mind the belief that a leader will arise and drive out the foreigners. They, too, dream of "the day," and it is conceivable that a wave of religious fanaticism may suddenly sweep thru the country bringing general revolt on the part of the Mohammedan faithful from the Atlantic coast to the Nile valley. The situation is, therefore, potentially dangerous.

I was very much interested in talking over the Riff situation



The French fortified position at Tourirt in the Taza district. This post played an important part during the campaign when the French established themselves in Morocco in 1911 and 1912.



Walter B. Harris (left), the "London Times" correspondent in Morocco, and Mr. Boyce. Mr. Harris was once held a prisoner by Raisuli when he was a powerful Riff chief. He is, also, an acquaintance of Abd el Krim and a recognized authority on Moroccan affairs. (This picture was taken in a garden in Marrakech.)

with Walter B. Harris, well known as the representative of the "London Times" in Morocco, and a personal acquaintance of Abd el Krim. Harris was once held as a prisoner by the famous Raisuli for several months, and today knows the Moroccan situation and the Moorish mind probably better than any other European. Harris makes his home in Tangier but travels a great deal thru the country. I met him in Marra-kech and we had several enjoyable evenings together. Mr. Harris is a great admirer of Marshal Lyautey and his policy of

non-interference with native customs and institutions, and expressed confidence that the Riffian revolt would not spread to any considerable part of the French territory. Mr. Harris spoke highly of the intelligence of Abd el Krim, expressing the opinion that he would not, willingly, bring about a break with the French when he knew the military prowess of the French *régime* in North Africa. Mr. Harris admitted, however, that Moroccan history is replete with convincing evidence of the fact that Moorish leaders often have been unable to control their following if once aroused. As long as the Mohammedan dreams of a holy war against "infidel Christians" no one may convincingly predict the end of such developments as the Riffian revolt.

CHAPTER VI

ALGERIA—GOVERNMENT

IN THE heart of Algeria, the North African country in which the French have been supreme for almost a century, I sat one morning in a graveyard of buildings. The very stone on which I rested for a moment was part of a majestic pillar



It is said that this mound, which looks so much like a big, kneeling camel, was responsible for the discovery of the ruins of Timgad. It overlooks the site of the old city, and can be seen for many miles.

in a Roman forum from which, I am sure, more than one lesser Cicero had eloquently boasted of the strength of the Roman Empire, and pictured the future of her African provinces in glowing terms. Knowing that human nature

changes little from age to age, I am sure these Roman patriots entertained no doubt but that Thamugadi, founded by the mighty Trajan, would be as permanent as the Atlas Mountains themselves. They would have scoffed if any one had dared to predict that a few centuries would find this magnificent city but crumbling ruins buried in the shifting sands. Yet such a prophecy would have been true. The glory of ancient Thamugadi has vanished and today, in its place, is a graveyard of buildings known as Timgad—the skeleton of a Roman city exhumed from its tomb.

To my left, as I rested and meditated that gray morning, were the ruins of a Roman theater; to my right, stretching

down the gentle slope of the hill, was a forest of stone marking the congested center of a vanished metropolis of a great age; thru the ruins of the old Roman Forum I could see the Triumphal Arch of Trajan, with its three gateways, and beyond it the spectral columns of the crumbling temple to Jupiter Capitolinus thrust up as the hand of a doomed cyclops sinking into the inevitable oblivion of the dust. I saw before me a paved street with the ruts worn by the mighty chariots of conquerors of another age.

It took no great effort of imagination to rebuild that Roman city and re-people it with a hundred thousand beings, living their lives with the faith of perpetuity. The natives of this African country overthrow their Roman masters? Impossible! Preposterous!

And yet that happened, and in the year 1925 I sat in the midst of this desolation, done in stone, where ruin is so complete that there is nothing to show how the Romans made the roofs for their houses, and reflected on what Prof. A.



A portion of the theater in the old Roman city of Timgad. The figure of Mr. Boyce, just outside the lower wall at the left, serves as a unit of measurement whereby the reader may get an idea of the size of the structure. About one-third of the seating capacity is shown in this picture. Some 3,500 persons in all could be seated.

Mesple, president of the Geographic Society of Algeria and North Africa, had said to me only two days previously. He invited me to his office in Algiers and after he had made me a member of the society, we discussed French affairs in North Africa and I asked him to answer this question:

"Since it is axiomatic that history repeats itself, will the French find, eventually, in Africa the fate which overtook the Phœnicians, the Romans, the Vandals and all the others who came and saw and conquered, and in time passed on, leaving no permanent effect on the civilization of the natives who remained?"

Professor Mesple replied without hesitation: "There is a significant difference between the French policy in Algeria and that of every other power that has conquered in the country. The old conquerors were satisfied to hold the power of government and they left the land in the hands of the natives. France takes the *land*. France is building literally from the ground up and she will not go the road that other nations have gone in North Africa."

Until that morning spent amid the ruins of Timgad I was impressed by the professor's statement. But the ruins of Timgad plainly show that the city in its prime far surpassed anything the French have built in the interior of Algeria, and even taking the land does not change the native mind. It seems to me that the persistence of the Berber, the Arab, the negro, and the mixtures of the three, in the face of centuries of opposition, is more a matter of immutable mentality than anything else.

The Mohammedan is a fatalist. Whatever will be, will be. Allah is the author of all that happens, then why get excited if French foreigners dominate the country for a while? They are, like the drought, desert heat, hunger, sore eyes and lice, something sent by Allah, and, in due season, Allah being willing, the foreigners will pass on and be forgotten. Until that stolid fatalism of the Moslem mind can be broken, any prophecy of permanency for the French in North Africa, or for any Occidental power for that matter, is decidedly premature.



A general view of the ancient city of Timgad in South
century, A. D., and its end dates from the Arab invasion in
Romans were more firmly entrenched in North Africa



western Algeria. It was a flourishing city in the second century AD. These ruins clearly show that the Romans did not last.

As an illustration, especially applicable to Algeria, let us say that North Africa is an old house with a new front, which isn't in keeping with the architectural character of the rest of the building. If one enters the country thru the front door, seeing Oran and Algiers, which are thoroly European, it would be easy to believe that he is in a modern European edifice, built on a firm Occidental foundation. But when one penetrates to the kitchen and the back yard he may begin to suspect that remodeling the structure in keeping with the modern front is such a monumental task that even the resources of France and the power of her present military supremacy will not be enough to do the job on any basis promising permanency.

I went into Algeria by way of the back door. I saw the character of the real building before I came out onto the ornate verandas of Oran and Algiers. It is quite true that there is a marked difference between the appearance of western Algeria and eastern Morocco. The latter has been under French domination but twelve years, while the former has been in the hands of the French for almost a century—the French occupation of Algeria dating from 1830.

As soon as I left Oudjda, on the Moroccan border, and passed into Algerian territory, I found the stamp of French domination decidedly obvious. The frontier town of Lalla Marnia, where the Algerian customs officers looked over me and my baggage, was nothing more than a French village. The narrow, dirty streets of the typical Arab town gave place to broad streets lined with shade trees and the houses were of neat, substantial appearance. From Lalla Marina to Oran, on the Mediterranean coast, each village was more distinctly French than the last one, and where the native or Arabic character appeared it was because the French had preserved it for show purposes, as at Tlemcen, where there is a group of native towns undisturbed by the French invasion. As a result Tlemcen is a popular tourist attraction, and as long as it continues to be a paying show card the French will encourage the native atmosphere.

Coming from the west, you approach Tlemcen thru Mansura, built in the thirteenth century by Abou Yakoub, when he laid siege to Tlemcen. That siege lasted for seven years and the walls which stand today show that they inclosed a city of about 300 acres. When Tlemcen surrendered, the new city of Mansura was abandoned.

There is one very interesting mosque in Tlemcen proper with a story that ought to be of interest to candy merchants. The mosque of Sidi-el-Haloui, the candy-maker saint, stands just outside the wall to the northeast. The saint it commemorates was born in Seville, Spain. He started on a pilgrimage to Sidi Okba down on the edge of the desert in southern Algeria, and finally settled in Tlemcen as a candy-maker. He preached to his customers, especially the children, until he got such a reputation that the Sultan called him to the palace to serve as tutor to the Sultan's sons. The grand vizier saw a potential rival in the candy-maker and had him tried, condemned and beheaded on a charge of sorcery. The execution was staged just outside one of the city gates, and, according to the story, on the evening of the execution the gatekeeper was crying his usual warning to laggards to come in before the gate closed, when a voice exclaimed:

"Close the gates, Bouah; there is no one without save El Haloui the oppressed!"

For seven days the voice was heard. The Sultan himself came to investigate and heard the voice, and the next morning the grand vizier not only lost his job, but was executed on the spot where the candy-maker had been beheaded. Just to make things interesting for the grand vizier, he was buried alive in a block of mortar. To square the account with the candy-maker saint, the Sidi-el-Haloui mosque was built. Another Tlemcen mosque, that of Sidi Amhed Bel Hassan el Ghormari, founded in A. D. 1298, is notable for its mihrab, said to be the finest specimen of Arab work in the world.

The native town of Agadir, one of the Tlemcen group, marks the site of a Roman city. Another picturesque native town in the environs of Tlemcen is Sidi Bou Medine, named



This is a view of the old mud wall which enclosed the city of Mansoura, built by Abou Yakoub in the thirteenth century, when he laid siege to Tlemcen. There were 300 acres inside the wall.

after a famous Arabic teacher. Between Tlemcen and this village is a Mohammedan cemetery, and on several mountain ledges back of Tlemcen you see the spectral whiteness of tombs of marabouts, or saints. One of these is a tomb of a woman marabout, something rarely seen in a Mohammedan country. Of the Roman city that once flourished in this locality you find only a few shattered fragments, but Arab villages of mud have outlasted the Roman cities of granite, and one may entertain a determined suspicion that Arab villages of mud will outlast these French cities of stone. When granite and stone fall they are shattered. It is an easy matter to replace one mud house with another.

But whatever may be the future, today Algeria is France's richest and strongest domain in North Africa. It is not a colony like Morocco or French Equatorial Africa, but a province of France. Algeria has about 600 miles of sea coast on the Mediterranean. On the west it is bounded by Morocco and on the east by the regency of Tunis—French territory. To the south is the Sahara Desert. The indefinite character of its southern boundary makes it impossible to say what its exact area is. It extends from 300 to 400 miles south of the Mediterranean coast and has approximately 225,000 square miles of territory—about four times the

size of the State of Kansas. It has a population of 6,000,000, of which but 600,000 are French, 150,000 Spanish, 50,000 Italians and Maltese, and 65,000 Jews; the remainder are Mohammendans, made up of Arabs, Kabyles or Berbers, Mozabites and negroes.

There are three civil departments in Algeria and one military zone. The three civil departments bear the names of their chief cities—Oran, on the west, Algiers in the center, and Constantine on the east. The military zone includes the southern or desert part of the country, where it is still necessary to have a strong military force ready for action.

Each of the three civil departments elects two representatives to the French House of Deputies in Paris, and each elects one senator. The laws of European France are the laws of Algeria, and the same customs regulations apply to both. French law is applied in such a way, however, as not to disturb Mohammedan customs, such as polygamy.



In the United States we build no memorial churches to the candy-makers because they get too many pennies that were intended for the Sunday School collection box. In Tlemcen they built this mosque as a monument to a candy-maker, Sidi-el-Haloui. The structure dates from 1353 A. D.

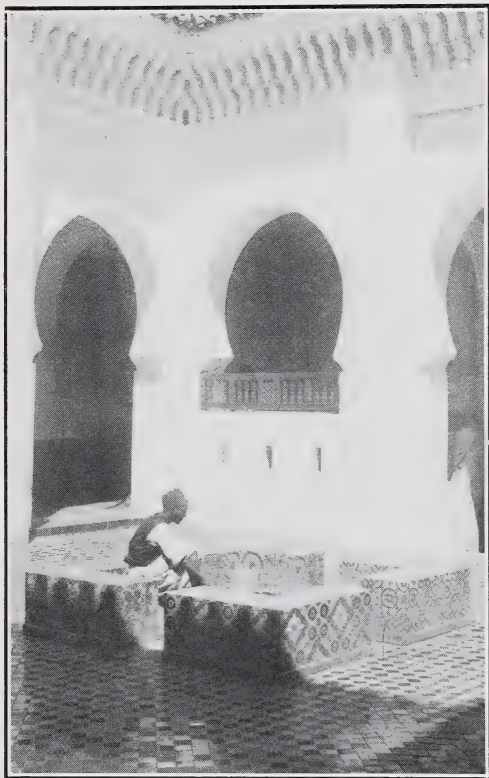
Each of the civil departments is administered by a prefect who reports to the Governor General, appointed by the French cabinet and directly responsible to the minister of the Interior of France. M. T. Steeg is the present Governor General.

In the matter of Algerian finance there is a local council that formulates the annual budget, but the council's action must be approved by the French government in Paris.

Theoretically natives are French citizens, enjoying all the rights which Frenchmen enjoy, even to voting. The native vote, which is of course Mohammedan, hasn't embarrassed the French thus far, but in time it probably will prove to be as perplexing a problem as the negro vote in the United States. A comparatively few rich and educated Mohammedans exercise their right of suffrage according to their best judgment, but the average native wants and needs money and his religion being all the government in which he has a real interest, he is quite willing to make a piece of change out of his ballot. The native vote is manipulated in much the same manner as our negro vote, the Arab accepting all offers, and after he has all the money he can get no one can be sure that he has delivered the goods. It will be a difficult if not impossible task to make intelligent and honest voting citizens out of the Mohammedan masses because the Koran is the first and last word for them in all matters.

In dealing with the natives the French make a pretext of recognizing the old tribal system. The bachagha, chief of several tribes, is formally recognized by the governor and he often is permitted to act as the judge in native matters. The agha has much the same powers as the bachagha, but his influence extends to fewer tribes. The caid is the chief of a village, and where it is possible to do so the government uses the caid as its representative in dealing with the natives.

The native's need for money has been shrewdly capitalized by the French. All thru Algeria I saw nomadic tribes which were following the road repair work just as gangs of harvest hands follow the harvest in our grain States. Men and women work on the rock-breaking gangs, and all of the stone used



The ancient washing fountain in the court of Sidi Bou Medine in Tlemcen. Before going into a mosque to pray, the Mohammedan washes his feet, hands and face. The tile work of this basin and court is one of the finest specimens of Moorish work in North Africa.

in Algeria's great system of roads is broken by hand. Roads are a military necessity in Algeria and the French have constructed a marvelous system of highways.

The manual labor is done by natives, who are paid from 4 to 7 francs (about 20 to 30 cents) a day—more than they can make at any other sort of labor. These wages buy at least a temporary loyalty on the part of the natives, and, also, roads which are in reality a part of the military organization maintained to hold the native in subjection.

Roads are so good in Algeria and motor transportation so cheap that railroad construction does not progress very rapidly. Motor bus lines make better time and are better patronized than the trains. It is estimated

that there are 15,000 trucks and busses operating in Algeria. A natural cement in the soil simplifies the road-building problem considerably. The road is brought to grade and a crown of crushed rock put on it. It is then well watered and rolled by a heavy steam roller. The natural cement in the soil sets as the road dries out and forms a smooth and durable surface.

The railroad mileage at the beginning of 1923 was only

1,751 miles operated by the government, and 713 miles operated by the Paris, Lyons & Mediterranean Company. In the vicinity of Algiers there are 246 miles of narrow gauge road operated by a private company.

Mail, telegraph and telephone services in Algeria are operated by the government and usually show a deficit, but it should be remembered that the telegraph and telephone are a military necessity and that lines built into the desert may not produce much of a return on the investment, but are very important in getting orders to military forces.

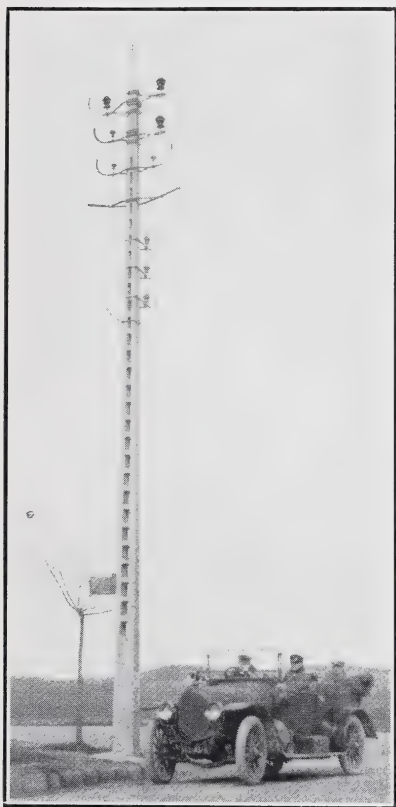
When you get behind the "new front" in Algeria you constantly are reminded that after almost a century of occupation the French today hold the country only by force. Toward the interior and down on the desert every village of strategic importance is heavily garrisoned. Most of these troops are Senegal negroes under French officers. There is much parading and drilling—and at no time are the Mohammedans permitted to forget that France has rifles and bullets. What would happen in Algeria if the Mohammedan subjects also had rifles and bullets raises a question which is very disquieting to France as she dreams of a great African empire, stretching from the Mediterranean Sea to the Congo River and from the Atlantic Ocean to Egypt.

CHAPTER VII

ALGERIA—COMMERCE AND AGRICULTURE

THE chief business in Algeria for many centuries was robbery and piracy, and the chief commerce was in slaves. Barbary Coast pirates were the most famous and cruel in history, and they preyed on the commerce of every nation that used the Mediterranean. Every country in Europe, and even the United States, at one time or another paid tribute for immunity. The Christians captured by the pirates were used as slaves or executed for the amusement of the Mohammedan population. In the casbah, or ancient fortification in Algiers, in the throne room of the old deys, there is a chain stretched across the room. On this chain, when the deys were absolute, the heads of executed Christians and slaves were hung for twenty-four hours and then delivered to the Turkish soldiers to be used as footballs.

Slaves, both black and white, were furnished for all parts of the world; one of the chief features of the traffic was providing women for the harems, and almost every port in Algeria had its slave market, where the "harem bargains" were put up for inspection. The black women were brought up from the south, across the



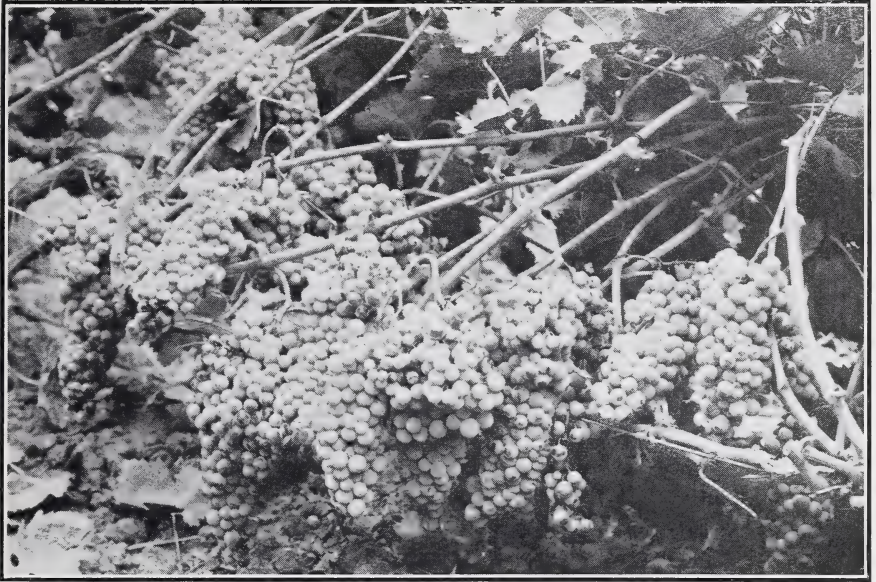
In building power transmission lines in Algeria, very heavy concrete poles are used.

Sahara Desert, while the white women were those captured on passing ships or taken in raids along the Mediterranean coast.

Today, with the French more firmly entrenched in Algeria than in any other part of Africa, you see an interesting bit of economic folly. The fertile area of the country is restricted to a strip along the Mediterranean coast. This productive belt extends inland from thirty to one hundred miles, to the mountains and the high plateaus. In the Tell, as the district often is called, there is rich soil, adequate rainfall and a temperate climate, so that it is possible to raise all kinds of vegetables and fruits, and any kind of grain other than corn. Algeria does not produce the food essential to the maintenance of her 6,000,000 people—and yet, more than half of her most productive land is given over to vineyards. A vast amount of potential food is rotted down to make alcoholic drinks. Even the best barley produced is exported and used in the making of ale. I do not believe a country like Algeria can ever attain economic soundness while it wastes such a formidable percentage of its productive resources on alcoholic products which have no food value.

With the French in control, enforcing better sanitary conditions, during the last twenty-five years the population has doubled. This increase has been reflected in the native population as well as in the European. There is reason to believe that the population has about reached the volume that can be supported by the country. Everywhere I went in districts predominantly native I could not get away from the evidence that the Arab and the Berber and the mixed breeds were hungry. The natives are underfed and the domestic animals are undersize, gaunt and weak because of a lack of food. The natives of Equatorial Africa are in better physical condition than are the subjugated natives of Algeria after almost a century of French "improvement." If the population of Algeria is to maintain its percentage of increase, the wasting of productive lands in the wine industry will have to cease and the lands used for food raising.

The great vineyards are worked by natives—Mohamme-



Thousands of acres of the richest land in Algeria are used for the growing of grapes which are made into wines. The use of rich land for the production of alcoholic drinks in a country that has to import much of its food supply, is a questionable economic policy, to say the least.

dans, whose religion prohibits the drinking of wine. What their reaction may be when they realize that they are being used to rob themselves of needed foods, remains to be seen.

If it were not for the native dates one-fourth of the population would be starving right now. The date is the national fruit, and, just as in Florida it is hard to get a good grapefruit and equally as difficult to get the best oranges in California, so is it difficult to get the best dates in Algeria. That is because the best dates are exported.

Oran and Algiers are the chief cities and ports in Algeria. Coming in by way of the back door from Morocco, Oran was the first big city I visited. Its harbor is rather small, but because it draws business from eastern Morocco as well as western Algeria, there is almost as much shipping thru Oran as thru Algiers, about 30 per cent of the imports and exports

being handled. Oran is the capital of the Department of Oran, and has a population of 125,000, of which 30,000 are French, 52,000 are Spanish, 14,000 are Jews and the remainder are Mohammedans. It is more Spanish than French, and the chief amusement place is the bull fight arena rather than the opera. There is very little native atmosphere about modern Oran, altho, in other centuries, the city played a major part in north African history. The one natural highway across Algeria and Morocco to the Atlantic coast is the Taza Pass route between the Atlas and the Riff Mountain ranges. For centuries this has been the great trade route, and Oran, on the Mediterranean end of the route, has enjoyed prosperity.

I came into Oran along this famous highway, passing thru a district where French colonization is far advanced. One thing along this route was especially interesting to me. In connection with water-power development in Illinois I built the first concrete poles ever used for carrying electric wires. It was natural, therefore, that I should observe rather closely the practice in building power lines. I was surprised to find that in the electric line out of Oran to the towns along the main highway to the Moroccan border cement poles at least eighteen inches square at the base had been used, and that instead of running the line by the straightest and most direct route, they had followed the winding road. To me that showed that the engineers did not know the tensile strength of a cement pole, or some one made those poles and put up the line on a "cost plus" contract which enabled him to make more money by making the line cost more. I could make four poles out of each one of the poles used in that line, and the smaller pole would carry all the wires needed. By straightening the line further economy could have been effected in the construction work. On a most conservative estimate that power line cost four times too much.

Oran was founded in 903 by Mohamed Ben Abdoun. It was burned in 1055, but by the fifteenth century had again become one of the most prosperous cities in North Africa. In 1509 the Spanish, under Cardinal Ximenes, captured Oran



A section of Oran as seen from the docks. This port is second only to that of Algiers in commercial importance.

and one-third of the Mohammedan population was slaughtered. In 1708 the Spanish were driven out, but came back in 1732. In 1790 an earthquake destroyed the city and the Mohammedans took advantage of the disaster and laid siege to the ruined city. After resisting fourteen months, the Spanish evacuated, turning the place over to the Turks. The French took possession in 1831.

There is a very good natural harbor at Mers-el-Kebir, a few miles from Oran, but it is reserved for the exclusive use of the French navy.

Algeria is an agricultural country and in traveling east from Oran to Algiers one passes thru several of the richest valleys. If, as I did, you cross the district by motor car, following the coast road, you get a wonderful variety of magnificent scenery, for the country is broken with mountain spurs which run out to the sea, and for miles the road is cut from the precipices with the sea directly below—so directly in many places that you are apt to wonder if the car's steering gear and brakes are in working order.

This road leads thru several of Algeria's lesser ports. One



As a rule, the Jews in this Mohammedan country do not make their synagogues very conspicuous. The synagogue in Oran is an exception. However, it is built on Moorish lines and might very easily be mistaken for a mosque. It is the finest Jewish building in Algeria.

of these, Mostaganem, has a population of about 25,000. There is at least one bloody chapter in its history. In the caves of Ouled Riah, in April, 1845, nearly 1,000 Arabs were burned to death in one day, the drastic action having been taken by Colonel Pelissier in his effort to break an insurrection of the Dahra people.

Because the harbor offers no protection from north and west winds, Mostaganem is not a busy port, less than 2 per cent of Algeria's imports and about 8 per cent of the exports being handled, this notwithstanding the fact that it is located in a very rich farming district, the Cheliff Valley.

The Cheliff is the most important river in Algeria. Its source is south of the Quarsenis Mountains, on the edge of the Sahara Desert, and after traveling 400 miles it reaches the Mediterranean between Mostaganem and Oullis. Several irrigation projects have been developed along its course, and its valley near the sea is wonderfully fertile, producing all kinds of vegetables and grapes in abundance.

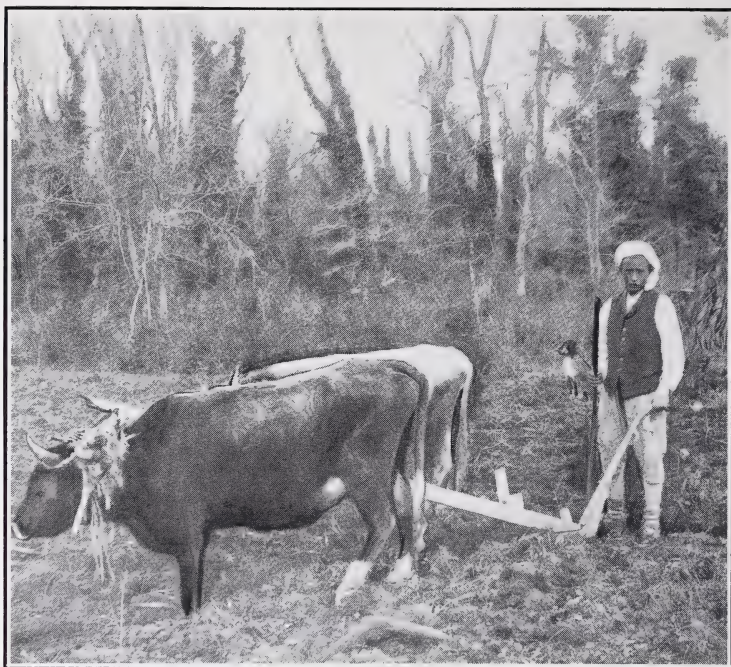
Another picturesque little port between Oran and Algiers is Tenes, once famous for its pirates. It is a port of poetry rather than commerce, the beauty of the place being its chief attraction. As a rule, when the traveler arrives at the hotel in Tenes he is given a tent to live in, but when I arrived there it was so cold that tents were not in demand.

East of Tenes is the great trucking district which serves the city of Algiers. Most of the land is owned by Frenchmen, but the farm labor is done by natives. You see modern farm implements in this district, but the methods are far from modern and the plodding ox is used for plowing and frequently you see as many as twelve oxen on one plow. Two and in some instances three crops can be raised in this district and the vegetables are of exceptional growth and flavor, but, unfortunately, the unclean habits of the Arab laborers prevent one's full enjoyment of the abundance of green stuff. Few whites venture to eat raw vegetables or fruits except those protected by a rind or covering of some sort. All the time I was in North Africa I ate vegetables only after they had been well cooked.

The gardeners in this district go to great trouble to protect the growing plants against too much sun and too much wind.



French colonization is farthest advanced in the rich Tell district along the Mediterranean coast, in Algeria. One sees many attractive farm houses, such as is shown in this picture.



On the big farms, owned by the French settlers, natives do the work and they do most of it with crude implements. Native labor gets on very well with wooden plows and oxen, but seems helpless with a tractor and a modern gang-plow. Where modern machinery is used, a white man has to operate it.

At every fourth or fifth row a wind break and shade is provided. Often a row of cane is planted for this purpose or long reeds from the swamps are used to fabricate a fence.

In this district is the town of Cherchell, on the seashore, about seventy miles from Algiers. It really is one of the most interesting places in Algeria, tho when I first saw it I thought it was nothing more than a modern French village. Originally it was the Phœnician colony of Jol. Juba II made notable improvements in it and as Cæsarea it became the capital of the Mauretanian territory. Inscriptions on the ruins found there show that it contained 1,200 acres and had a population of 100,000. When Ptolemy, the son of Juba II, was assassinated

and his kingdom taken into the Roman empire, Cherchell was a great city. Later it was destroyed by the Vandals, revived again under the Byzantines, only to be destroyed by an earthquake in 1738. In 1839 the natives of Cherchill plundered a French ship that was wrecked in the straits, and the French occupied the town the next year. It has about 7,000 inhabitants and the ruins about it tell the tragic history of its 2,000 years of ups and downs.

There is a museum here in which has been gathered some of the most interesting relics of Roman art. Many of the statues were replicas of statues in Rome.

Earthquakes have a rather prominent place in the history of North Africa, and while I much prefer to read about them than to learn of them from first-hand experiences, I got a touch of high life during my stay in Constantine. I arrived there late in the afternoon of January 24—in time to see part of the eclipse of the sun and a magnificent sunset, which, if any artist had translated it into colors on canvas, would have ruined his reputation because no one would believe that such a riot of color ever existed in a sunset sky.

At 9:29 in the evening I was reading in my room in the hotel when an earthquake shock rocked the building so violently that windows, doors and furniture rattled and a water

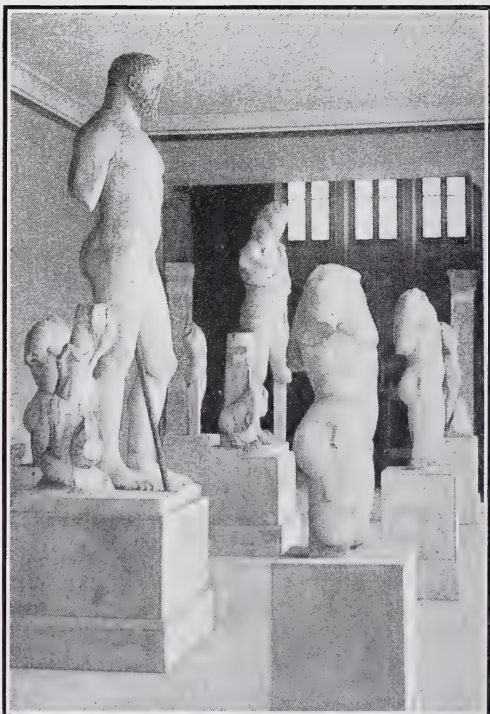


Cherchell has a small harbor which is used only by small craft. Its lighthouse really is more important than the harbor for the larger ships that ply on the Mediterranean Sea.

bottle fell off the stand. A second shock followed in a few minutes and made me think that I was back in South America, where we were disappointed if we didn't get an earthquake shock, like the doctor's orders on a prescription, after each meal and before going to bed. A third shock hit us about midnight. The following night we got two shakeups, and then terra firma seemed to settle down.

The first shocks put some of the hotel guests into a panic, and for a while it looked as if there would be a pajama parade to the great open spaces. I didn't worry because I know that it doesn't do any good to worry about an earthquake. The dough-boy said that if a shell didn't hit him there was nothing to worry about, and if it did hit him he wouldn't know it. We were in the same situation. The hotel was on the edge of a cliff and the bottom of the ravine was 500 feet below. If the earthquake didn't shake down the building there was nothing to worry about, and if it did, after taking a plunge into the ravine, we wouldn't have known it.

Algeria imports more than she exports. The last figures available give her imports at \$157,757,195.



From the Roman ruins in the environs of Cherchell have been taken some of the finest statues. These have been collected in the Cherchell museum, a section of which is shown in the picture. Both the Vandals and the Arabs made a practice of knocking off the heads of statues when they found them, thereby ruining many splendid pieces of sculpture.

while the exports totaled \$108,427,993. In that year about \$6,250,000 worth of wheat and more than \$3,000,000 worth of barley was imported, more than \$2,500,000 worth of cheese was sent into the country, and almost \$700,000 worth of butter and milk. Almost \$35,000,000 worth of wines and beverages were exported. After wines, the chief exports are sheep, olive oil, hides, alfa grass, fruits, tobacco, phosphates and cork. The minerals produced in Algeria are inconsequential, altho they include iron, copper, antimony, lead, manganese, mercury and zinc.

Algeria imports from the United States cereals, petroleum products, mostly gasoline and kerosene; machinery, mostly agricultural; lumber, hardware, tobacco, automobiles, lubricating oils, cotton, sulphur, vegetable oils, chemicals, sugar, canned meat, wearing apparel, rubber, etc., to the value of about \$11,000,000 a year. We buy from Algeria about \$1,500,000 worth of products, such as palm-leaf fiber, argols, chick peas, dates, eucalyptus leaves, figs, geranium oil, glue stock, hides, iron ore, olive oil, white earth, brier wood, cork, cotton, rags and old ropes.

There is very little manufacturing of any kind and as long as five-sixths of the population is Mohammedan with a prejudice against anything modern, Algeria will not be a promising field for manufacturers. More than 70 per cent of Algerian commerce is with France.



In such pigeon-hole stores as this leather merchant's shop, one may find a stock of goods worth thousands of dollars. North Africa has long been noted for its leather, and leather cushions are much in demand with the tourist trade. Some of the embroidery work on these cushions is exceptionally well done.

CHAPTER VIII

ALGIERS AND THE "OULED NAILS"

ALGIERS is Algeria's greatest city. It was here that I saw for the first time the "Ouled Nails" in all their glory. For that reason, in this chapter, I am going to tell you about Algeria's most beautiful city and her happiest women. Per-

haps you will find the more wholesome picture is that of the white city that nestles on the mountain sides, the green of the mountains and the white of the buildings forming a beautiful crescent of emerald and alabaster above the placid blue of the Bay of Algiers. The picture of the Ouled Nails will be realism, and, sometimes, realism isn't altogether pretty. The Ouled Nails girls are the professional dancers of Algeria and I can make no more significant comment on the unfortunate lot of Mohammedan



An interior view in the Governor's palace in Algiers.

women than to say that these scarlet women are the happiest of their sex.

I shall always remember Algiers for two reasons: I was much surprised at the size and beauty of it, and it was responsible for my first cup of tea in heaven. I have previously referred to the party of American and English girls whom I met on this trip. When I got to Algiers the girls were there waiting to embark on the boat that was to take



Algiers is a beautiful and thoroly modern city, built
The scene from the bay rivals that of Naples, Italy, for
pletely hides the native quarters that one would not sus



on the natural amphitheater of the hills about the bay. beauty. The modern city is thoroly European and so compact their existence if he were not informed on the subject.

them back to France. I went to the dock to see them off and when I bade them good-by I told them I hoped to meet them in heaven, but that I was in no great haste to get there. Strange to say, I had a cup of tea in heaven the very next day when the American consul, Lewis W. Haskell, Mrs. Haskell and myself went for a motor ride in the environs of Algiers.

On the crest of one of the mountains behind the city is a charming little inn known as the Hotel Celeste, or, as we would say, Hotel Heaven. The building is an old Arabic house, altogether charming, and the view over the city and bay is marvelous. The tea and cakes were of an excellence quite in keeping with the setting and surroundings, and as Mr. and Mrs. Haskell and I wrote our names in the guest book, we agreed that our first cup of tea in heaven was convincing evidence that heaven is really a delightful place, well worth looking forward to. In fact, Mrs. Haskell was so taken with the place that she tried to arrange for rooms in heaven for the summer when the weather in Algiers is distressingly warm and a bit suggestive of that other place where no one wants to linger even long enough for a cup of tea.

There is a new or European town and an old or Arabic town in Algiers, and the contrast is very striking. The new town is on the lower levels near the bay and is thoroly French, with wide streets and shops which are reminiscent of Paris. It is served by street cars, electric lights, telephones, water system and all the improvements which go to make a modern city. It has the largest and best equipped harbor on the Mediterranean coast of Africa with the exception of Alexandria, Egypt. It is 407 miles from Algiers to Marseilles, France, and the mail steamers make the trip in from twenty-eight to thirty-two hours. Thru this port passes 47 per cent of the imports and about 31 per cent of the exports of Algeria.

Its accessibility and mild climate have made Algiers a popular resort for Europeans and even American tourists, and to meet the demands of this trade several palatial hotels have been built. As the city is the capital both of the civil department of Algiers and of Algeria, the social life of the place approxi-

mates brilliancy, and in it French officials and consular representatives of various nations are conspicuous.

As attractive as is the new town, it is the old or native town that is of most interest. High on the hillside is the ancient casbah or citadel within which is the palace of the Deys. These deys, or governors of Algiers, were practically independent, altho they were invested with the governorship by the Turkish porte. In the palace were the prisons and inquisitions, and today one may see the pavilion in which the famous fan incident was enacted. That bit of pleasantry gave France an excuse for taking the city. On April 30, 1827, the French Consul, Deval, called on the Dey, Hussein, to discuss claims which had been made by two Algerine Jews for grain they had furnished the French government. There was an argument and the Dey struck the French official with his fan. The port was blockaded by the French forthwith and two years later, when a French ship carrying a flag of truce was fired on, the French decided that it was time to seize the town. Marshal de Bourmont, then minister of war, took command and on the 14th day of June, 1830, landed troops at Sidi Ferruch. The French forces swung around the city and attacked from the rear, and on the 5th of July the city capitulated. That was the beginning of the French *régime* in Algeria.

When you "do" the native town in Algiers you generally ride up to the casbah in a carriage or motor car and walk down thru the town, for the streets are so steep that they are like stairways, and so narrow that a vehicle cannot pass. In fact, they are so narrow in places that a gentleman with a "bay window" has a hard time getting thru. Not only are the streets on a sharp incline and narrow, but in places they are dark, for the houses are built out over the street and shut out the sun.

Along these dingy alleys are the native shops, the coffee houses, and the native manufacturers. In one section you find the blacksmiths, silversmiths, tinsmiths, all of them working with the crudest sort of tools in dingy little pigeon-hole shops. In another section are the silk merchants, the leather dealers and other merchandisers. It seemed to me that none of them



This pavilion in the Dey's palace in Algiers, was the scene of the fan episode which gave France an excuse to begin the conquest of Algeria.

had a thought about business, for quite as often as not I saw the shopkeeper, reclining on cushions, taking a little nap or sipping a cup of tea. Occasionally one would be reading his Koran; all of them seemed lazy and indifferent. However, the minute you stop to bargain, that lassitude disappears and you are surprised with what nimbleness of wit the shopkeeper goes at the game of cheating you. Bargaining is their favorite amusement, and if the customer should pay the first price asked the shopkeeper would be disappointed.

The native towns always have two sections, one for the Mohammedan

population and the other for the Jews. The Jews always are a little better dressed than the Arabs and their section of town is a little cleaner. It is noticeable that the Jews take to the silversmith trade, and in the dark alleys of old Algiers you will find them in their little boxlike workshops turning out bracelets and earrings and belts of the finest workmanship, even tho the metal used may be very inferior.

In every native town you find a reminder of the ju-ju and fetish of the black belt of Africa. There are many blacks and more black mixtures, and while these are included in the Mohammedan population, they retain much of the superstition of the African jungle. As I passed down one of the narrow

streets in old Algiers I met a black, looking like a ragged drum-major. He was literally covered with fetish good-luck charms and carried an instrument much like a guitar. Whenever he found an audience that looked as if it might be good for a few centimes, he would howl out a song. I offered him a franc if he would stand for a picture, and when he agreed we had to walk at least 150 yards before we found a place in the street wide enough to let the sunlight in.

Of course, there are mosques and mosques in this city. One of the most famous is that of Sidi Abd el Rahman et Thalebi, overlooking the Marengo Garden. In it are the tombs of the deys and pashas of Algiers. This is one of the oldest religious buildings in Algiers, its rival for first honors being Djama el Kebir, the great mosque which was built in 1018, covering an area of more than 2,000 square yards. The mosque of Djama el Djedid, not so old as the two others, is built in the shape of a Grecian cross. It is related that the builder was a Christian slave, and when the Mohammedans discovered that he had built their mosque in the form of a Christian cross, they promptly executed him. I entered several of the mosques in Algiers, each time it being required that I put on slippers to keep my profane shoes off the sacred floor and mattings.

The cathedral of St. Phillipe, near the governor general's palace, is one of the few Christian churches built in the Moorish style. It is of especial interest because in one of its chapels is a tomb containing the bones of San Geronimo, who met a tragic end. Geronimo was an Arab converted to Christianity. In 1569 he was taken prisoner by a Moorish corsair, and when he refused to renounce his new religion he was bound hand and foot and put into a mold used for making concrete blocks. The concrete then was poured in and the block containing his body was used in the wall of the Fort of the Twenty-four Hours. In 1853, when the fort was demolished, the skeleton of Geronimo was found. The bones were interred in St. Phillipe, and into the mold made by the body of the man in the concrete block was run plaster of paris, and a perfect impression was obtained showing the man's features, the texture



This dusky troubadour, so amply supplied with "charms," was encountered in the streets of the native town in Algiers. Wherever the black man goes he takes with him the ju-ju and fetishism of the jungle-folk.

of his clothes, and the cords that bound him. This grim statue is now to be seen in the Mustapha museum.

It is surprising how few native women you see in Algiers. On Friday, to be sure, there is a crowd of them in every cemetery, that being one of the few places the Mohammedan woman is permitted to go. On other days she seldom gets out of her own house, and when she does go out she is covered from head to foot, with her face veiled, so that no one may catch a glimpse of her charms. I can't make up my mind as to whether the Arab has his wife veiled because she is so good looking, or because she is so ugly that he is ashamed of her.

In one of the narrow, steep streets of old Algiers are the houses of the Ouled Nails. When I first

saw these women they reminded me of the gypsies we see in the United States. They come from their people in southern Algeria to make their fortunes as dancing girls and the playthings of all men. They do not veil their faces, which are decorated with elaborate tattooing, a practice which is said to



An interior view of the Djama el Kebir mosque in Algiers, said to have been built in 1018 of the Christian era. Algiers is one of a few places where "Christian infidels" are permitted to visit the mosques.

have originated in the need for some brand or mark whereby the natives could distinguish and identify their children and women if they were lost or stolen.

In every village, from the Sahara Desert to the Mediterranean coast, you will find these girls in the native coffee houses, as the chief attraction. They always have their own district in the town. They wear flashy, soiled clothing, and put their wealth in jewels. The rich ones are literally covered with gold and silver ornaments, a standing temptation for the men who patronize them, and it is quite a frequent occurrence to find one of these girls dead on her cushions, her lover



The Ouled Nails women always have a district to themselves. This is a view of their "town" in Biskra in the Sahara Desert.

of the night having cut her throat while she slept, and escaped to the desert with her silver and gold.

The Ouled Nails are not immoral, they are just un-moral. That is to say, they have no morals. Young girls are expected to go away from home and make their fortune dancing and selling their bodies. It is the accepted custom, and when the girl has made her stake she comes home to her tribe, marries and settles down to be, according to the standards of her people, a good wife. She veils her face after marriage and deports herself as a faithful Moham-medan wife should. The

men of her people have no prejudice against her and are rather eager to marry one that has been exceptionally successful in accumulating wealth.

Are they pretty? To Western eyes they are not. To Moorish eyes they must be, for I have seen coffee houses packed with hooded, ragged Arabs, and Arabs of wealth, all of them feasting their eyes upon the faces of these girls and watching them dance. In a coffee house in Biskra, in the Sahara Desert, one night, I saw grandmother, mother and daughter, the little girl being no more than ten years old, dancing, and before the evening was over each of them went from the place with Arab men.

There is no exposure of the body in their dancing. The rhythm—if there is anything like real rhythm in their dance—is of muscles and of hands. When they dance they wear an abundance of gaudy clothing and all their jewels. Their long skirts even hide their ankles. Around the abdomen they are belted tightly, so that the play of the abdominal muscles can be seen. They have an astonishing control of these muscles, and the dance is but a twisting and manipulation of the stomach and hips. They dance with their hands, also, the hand dance generally being staged by two girls. One can see a little poetry in the graceful manipulation of their hands, but only an Arab can see beauty in the muscle dance. Judged by the standards of Western civilization the dance is altogether sensuous and suggestive.



Here are three Ouled Nails beauties, displaying their wealth of jewels which frequently prove more of a temptation than the transient Arab lover can stand. The result is that girls of this scarlet clan often are murdered during the night and their jewels appropriated by the slayer who hides away in the desert.



The cemetery is the gossiping ground for Mohammedan women.



Arab girls do not go to school, but they are kept busy with household tasks until they are old enough to marry.

CHAPTER IX

FALCON HUNTING

ALGERIA is one of the few places in the world where falcon hunting, once the sport of knights and nobility, still is being enjoyed. When I learned that Agha Daylis, son of the bachagha of the tribes about Laghouat, had trained falcons and a most skilful falconer, I decided that I was going to have a try at the sport

before I left Africa.

The trip from Algiers to Laghouat was its own compensation, as it took me thru the plateau country to the edge of the Sahara Desert, but I made the trip for one purpose — to have a hunt with falcons,

and I felt well repaid for the 550 miles I had to travel on the round trip.

I went south from Algiers by way of Blida, Gorges de la Chiffa, Boghari and Djelfa, and I have them fixed in my mind something after this fashion:

Blida—mobbed by Arab bootblacks. Gorges de la Chiffa—mobbed by the wild monkeys. Boghari—so cold that even a wood fire and a hot-water bottle in the bed couldn't keep me warm. Djelfa—the only place I ever was entertained with a dog fight while at lunch.



An Arab falconer and his birds.

The country between Algiers and Blida is very rich and even in January the fields were green and along the road were orange and lemon groves heavy with fruit. The Blida district produces seedless oranges which are rare in North Africa. There is a government stud farm at Blida in which are kept about 300 stallions. Some of them are pure Arabic stock. Here the government is trying to get the natives interested in improving their breeds of horses. Naturally, the French colonists avail themselves of this assistance, but the natives do not seem to take much interest. They take the attitude that such things are in the hands of Allah, and, besides, they use the donkey and mule more than they do horses. Very seldom do you see an Arab using a horse to carry a load. The pack animals are donkeys, mules and camels, and, as often as not, even the rich natives ride mules.

In the middle of the town of Blida is an open square in the center of which is a band stand with a palm tree growing right thru the center of it. As Blida has a big military garrison, the army band gives frequent concerts, and there are occasions when the square must be used by the older population, but the day I arrived I decided that every Arab bootblack in North Africa must be attending some sort of a convention in that square. When I stepped out of my motor car there were at least twenty who dashed at me, each determined that he was going to shine my shoes whether I wanted a shine or not. They have an interesting way of making the wish father to the word, and, instead of asking whether they may shine your shoes, they say, "I am shining your shoes, Sidi," Sidi meaning Mister. One ragged boy kept saying, "Just see the beautiful shine I am giving your shoes!" and another insisted, "I am putting the bright sun on your shoes, Sidi." Perhaps it would have been cheaper to get a shine and have it over with, but I didn't want a shine, so I took a handful of copper pieces and threw them into the street. There was one grand rush and a real pile-up of Arab bootblacks as they struggled for the coins. By the time the scramble had "unscrambled" I was back in the automobile.



The thing one remembers about the town of Blida, is the band stand with the palm tree growing in the center of it.

However, these Blida bootblacks were not much worse than the wild monkeys at the Ruisseau des Singes, at the head of Chiffa gorge. Chiffa gorge is one of the most majestic canyons in North Africa. The road has been blasted out of the cliff in most places and the great granite walls tower above to a height of from 500 to 1,000 feet. At the head of the gorge is a small inn known as the Monkey Brook, and no sooner had our motor car pulled up in the courtyard than the monkeys came climbing down the face of the precipice to welcome us and see if there was anything loose in the car that they could make off with. We fed them bread and peanuts until our own lunch was ready. After lunch, when we came out in the court,

there wasn't a monkey in sight. I gave a boy a franc and he began to call, and in a few minutes monkeys were coming from all directions. They seemed to be the best-fed "natives" in that part of Algeria. They should have been, for everybody who stops at Monkey Brook for a meal feeds them. All the time we were there we had a guard in our car, for on several occasions persons have lost minor articles, the monkeys making off

with them. The gorge is seven miles long, and, literally, is but a crack in the Atlas Mountains with the little Chiffa River rushing along in the bottom of it.

Any Frenchman traveling this district would have a special interest in Boufarik, a village of about 10,000, just twenty-three miles out of Algiers on the Blida road. In the first place this thriving town was built in an old swamp and the malaria and other fevers killed off the settlers about as fast as they came in. Today Boufarik is one of the healthiest towns in Algeria and one of the prettiest. There are many Jews in the town and an important native market is held every Monday. The Frenchman's special interest, however, is in the statue erected in the central place of the town to Sergeant Blandan, the hero of the Beni-Mered battle of April 11, 1841, when twenty-three French soldiers held out for several hours against 300 Arabs. When reinforcements arrived only five French soldiers were alive. On the base of the heroic statue are inscribed the last words of Sergeant Blandan, who was among the slain: "Courage, boys; fight to the death!"

From Blida south to Boghari the country is very rough, the road I traveled leading thru the Little Atlas Mountains. Leaving sea level at Algiers in the morning, by mid-afternoon we were 4,000 feet above sea level and could see half a dozen peaks on which there were blankets of snow. Here and there, along the road, an Arab would be tickling a small plot of ground with a crooked stick pulled by a burro and an ox, preparing to plant a little grain, but nobody other than a Mohammedan optimist with faith in Allah would think of trying to farm on these mountainsides. The weather was cold and we had to travel for two hours after dark before reaching Boghari. It isn't just the safest thing imaginable to travel these mountain roads in the night, because the mountain Arab sometimes reverts to his old habits and makes free with travelers. When we finally reached Boghari we had to have a session with the stove before getting warm enough to eat dinner, and the wood fire in the imitation stove and a hot-water bottle in the bed didn't make it warm enough to keep



This picture, in front of the hotel at Boghari, was taken at 7:45 in the morning, a fact which will suggest that there is some difference in light conditions between North Africa and the United States. The two little girls standing by Mr. Boyce's car served as waitresses, chambermaids and baggage smashers, and kept the fires going in the small stoves in their spare time. Incidentally, Mr. Boyce's chauffeur owned four automobiles and a large hotel in Algiers — an example of French thrift.

me from wearing my sweater and throwing my overcoat over the bed as an extra blanket.

Coming into the village after dark, I did not discover what it was like until the next morning. When I looked out I found the ground covered with frost, and no fewer than fifty miles of mountains in the front yard. Also, I found a high wall surrounding the town and even at 7 o'clock in the morning native troops were drilling in our back yard. It is quite evident that the French do not trust the native population very far in these mountain regions, and every village has its garrison and a fort. In a previous chapter I have told about the Ouled Nails dancing girls of Algeria. Two little Ouled Nails, the oldest 14 and the youngest 12, waited on us in the dining-room of the inn at Boghari. They were quiet, timid girls, and

one of them was rather pretty. Besides serving as waitresses, they kept up the fires in the little stoves and rustled baggage, and I stretched the tip a bit when we left because I somehow felt that they ought to be encouraged in honest employment when so many of their sisters seek their fortunes as dancers and scarlet women.

There was a thin sheet of ice on the irrigation pond as we drove out of Boghari that morning, and even when we got down from the mountains onto the great plain toward Djelfa it was cold. We traveled all morning in the Cheliff plain, where about the only thing that grows is the mirage and alfa grass. Herds of camels grazing in the plain indicated that we were nearing the desert, tho the desert itself is scarcely more barren than this tableland. One interesting scene broke the monotony. We passed the famous Rocker de Sel, Mountain of Salt. It is about a mile and a half in circumference and of the most irregular and grotesque shape. Underground water dissolves the salt, and, from time to time, large portions of the mountain cave in, leaving fantastic hollows and irregular peaks. After a morning's travel over this plain we came to Djelfa and I'll remember Djelfa as long as I live, not that it is much to remember, but the lunch I had there is something I would like to forget, but can't.

The hotel seemed to be combination native saloon, bunk house and dog kennel. In a small back room was an open fireplace and a table with a tablecloth that should have been in a museum, because it was all but petrified with dirt. We kept our overcoats on and stood before the wood fire while they got lunch ready. When they brought in the can of oily sardines we did the best we could by them and then went back and stood by the fire until they brought in the beef. That was the toughest beef I ever failed to bite thru, and I decided I didn't care for beef and went back to the fire to get warm. Just then a big brindle dog came into the dining-room. He was the sort of dog that I would rather have as a friend than an enemy, so I stepped over to the table and handed him the beef. It kept him occupied for several minutes. In the



A typical street scene in the oasis of Laghouat.

meantime I went back to the table and thought I'd fill up on bread and butter. The butter was camouflaged tallow and it stuck to the top of my mouth like so much glue. I couldn't wash or swab it out so I called for a pot of tea to melt it off. One mouthful of the tea was enough. It tasted as if it had been made from sunflower leaves or tobacco. Then, just to put the finish to a perfect banquet, an old Arab came into the joint followed by a mangy wolf-like dog and the brindle hound that had put away my beefsteak nailed him, and for a time the place was in an uproar. It was a real dog fight—and the brindle won.

Laghouat is an oasis in the edge of the Sahara Desert, its white houses and 30,000 palm trees making a picturesque scene from a distance. The "close-up" shows the usual amount of dirt. As we drove into the town at sunset, the natives were returning home from their work outside the walls, and it seemed to me that all the old Bible characters were crowded into the narrow road. Here trudged a venerable Abraham, and there a modern Isaac. Joseph and his brethren and all their

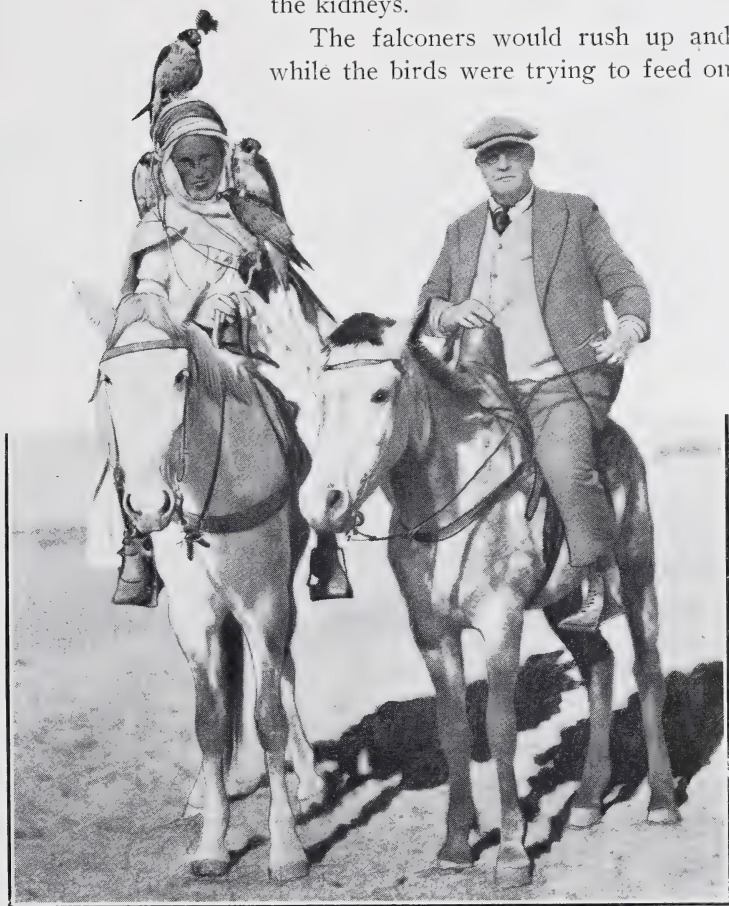
flocks jammed the road between the mud walls that enclosed the palm gardens, and there was the wildest confusion as the natives tried to open up a way for the automobile. We somehow got thru until we came up behind a camel train that was so heavily loaded there was no room to pass, so we had to trail along behind them until they turned into the market place.

That night we sent word to Agha Daylis that we would like to go falcon hunting the next day. Of course, there was the usual dickering about prices, but it was arranged and the next morning the hunters and falconers with their birds started early for Boutricfine, thirty kilometers or about twenty miles south. About 1 o'clock we followed in the motor car and met the hunters shortly after 2. I then mounted the horse that had been provided for me and we rode out onto the desert plain which, in this region, is spotted with sage and alfa grass. In our line-up there were two falconers, one, Messaoud, by name, was black of face with features almost as hawk-like as the birds he so cleverly controlled. Messaoud handled four falcons and his understudy handled two. The birds look much like our chicken hawk, being but slightly larger. Until the game is sighted, the falcon is hooded, a cap being pulled over his head so that he can see nothing. Messaoud was very proud of his falcon hoods which were of brilliant colors, gold and scarlet being favorites. There were five of us on horses and five husky Arabs on foot. We strung out in a line, a mounted hunter, then a man on foot, then another rider, so that the line extended for two hundred yards with the two falconers near the center. We then advanced across the plain looking for rabbits.

When a rabbit was jumped the falconers would pull the caps from the falcons' heads and gallop after the rabbit. The birds at first would fly into the air and follow the falconers, evidently not seeing the game. In a few seconds, however, one of the birds would sight the rabbit and fly toward it, mounting to a height of fifty or sixty feet in the air. The other birds would follow, taking positions one above the other. When the falcons were directly above the prey, the bird nearest the ground would swoop down and strike the rabbit behind

the head with the base of its claws, and, having struck, the bird would circle up again and take its position above the other birds. Immediately the lowest bird would strike and circle back to the top of the pile, and this was kept up until the rabbit was knocked out. When it went down and began to flounder about, the birds would pounce upon it, some of them picking at the rabbit's eyes and others at the back above the kidneys.

The falconers would rush up and while the birds were trying to feed on



Mr. Boyce and the chief falconer, with four of the falcons used in the hunt.



Messaoud, the chief falconer, is the second rider from the left and his understudy, who handled two falcons, is the third rider from the left. The black horse is a real Arabian steed and its rider was a splendid horseman—and he knew it, too.

the prey, they would catch them and put the hoods back on their heads. In hooding the bird, the falconer holds the little cap in his mouth and folds both hands about the falcon and thrusts the bird's head into the cap. The first time I saw the hooding I thought the falconer was putting the bird's head in his mouth.

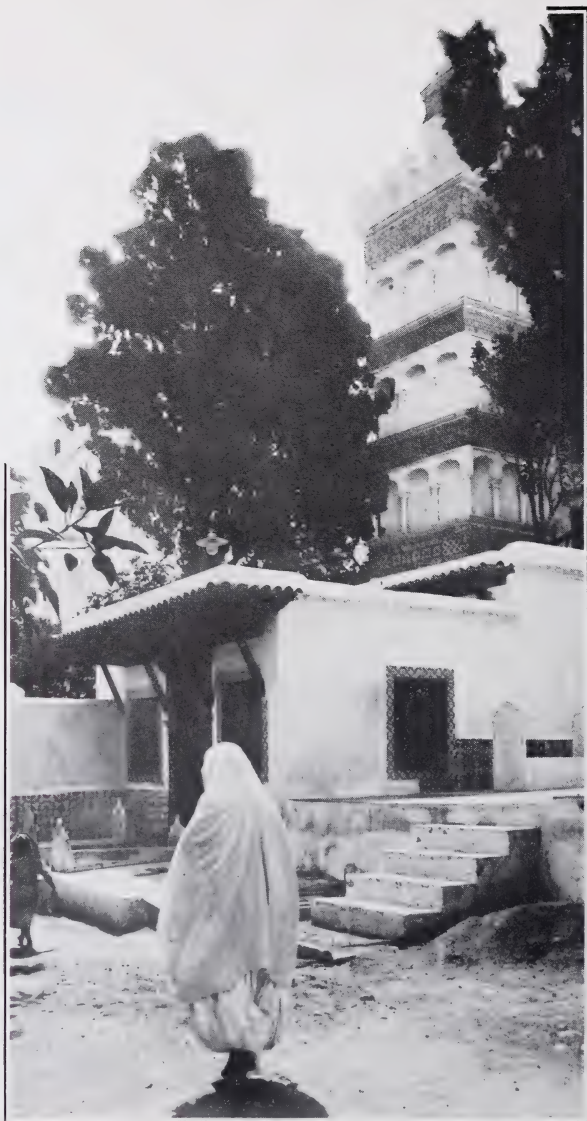
In two hours we got a half dozen rabbits and a bustard, or wild turkey, as they are called locally, altho they are more like a crane than any turkey we know. The bustard stands about eighteen inches high with a spread of wings of about two feet and six inches. It weighs five or six pounds and looks much like a crested sand-crane. The breast and underside of the wings are white. There is some black plumage about the neck and the back is mottled gray and brown. Like our wild turkey,

it can run very fast, but it doesn't fly high and it is an easy victim for the swift-flying little falcon which swoops down and strikes it in the neck. Two or three blows are enough to put the bustard out of business. One of the rabbits got into a clump of alfa grass before the falcons got him and he wouldn't come out. He didn't move and an Arab walked up and pulled him out. The Arab's sense of sportsmanship being rather stunted, instead of letting the rabbit go for the fun of seeing the birds get him, he promptly broke his neck and put him in the game basket.

The falcon hunt was short and sweet but it was worth seeing, even tho I was a bit sore the next day from riding in one of those high-backed saddles when I hadn't been on a horse in ten years.



This picture shows the character of the country where hunting with falcons is the most successful. The level, sandy plain is spotted with alfa grass and sage-like bushes, offering plenty of protection for rabbits and yet not so dense as to obstruct the vision of the flying falcons.



Ahmed, last Dey of Constantine, is buried in the mosque of Sidi Abd el Rahman et Thalebi overlooking the famous Marengo Garden in Algiers. To this burial place, many of the faithful of Constantine make pilgrimages.

CHAPTER X

CONSTANTINE AND KABYLIA

WHEN I asked Professor Mesple, president of the Geographic Society of Algeria and North Africa, what he considered the most interesting thing in his country, he replied: "Constantine." In its history, its location, and its appearance,

it is, without a doubt, one of the most unique cities in the world. Two centuries before the time of Christ, it was a flourishing city, and history records that it has passed thru eighty sieges.

Constantine is 288 miles east of Algiers and about fifty miles inland from the Mediterranean, the nearest port being Philippeville, with which it is connected by railroad.

The city is built on a triangular plateau which is surrounded except on the west by a great gorge, varying from 500 to 1,000 feet deep. This great ditch, which the River Rummel has dug thru the centuries by cutting away the stone ledges, has been Constantine's chief defense. The

city has a population of about 50,000, and while almost half of it is French and European, native atmosphere dominates the place and the native town is one of the most interesting in



A sheik of the Algerian highlands.

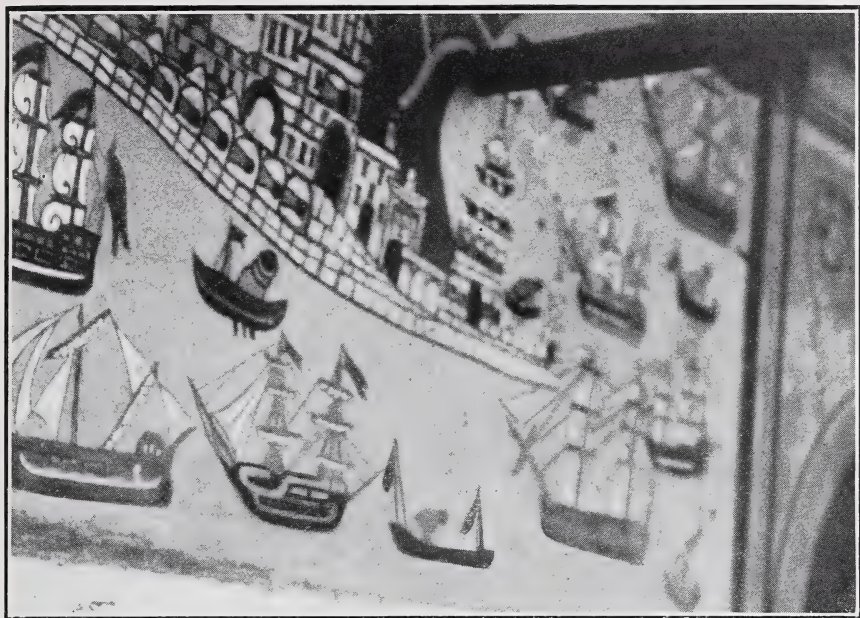
northern Africa. As the capital of the civil department of Constantine, the city is the location for important governmental and military offices.

In the days of the Phoenicians this town was known as Cirta, and in the days of Numidian ascendancy it was the residence of the Massyli kings. In the time of Cæsar it was included in the territory handed over to Sittius, and later, in the war between Maxentius and Alexander, it was practically destroyed. Constantine restored it early in the fourth century of the Christian era and from that date it has been known as Constantine. It was one of the few cities which successfully resisted the Vandals, but in the seventh century the Arabs captured it. The Turks finally established control and it became the seat of a bey who was under the dey of Algiers. Most of the landmarks in the old town date back to the time of Salah Bey, who ruled from 1770 to 1792. In 1826 Constantine revolted from Algiers and the Kabyles, or mountain Berbers, made Hadj-Ahmed governor.

The French had no easy time of it when they came to take the city from the Kabyles. The first campaign resulted disastrously for the French, but a year later, in 1837, Marshal Valee attacked the town along the connecting plateaus on the west, and after suffering heavy losses, captured it. Many of the defenders at that time attempted to escape by letting themselves down on ropes into the canyon with the result that hundreds of them were dashed to pieces on the rocks.

In a previous chapter I mentioned the five earthquake shocks which visited this district while I was there. The mountains of this region are of volcanic origin and earthquakes have frequently worked havoc in North Africa. It will not be surprising to me if, some day, the headlines of our papers tell us that an earthquake has broken off the canyon-girded site of Constantine and hurled the city into the deep gorge.

One of the interesting show places in Constantine is the old palace of Hadj-Ahmed. The palace is by no means the oldest building in the city, having been erected between 1830



Pictures on the walls of the court in the old palace of Hadj-Ahmed at Constantine. These grotesque drawings were the result of a shoemaker turning decorator to save himself a flogging.

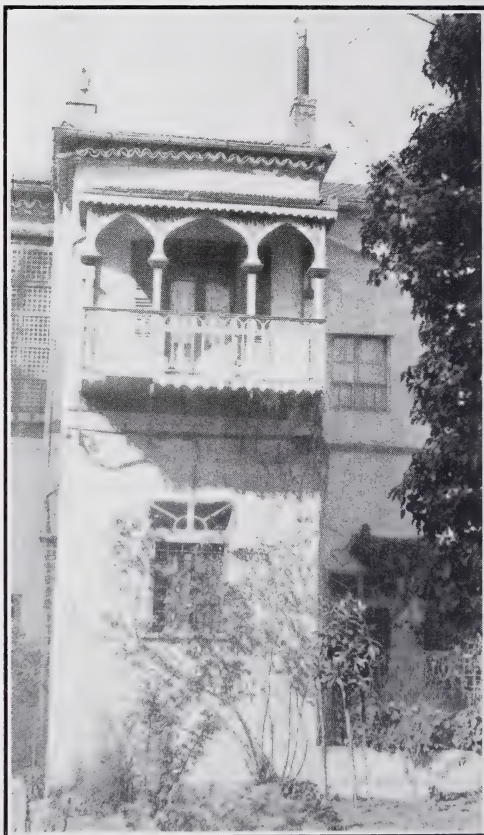
and 1836, but in it are many ancient relics and decorations, as the Bey begged, borrowed or stole whatever he wanted in the way of material and furnishings. If one of his rich subjects had a beautiful door in his house, the Bey commandeered it and used it in his palace. He took old pillars and windows, and carvings from other buildings, and it is said that he even went to the ruins of Carthage for some of the material.

When the Bey came to putting the trimmings on the walls of one of the courts he had a Christian prisoner brought in, and gave him the job of decorating. The prisoner was a shoemaker by trade, but because he was a Frenchman, the Bey insisted that he must be an artist, and threatened him with a real flogging if he didn't do an acceptable job. One tradition is that two prisoners lost their heads because they said they

were not decorators. At any rate, the French shoemaker took the job to save his skin.

Almost any child with colored chalk could make better pictures than this prisoner put on the walls. He took for his subjects various warlike scenes supposed to show how easily the Mohammedans repulsed the Christians who attacked their harbors and cities, and in the pictures you see canons bigger than the boats on which they were mounted and cannon balls bigger than the guns from which they were fired. All the buildings have curvature of the spine and it would be safe to say that the "great decorator" couldn't have drawn a straight line with a yardstick. However, he pleased the Bey, and was granted his liberty and sent back to France.

One of the courts in this palace was used by the Bey's harem. In it was a large pool where the women could disport themselves and at one end of the court, a small pavilion had been built off the second floor of the building. From this pavilion the Bey could look over his harem and make his choice, the signal to the fortunate woman—if



View in the harem quarters of Hadj-Ahmed's palace, at Constantine. From this balcony the Bey looked down on the women of his harem, while they strolled amid flowers they did not dare to touch, or disported themselves in the big pool of the court.

she was fortunate—being the royal handkerchief which the Bey would drop.

At another place in the court was a tiled floor and a broad couch. While his royal beyship reclined on the couch, his favorite would dance for him, the music being furnished by blind musicians hidden in a balcony directly above the royal couch. Just ten steps to the right of the couch is a door leading to an underground passage and dungeon. When the Bey's displeasure fell on one of the women, thru that door she was thrust by slaves, and, frequently, that was the last seen of the beauty, it being popularly reported that she was sewed in a sack and thrown into the gorge.

While in Constantine, I went into the mosque of Djama Salah Bey. At the door I was provided with slippers to keep my profane shoes from touching the sacred floor, and, also, to give the attendant an excuse for asking a tip. Inside, white marble columns divide the naves, the floor is covered with matting, and at the rear of the room is a fountain where the faithful must wash before proceeding to prayers. The staff that serves a Mohammedan mosque includes an "oukil" who handles the funds and donations. He has an assistant called a "chaouch." There is an "iman" who repeats the common prayers five times a day and a "khetib" who says special prayers on Friday. There are two "muezins," or, as they are sometimes called, "muedenin," who call the faithful to prayer from the top of the minarets. There are two "kezzabin" who read and expound the Koran, "tolbas" who are authorities on litanies and Mohammedan literature, and a "mufti" whose function is to interpret Koranic law.

The walls of this mosque are decorated with colored tiles and the mihrab or pulpit is a beautiful specimen of plaster carving. The mimbar, a little alcove that tells the worshiper the direction of Mecca toward which he must face when praying, is of Italian marble, onyx and agate. There is a balcony provided for the women, who never are permitted to come in on the ground floor.

As I came out of this mosque, a Mohammedan funeral

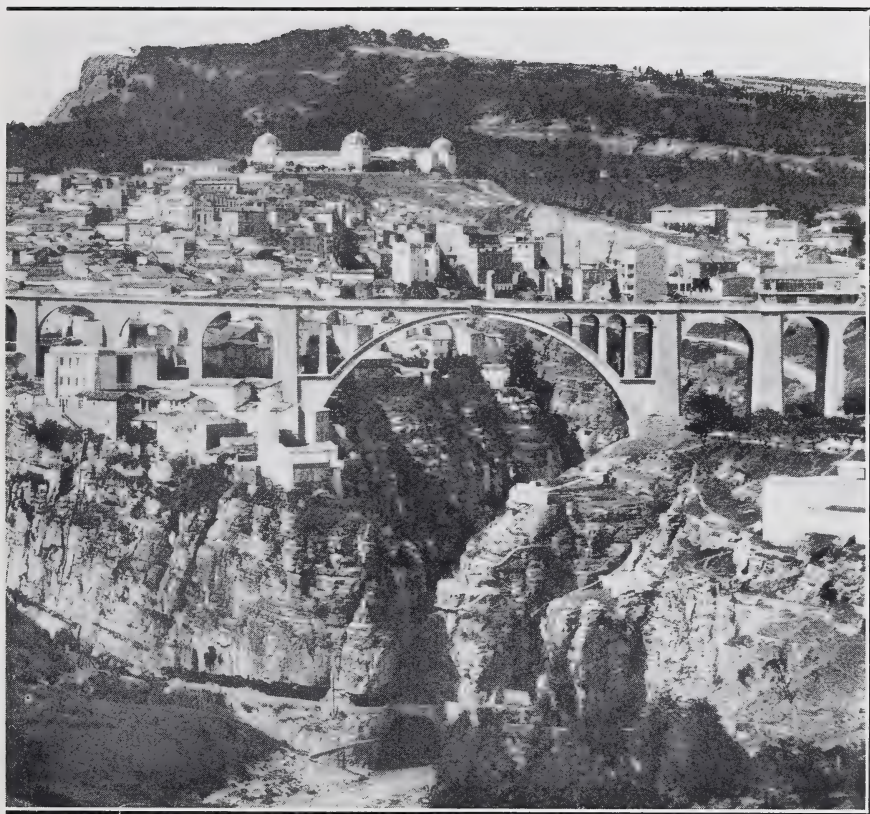
procession passed me in the narrow street. The corpse was wrapped in a red cloth and carried on a stretcher, the ends of the stretcher handles having big knobs on them so that the carrier couldn't get careless and drop the corpse in the street. Behind the corpse walked twenty or more mourners who seemed anything but sad. At the grave the corpse is simply lowered into the ground and covered with dirt, there being nothing like a coffin. The richer Mohammedans sometimes cover the top of graves with plaster or stone, but the poor



No view in North Africa is more impressive
bridge spans the chasm which forms a natural
fortress and was one of the last Berber cities

people simply mark the place with a rock and let it go at that.

At the north end of the Rue Damremont, and across the canyon which is bridged by a suspension bridge 551 feet long and 669 feet above the river, is Sidi-Mecid, famous for its hot baths. Hot springs are common in North Africa, one of the most famous being at Hammam Meskoutine, seventy miles from Constantine, where there is a military hospital and facilities for taking the cure. There are at least twenty springs



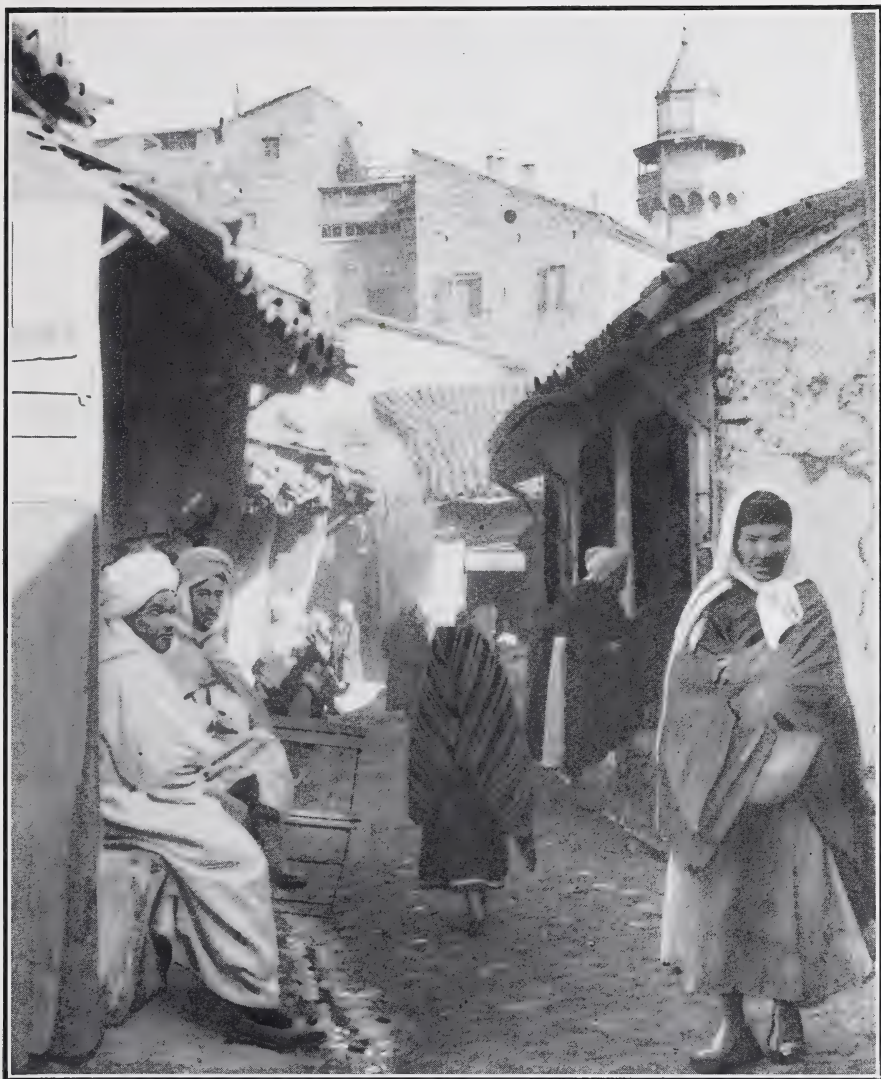
than this one of Constantine. A great stone moat on three sides of the city. It is a natural to surrender to the French.

from which hot water continually bubbles. At one place the lime deposits have formed into a great cascade over which the almost boiling water flows, giving off clouds of steam and making a very pretty picture.

As I was driving around the city of Constantine, on the famous Corniche road that follows the brink of the canyon, I met a troop of Boy Scouts and I couldn't resist getting out and having a talk with them. They were French boys and I had to talk thru an interpreter. When they found out that I had started both the Boy Scout and Lone Scout movements in America, they gave me the salute and "three tigers" and offered to escort me down the trail that had been cut along the face of the precipice to the bottom of the gorge. I told them that escorting me down would be easy, but escorting me up again was too much of a job for even a troop of Boy Scouts.

There is one unusual ceremony held in Constantine each year, called the "*fête* of the negro." The negro Mohammedans on September 5 gather for a feast. Two great vats of soup are made. One vat is consumed by the people and the other is thrown into the ravine and the vultures feed on the meats and vegetables. You see no vultures about Constantine until a few days before the feast and then they begin to appear—showing that they have the date fixed in mind. The negroes have two traditions about this feast. One is that a negro, finding himself dying in the desert, prayed to Allah for help and was forthwith changed into a vulture. He flew back to Constantine and there resumed his original form. The other story is that a negro was confined in a tower at Constantine for some offense, sentenced to starve to death. There was no roof on the tower. Several days went by and when the people observed vultures flying over the tower they thought the negro was dead. When they went to investigate they found the vultures had been bringing him food and dropping it into the tower, and he was alive and well.

Constantine's native life is predominantly Kabylia. It is the metropolis of the mountain Berber country. I made one



A street scene in Constantine.

trip thru Kabylia—the Switzerland of North Africa—a mountainous district to which the Berber natives fled when the Arabs came from the east. Driven from the plains and rich lowlands, the Berbers, or Kabyles, as they are called in this district, sought the mountain tops and there built their villages of stone. They are the real farmers of North Africa and many of these mountains are covered with olive groves. In their villages you see as many women as men, and the women are unveiled, for while the Berber finally accepted the Mohammedan religion brought by the Arabs, he changed it materially to suit his own ideas. He has but one wife and instead of being the ignorant, idle plaything of her husband, she works harder than he does. It is a noticeable fact that there are no middle-aged women in the Kabylia country. There are young girls and bent, old women—for as soon as they marry, the heavy work they do ages them.

It is in the Kabylia country that you see convincing evidence of the underlying white strain from which the Berber comes. The complexion and features of many of the people are those of a white man and frequently you see a sandy complexion and red hair combined with blue eyes. The men are of a stronger build than the Arabs and the women do not run to fat as Arab women do. Time and again, on the mountain road, I met groups of Berber natives, their donkeys loaded down with vegetables, straw, firewood or charcoal, until, sometimes, it was a hard matter to say which was head and which was tail of the animal beneath the load. As often as not, Mr. Kabylia would be riding a donkey while his wife trudged along on foot, sometimes carrying a baby on her back.

Olive growing is the chief industry in the Kabylia country. They were just at the end of the picking season when I passed thru, and in every village I saw great piles of olives spread out for curing. In pressing out the oil the Kabyles do not sort the olives, and as a result the quality of oil is far from what it would be if more discrimination were used in sorting the fruit.

The Kabyles are the most ferocious fighters in North Africa



The gorge which surrounds Constantine on three sides, varies in depth from 500 to 1,000 feet. Houses are built literally on the brink of the chasm, notwithstanding the fact that earthquakes are quite common in this district.



Kabylia is a country of inspiring vistas and beautiful and majestic landscapes, the picturesque Berber villages on the mountain tops lending color and interest.

and have been the last to yield to the French. Tribes have revolted time and again and they have been responsible for some bloody massacres. With all their faults, however, they seem to be the most intelligent and industrious element in the native population.

In Constantine there is a good deal of native manufacturing, such as the making of burnouses and haicks, and the garment known as the *gandoura*, which is a robe of silk and wool, and the making of leather goods. Of course, here as elsewhere, the Jews have their own section and do a great deal of silver-smithing. Kabylia jewelry, of oxidized silver, enamel work and semi-precious stones, is much in demand.

The tourist trade has been a stimulus for the development of this industry and the modern jewelry is somewhat lacking in the barbaric beauty of the old adornments. When I crossed the Bibans Mountains in the Little Kabylia country, I stopped at Ighil Ali and tried to buy some



The lime in the almost boiling water from Hammam Meskoutine, has formed these beautiful snow-white cascades.

nearest white, the most intelligent, the most liberty-loving and the most ferocious fighters. Naturally, they have given the French the most trouble.

of the old jewelry only to discover that the women are in no hurry to part with their ornaments even if you offer them a good price. I sent several runners thru the village to spread the news that I wanted to buy jewelry, but we failed to unearth any of the older pieces and I had to be satisfied with a bracelet and necklace of modern make. Kabylia pottery is much in demand thru-out North Africa.

Of all the natives in North Africa the Kabyles or Berbers are the



Bedouin women and children from the Tunisian highlands. There are four generations in this picture and all of them were living in the grass and reed hut that shows in the background. The women of these wandering tribes have a hard lot. They do the real work—carry the water, grind the meal, harvest the grain, if there is grain to harvest. They have no education, no social life. Work and bear children; that is their life. If they bear sons, their husbands may have something resembling respect for them. If they bear only daughters they are likely to be in disfavor with the head of the family.

CHAPTER XI

TUNISIA—GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE

AT LEAST 1,200 years before the time of Christ there was the semblance of a civilized state in Tunisia. In the centuries which have intervened between then and now, almost every power of consequence on the Mediterranean Sea has

mixed in Tunisian affairs. In spite of them, in so far as the native population is concerned, all you can say of the country today is that it has retained that *semblance* of a civilized state. That which is progressive and modern in Tunisia is foreign to it. The native life, social and governmental ideals are just about the same as they were when the intrepid Phœnicians attempted to colonize the country. Phœnicians, Romans, Greeks, Spanish, Italians, British, and, finally, the French have been unable to change the native life or the native mind.

Few people realize that North Africa once was the most promising field known to Christianity. Tertullian, Cyprian,



Sidi Mohammed Habid, Bey of Tunisia.

Arnobius, Lactantius, and, better known than all of them, St. Augustine, were brilliant stars in the Christian firmament of Africa and they are credited with having created Christian Latin literature. Yet, today, North Africa in its native aspects is the most unpromising field known to Christianity, the Berber, the Arab and the Moor holding fast to his Mohammedan belief in spite of the fact that he has lost his governments to Christian foreigners.

Tunisia lies in the northeast corner of the most northern projection of the African continent. On the north and east is the Mediterranean Sea. On the west is Algeria. On the south is the Sahara Desert, while Tripolitania or Italian Libya touches southern Tunisia on the east. It lies between 37 degrees and 20 minutes and 31 degrees north latitude, its greatest length being approximately 440 miles, the average about 300 miles. Its eastern coast and boundary is about 11 degrees and 40 minutes east longitude, while the Algerian-Tunisian border is 7 degrees 35 minutes east longitude, giving an average breadth, east and west, of about 150 miles and an estimated total area of 50,000 square miles. Not quite as large as the State of Arkansas, it has a population of 2,000,000, more than three-fourths of which is Mohammedan, and includes Berbers, Arabs, Moors, negroes and their intermixtures.

In about the same latitude as North Carolina, Tunisia has a variable but healthful climate, especially in the coast regions, where the average temperature is about 64 degrees Fahrenheit. It is rare for the thermometer to register as low as 45 in the winter along the coast, but 120 in the shade isn't unusual in the interior during the summer. The seasons are much the same as in the United States, the rainy season being in winter and early spring, and the extremely hot season coming in August and September.

I came into Tunisia thru the great cork-oak forests of the Khroumir district, crossing the border from Algeria at Ain-Babouch, where the customs officials looked us over. Incidentally, my trip came near ending there, for while my chauff-

feur and courier were in the customs office and I was waiting for them in the automobile, the car started to roll down the steep mountain road up which we had just climbed. It was a closed car and I was so tangled up with the baggage that I couldn't make much time in getting out when I realized what was happening. Fortunately, the front wheels struck a rock and turned in such a way as to run one of the rear wheels into a pile of oak rails. The car stopped three feet from the ledge that would have given me a drop of twenty-five feet into a hedge. However, a miss is as good as a mile, and the incident didn't spoil my appetite for the luncheon we had at the Hotel de Chenes a half hour later.

There are 1,600,000 acres of forests in Tunisia, 250,000 acres being cork-oak in the Khroumin district. The natives of this district never have been really reconciled to the French occupation of the country. The Khroumirs furnished France with an excuse, for which she had been looking for some time, for the invasion of the country. In April, 1881, the French sent an expedition into the district to punish the natives for raiding the Algerian frontier. Having punished them, the French decided to stay and see that the natives remained good. Tunisia has been a French protectorate ever since, and while today it has a bey who is the nominal ruler, it has practically been annexed by France and the governing power rests with the French resident-general. The present resident-general is M. Lucien Saint, whose headquarters are in Tunis. The bey is Mohammed el-Habib, who succeeded Sidi Mohammed-en-Nacer, July 11, 1922.

On the surface it looks as if the French are firmly entrenched and that the natives are satisfied, but as you never can tell what is going on in the mind behind a native face, so is it difficult to fathom the real feeling of the natives toward their French masters. Recently the French authorities have been much worried by Bolshevist propaganda in the city of Tunis and its environs and you do not have to be a very keen observer to see that French authority rests on the military organization and that there is no brotherly love between the

foreigners and native Mohammedans. If given half a chance, the Berber-Arab population would revolt, the Berber because he is naturally warlike and independent, and the Arab because he finds himself slowly being crowded out of the fertile districts into the semi-arid plateaus and the barren desert places.

Perhaps nowhere in North Africa are the lines of demarkation between the elements of the population more clearly drawn than in Tunisia. Here, the Arab is a wanderer. He travels from place to place, living in tents or makeshift huts, taking advantage of the water and the pasturage and moving on when these are insufficient for his flocks. The city population is Moor and Jew. The Moors have sprung from various races. Many of them are descendants of the Moors who conquered Spain and have the blood of the Spanish Iberians in their veins. They are the traders, shopkeepers and artisans of the cities. Many of the Jews of this district came to Africa in the fifteenth and sixteenth century from Portugal, Spain and Genoa. They are town people and are found even in the oases of the



The main place, or "town square," in Tozeur, the important oasis in southern Tunisia near the northern limits of the famous chott El Djerid.

Sahara. Those who have sprung from European stock, go in for banking, the professions and business, while the native Jews, often very poor, work as tailors, shoemakers, needleworkers and small shopkeepers. It is noticeable that frequently the rich Moorish merchant will hire Jews to be his salesmen.

The Berber is the agriculturist. He lives in baked mud or stone huts, in the mountains, much like the Kabyles in Algeria. The Berber has the lightest complexion of all the native strains, is the most intelligent and industrious. He is a ferocious fighter and capable of the most extreme cruelties. Being a mountaineer, he is of muscular development and can stand all sorts of hardships.

There is a dual court system in Tunisia, the French courts administering French law for the foreign population and the native courts handling the Koranic and native law for Mohammedans and native Jews.

The fact that the east coast of Tunisia faces toward Egypt, Syria and Asia Minor, while the north shore faces France, Italy and Spain, and is close to the islands of Sardinia and Sicily, has been one of its chief attractions. The country is literally covered with the ruins of Phœnician and Roman cities, suggesting how thoroly it was exploited in ancient times. The valley of the Mejerda River, and the eastern zone known as Sahel, are very fertile and productive. When I passed thru the Mejerda Valley late in January, winter wheat was six inches high in places, while in adjoining fields they were just breaking the soil. In this district are many Italian and French settlers who farm on a big scale. I saw many tractors pulling gang plows, and these furnished a striking contrast to the wooden plow drawn by a donkey and a camel, or by oxen, which, often, would be seen in an adjoining field. The natives do not make good hands where they have to handle machinery. As long as the machine works all right, but as soon as something goes wrong they give up and either can't or won't learn how to make repairs. For this reason, many of the big farms owned by foreigners still are operated with native labor and native implements.



Blinding white in the fierce African sun, the town of Djerba, on the north coast of the island of Djerba, is a welcome break in the voyage from Gabes to Tripoli. This is a general view in the center of the town.

Hard wheat is the only variety that does well and it is estimated that 1,100,000 acres of land are planted to wheat each year. About the same area is planted to barley, which ripens quicker than wheat and is more profitable. Oats are grown only in limited areas. Wheat averages 6.7 bushels to the acre, while barley runs 9 to 10 bushels. Both wheat and barley are exported to France; wheat for the manufacture of semolina and macaroni, and barley for the manufacture of malt. More than 500,000 acres are planted with olive trees, the more productive districts being about Tunis, Bizerta, Sousse, Sfax and Djerba. The 15,000,000 olive trees produce fruit from which about 35,000,000 litres of oil are made (about 9,500,000 gallons) annually.

For some reason the government of Tunisia has not seen fit to interest itself in irrigation projects, and private capital hesitates to invest because of the unstable character of the native population. Maximum use of the water supply, therefore, is not made. Such irrigation as is practiced is on a small

scale and owned by individuals, or, in the Sahara oases, by a tribe.

The central interior region of the country is a series of steppes and plateaus. Wheat and barley are grown, but as the rainfall is uncertain the harvests are pretty much of a gamble. Trees are rare in this district because the herds of goats eat the young shoots and kill off the new growth. Stock raising is the chief activity of the district and before it can be made into a successful agricultural district reforestation must be resorted to.

Southern Tunisia is, of course, desert, where the date palm flourishes in the oases. In this region are the great chotts or salt lakes, which, most of the time, have no water in them. These chotts extend up close to the Mediterranean coast near the Tunisian and Tripolitanian border, and as many of them are a few feet below sea level it was once proposed to cut a canal to the sea and let in the water, making a great inland sea across Tunisia into Algeria. The project was abandoned, however, as it appeared that the benefits would not be in proportion to the cost. The popular notion that the sand of the desert indicates that it once was the bottom of a sea, isn't in accord with the facts. The sand is but deteriorated stones, and the stones are deteriorated by the extremes of heat and cold more than by anything else. The government's estimate on the area planted to palm trees in the Tunisian desert gives 47,000 acres. The palm census shows 60,000 of the famous Degla palms and 975,000 of all other varieties.

Fifty-eight thousand acres of the most productive land is devoted to grapes. In 1921 these produced 4,000 metric tons of table grapes and 3,733,000 gallons of wine. Along the east coast are grown oranges, mandarins, lemons, apricots, pears, figs and plums, and a few bananas, almost all of these being for domestic use. Near Sfax there are 128,000 almond trees.

The latest statistics available show that the United States in 1922 sold to Tunisia goods valued at \$5,164,688, and bought goods worth \$759,730. We get cork, fish, a little iron, olive oil, and salt from Tunisia, and send to the country wheat, rye,



Tunisian Arabs, like their brethren in Algeria and Morocco, are social creatures and enjoy nothing better than loafing at the village coffee house. As you may see from this picture, the Tunisian native is very dark and shows pronounced negroid characteristics.

automobiles, coal, agricultural machinery, ready-made clothing, lubricating oils, sugar and tobacco leaf. The total imports of the country in 1922 were \$70,223,000, while the exports totaled \$36,464,000, showing that the country buys almost twice as much as it sells.

Iron, lead, zinc and phosphates are the chief minerals, one-fourth of the world's supply of phosphate of lime coming from Tunisia. In the Gafsa district alone the deposits cover 700,000 acres. Railroad construction, for the most part, has followed the mines. Late figures show that there are but 1,260 miles of railroad, only 26 per cent being standard gauge.

Tunisia is abundantly supplied with ports. Bizerta, one of the best, is reserved for the French navy and it has strong, modern fortifications and defenses. Tunis and Goletta are the chief commercial ports, Goletta on the sea being the freight

port, and Tunis, connected with the sea by a canal cut thru the shallow lake of El-Bahira (the little sea) on which Tunis is located, being the passenger port. This canal is about seven miles long, twenty-one feet deep and ninety-three feet wide, except in one section, where it is 140 feet wide, to provide space for boats to pass. Prior to 1892, Goletta was the chief port. Almost 2,000 ships enter and clear the port of Goletta-Tunis annually. Sfax, on the east coast, is the second port in importance judged by the number of ships. Soussa, Mahdis, Monastir, Gabes, Tabarca, Houmt Souk are other ports serving various districts.

As you travel the country there is one picture that becomes indelibly stamped on the mind—it is the picture of the wayside well. I never saw one of them but that I thought of the Old Testament pictures used in our Sunday schools. When you see the burnous-clad Arab bring his flock to the well and let down the goatskin that serves as a bucket, pulling it up with a donkey or an ox, or, often, a camel, you realize that in many things these people have not changed from the days of the Hebrew children.



Tunisian woodworkers. They are as clever with their feet as with their hands, and do remarkably good work, considering the crude tools they have to work with.



A general view of Tunis, chief city of Tunisia. It is an interesting mixture of Arabic, Turkish and European peoples, customs and buildings.



Bab Souika Place—the place inside the gate leading to the native markets in Tunis. One can get to this place by street car but he has to depend on his feet for transportation thru the narrow streets of the souks.

CHAPTER XII

TUNIS AND CARTHAGE

THE Kairouan rug, as famous as the Rabat rug made in Morocco, comes from Tunisia, and when I found myself in the country where these wonderful carpets are made I decided I would buy a few. Well, I got them, and I got



The Cathedral of St. Louis which now crowns the hill where once stood the citadel of ancient Carthage.

some real experience in bargaining with Arabs and Moors. Knowing, when it comes to bargaining, that these people will rob you blind, I was careful to inform myself on the real value of Kairouan rugs, and then with a guide and interpreter I went to the famous souks in the city of Tunis.

Down thru the narrow, dark alleys we went, paying no atten-

tion to the invitations thrown out to us by the merchants who lazily sat on cushions in their little box-like shops. Down past the silk merchants and the leather market, on thru the shoe market and past the blacksmiths, until we came to the carpet market. There we permitted a Moor to get us into his stall. When he understood that we were interested in rugs, he pulled down several from the shelves and glibly told us that they were the best made, exceptional values and very, very cheap. He was just three times a liar, because they were not well made, would have been expensive at any price, and the

price he asked was just about four times what a really good rug was worth. We turned to depart, but the tradesman laid a hand on my shoulder and told the interpreter that he had made a mistake; the real bargains were upstairs.

Upstairs we went, and there found a large room literally piled high with rugs. We were invited to make ourselves at home on the cushions and a tray of coffee was set before us. Knowing that Arab coffee is like so much sweet syrup, I declined with thanks and the bargaining began. More than one hundred rugs were spread out before me, until the pile was almost waist high. To hear the dealer tell it, each was better than the other and the one he began with was the very best in the country. A little thing like consistency doesn't trouble a Moorish merchant. He asked 200 francs a square meter when he started in and after we had been dickering for an hour he was down to 130 francs a square meter. I had made up my mind that 120 was about right, and I held out for that price, in spite of the fact that the merchant time and again exclaimed in great agony: "Oh, my poor head! You are cutting my throat!" When he refused to come down to 120 francs a square meter, we excused ourselves, saying that we were poor and couldn't afford to buy such expensive carpet. A franc is worth five cents. A square meter is one and



Kairouan is a "sacred city" to which thousands of Mohammedan pilgrims travel annually. This group, encountered just outside the city's gate, shows how some of these pilgrims travel. The black-robed figures are women. The little building at the left is a kouba, or tomb of a marabout or saint.



One of the gates at Kairouan, with a group of Arabs loafing in front of a native coffee house. Beyond this gate are the souks—market shops.

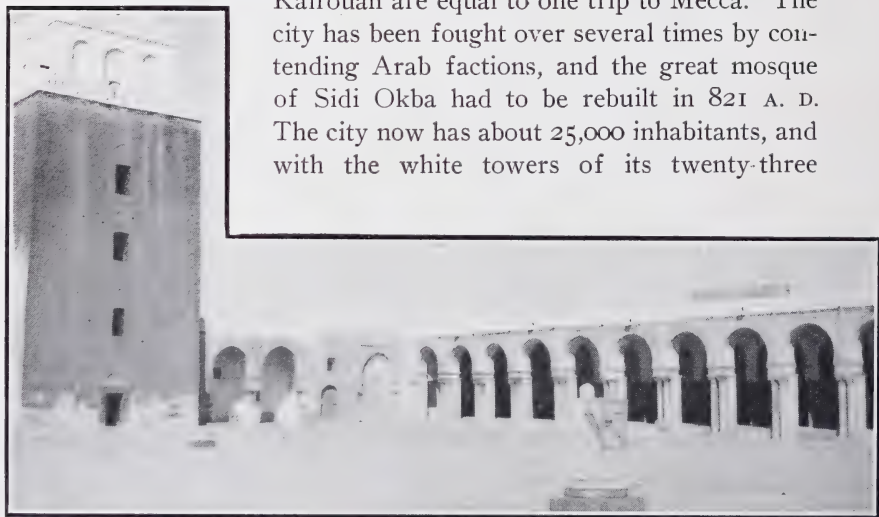
one-half square yards. My offer was \$4.00 a square yard.

A few yards down the alley, and on the other side, we went into another rug booth. Again we were ushered upstairs, where there were two big rooms with rugs piled to the ceiling. Again the tray of coffee, and again rugs were unrolled before me, nothing being said about price. I tried a new plan on this dealer. As the rugs were shown I picked out the ones which looked good to me until I had a pile of ten large ones, and then we began to dicker on price. I had a hunch that before he lost the sale of ten rugs the dealer would get his price down to rock bottom. He did. I bought the ten at 120 francs the square meter. An interesting feature of the deal was the fact that the dealer accepted an American check on an American bank without question.

Farther down the alley we made a third call. A bright young Moor was the proprietor, and we did some lively bargaining for several rugs, one of which was an old prayer rug. Finally I got the price down to within 100 francs of what I

thought was right and when I said he would have to cut that last 100 francs and started to leave the place, he said he would divide with me; I could have the rugs at my price, but I would have to make a present of 50 francs to the marabout. A marabout is a holy man, or saint, and in this instance the marabout was working for the merchant. That way of keeping up prices rather appealed to me and I closed the deal and gave the marabout his 50 francs.

Having been unable to get as large a rug as I wanted in Tunis I decided to go to the home of the Kairouan rug and see what I could find there. Kairouan is a sacred city and has played a very important part in Mohammedan history. It is 130 miles south of Tunis by the road we traveled, and really is one of the most interesting cities in North Africa. It was founded by General Okbalen Napy, generally known as Sidi Okba, the leader of the great Arabic invasion in 670 A. D., and it is said that with the faithful, seven pilgrimages to Kairouan are equal to one trip to Mecca. The city has been fought over several times by contending Arab factions, and the great mosque of Sidi Okba had to be rebuilt in 821 A. D. The city now has about 25,000 inhabitants, and with the white towers of its twenty-three



The Great Mosque in Kairouan forms a rectangle about a spacious court. The prayer room is 130 by 240 feet, the ceiling resting on 296 marble columns. It does not begin to accommodate the worshipers and "over-flow" meetings are held in the spacious court, a part of which is shown in this picture.

mosques and the great wall, twenty feet high, surrounding the town, it is a pretty and impressive sight.

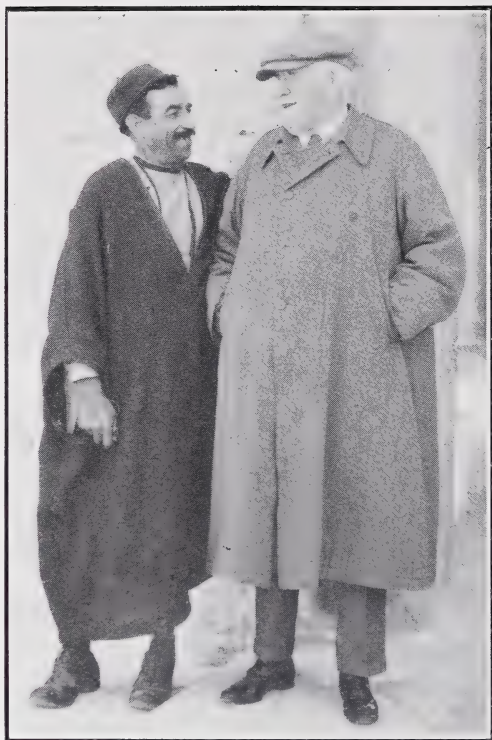
As soon as we arrived I rounded up a native guide and went into the souks to the rug market. After hunting for half an hour I found a Kairouan rug of unusual size—much bigger than anything I had seen in Tunis, and of a very thick and tight texture. Right there we began to bargain. I figured that a fair price on the rug would be 2,000 francs. The dealer asked 3,000. We sawed back and forth for an hour, and if there had been traffic "cops" in those souks we would have been arrested for blocking the street, for dealers and natives of all sorts gathered round to watch the bargaining. The best price I could get from the dealer was 2,400 francs. I told him he was not dealing with a crazy man and went away. We went to the inn and had our lunch. When we came out, there was a messenger from the dealer to inform me that he would take 2,300 francs. No, that was too much, so we went our way to the big mosque.

Even tho Kairouan is a sacred city, it is the only place in Tunisia where a Christian is permitted to enter a mosque. We went into the Great Mosque and inspected its immense court and hundreds of pillars. Near the little alcove that indicates the direction of Mecca, are two pillars, and, according to native superstition, if a person passes between them he will have good luck the rest of his life. My photographer, who is built on the architectural lines of a match, easily passed thru, but I could not take my generous waist line between the two marble columns.

"Never mind," my Arab guide said, "I'll find two more pillars," and he led me to another part of the mosque and passed me between two pillars, quite well satisfied that I was not to be cheated out of my good luck. It must have worked, for when we came out of the mosque the runner was waiting for us to say that the merchant would take 2,200 francs for the rug.

"I don't want the rug," I had the interpreter tell the messenger. "It would be bothersome to take home, but if the dealer wants to sell it at 2,000 francs, I'll think it over."

Having sent this message we climbed into the car and



Mr. Boyce and the wily rug merchant of Kairouan. They appear to be on very good terms even tho they matched wits for almost half a day to see who would name the price on a big rug.

started for the gate. It was slow working thru the narrow street and we got hung up behind a camel that was overloaded. Before we got to the alley leading out of the souks the merchant and his slaves were right there. They didn't give me a chance to think it over—they had the rug with them and loaded it in the car. I had to go back then and get a certificate of origin for the rug from the French representative. If the Moor had just realized it, he couldn't have driven me out of town without that rug, even if he had raised the price instead of lowering it.

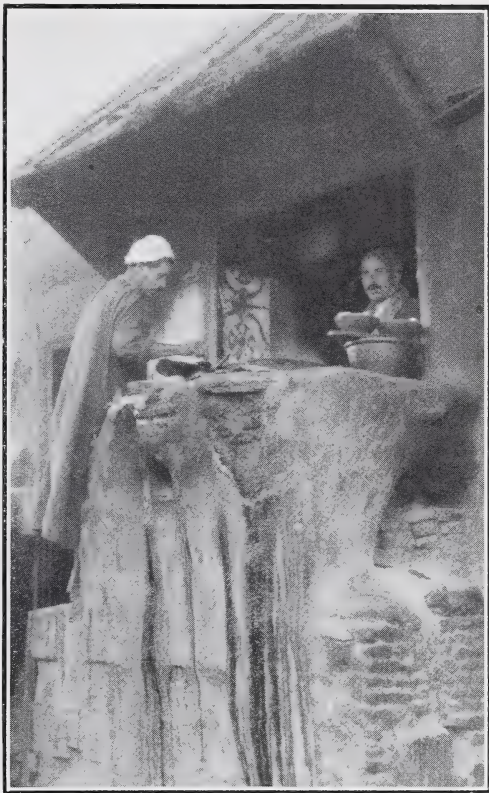
The city of which the whole world knows is Carthage. Every school-boy has read of Carthage

and the Punic wars during which Rome and Carthage battled for supremacy of the then known world. The great Hannibal carried the war into Italy by way of Spain and history says that part of his heavy artillery was elephants. Believe it or not, but the facts are that there are 2,000 miles of desert between Carthage and the elephant country, and 500 miles of sea between Carthage and the European coast. Elephants cannot stand cold. The trunk falls off when frosted or frozen, and yet, history says, Hannibal took his elephants over the Alps, where there are snow and freezing temperatures. Finally, an African elephant

cannot be trained. The ancient historians may have known all about Hannibal, but personally, I believe they had much to learn about elephants.

Carthage was located but a few miles from Tunis, which was an old city long before the Phoenicians established their colony. Tunis was a native town. Carthage was first a Phœnician and then a Roman town. Today there is no Carthage, only a cluster of crumbling ruins, but Tunis is a prosperous city of more than 200,000 people, 15,000 of whom are French, 25,000 Italian and Maltese, 55,000 Jews and the remainder Mohammedans. On the low-

lands, near the lake front, the French have built a modern city, but old Tunis, with its souks and its palaces, still is the larger and the more interesting part of Tunis. This native town formerly was surrounded by a great wall which, in places, has been demolished to make way for modern improvements, but the five gates still stand and the casbah and Dar-el-Bey (Bey's palace) are standing. Just a few miles from Tunis is the Bardo and Museum Alaoui, a group of old palaces now given over to a collection of ancient relics from Phœnician and Roman cities, and an Arab exhi-



This native restaurant, in Kairouan, was doing a good business even tho it was filthy with grease and dirt, and literally covered with swarms of flies. Charcoal is used as fuel in the earthen stove.



The famous statue, "Abundance," recovered from the ruins of Carthage and now in the museum controlled by the White Fathers, located on Carthage Hill.

bition of native arts. Of course, the old town has its quota of mosques, but foreigners are not permitted to enter them.

There are several imposing modern churches in Tunis, and in St. George's Cemetery every American finds one spot of special interest. It is the place where John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," was buried. He died in Tunis in 1852 while serving as American consul and a monument marks the place where his body rested prior to its return to his native land. There is a Roman Catholic cathedral in the Avenue de France just opposite the residence of the Resident General.

Tunis is well supplied with modern hospitals and there are three places where leprosy is treated and the victims isolated.

The city is served by electric service and an interurban line connects it with Goletto and the site of ancient Carthage.

Of course, the ruins of ancient Carthage, the city which under the Phoenicians was the rival of Rome, is the chief show place near Tunis. It is indeed an historic spot. Generally, it is said that Carthage was founded 850 B. C., but long before that date there was a Phœnician settlement near the sea called Kamb, and later Agora. On the hill which formerly was the citadel of Carthage now stands the Cathedral of St. Louis, erected by the famous Cardinal Lavigerie, archbishop of Carthage and primate of North Africa. It was begun in 1884 and completed in 1890. It is of Byzantine-Mauresque architectural lines in the form of a Latin cross, 200 feet by 93 feet. In it is a splendid miniature replica of Ste. Chapelle in Paris, in which are said to repose some of the bones of St. Louis, who died while leading the eighth crusade, his death having occurred near the site of old Carthage. In this Cathedral



Another very famous statue, "Victory," found in the ruins of Carthage and now to be seen in the museum of the White Fathers on Carthage Hill.



Ruins of the theater at Carthage.

is an imposing statue to Cardinal Lavigerie, who died in Algeria in November, 1892. At his own request he was buried beneath the high altar of the Cathedral of St. Louis. The memorial statue shows the cardinal reclining on a bench at one side of which is a negro in chains and one carrying a palm. On the other side is a negress with an infant in her arms. Below are the kneeling figures of two of the White Fathers.

Near the cathedral is the Lavigerie museum, in which are to be found thousands of interesting articles taken from the excavations of Carthage. Cases of Roman jewels, coins, household articles of all descriptions are to be seen here, and several pieces of wonderfully preserved statuary.

In the environs are to be found the ruins of the Roman forum, the old port, the circus and the arena in which so many Christians were fed to the wild beasts. The old harbor which served Carthage was filled in by the Arabs in 698 on the order of Hassan, but excavations have been made which show plainly where and how the harbor was situated.

The water supply for Carthage was brought from Zaghouan, eighty miles distant, by the great aqueduct constructed in the time of the Emperor Hadrian. This marvelous piece of work was destroyed by the Vandals, restored under the Byzantine *régime* and again destroyed by the Spanish. In 1859, Mohamed-es-Sadok, then Bey, spent 8,000,000 francs in repairing the aqueduct to bring water to Tunis. The old masonry

and channels were utilized, but iron pipe was used. It took but three weeks to repair the aqueduct and even today Tunis gets water thru this old system. Everywhere you go in this district you encounter reminders of the fact that before there was a France or an England there was a great civilization in North Africa. If the ruins of Carthage do not seem convincing, one has but to go to the Brado and study the wonderful mosaics and statues which are to be seen there.

Sousse is the capital of the Sahel, a seaport with about 20,000 inhabitants, of which 6,000 are Europeans. It was founded in the ninth century before Christ by the Phœnicians and became a Roman city during the time of Trajan. It has an interesting casbah or citadel and numerous mosques.

About forty-two miles from Sousse is the famous amphitheater of El-Djem, easily the best preserved Roman ruin in North Africa. This amphitheater is surpassed in size only by the coliseum in Rome. The work on it is supposed to have been done in 286 A. D., during the time of the Emperor



When Carthage was in its prime, it vied with Rome in the persecution of Christians, as well as in military greatness. This is the arena as it is today. The wild-animal pit is shown in the center of the picture.

Gordian the Elder. This building would seat 60,000 spectators.

In the coast towns of Tunisia you observe that the Turks have influenced the native life considerably. In this country the Moorish women wear a black robe and veil. In eastern Algeria they wear a white robe and a black veil and farther west, in Algeria and Morocco, they wear a white robe and a white veil. The Jewish women dress much as do the Mohammedan women except they wear no veil and most of them, after marriage, become very fat.

Of course these towns, steeped in antiquity and literally sprinkled with ruins, are very interesting, but I am reminded of the fact that in the ruins of Carthage an Arab boy with a little monkey had the crowd most of the time, and, as for myself, I find the native life in the souks more interesting than all the dust and crumbling stone of dead ages. The future of a people interests me more than the past, and, I suspect, the present interests me more than the future. Today, France rules in Tunis—tomorrow she may have made her contribution to the great accumulation of ruins.



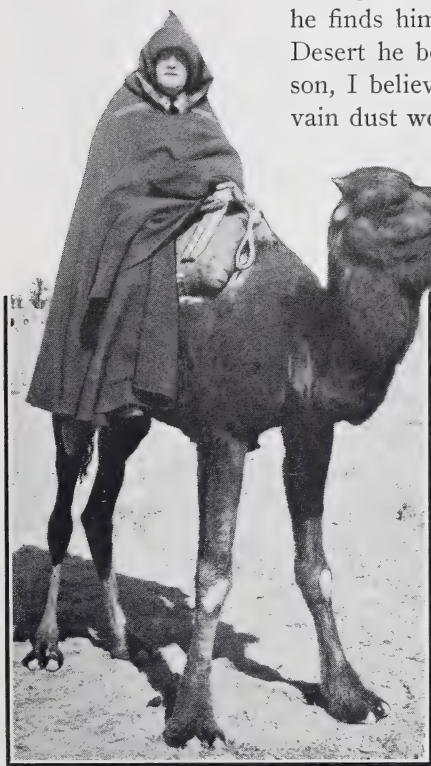
Jews are everywhere in North Africa. They have their own religion, their own district within the city and their own grave-yards. Jewish cemeteries are better kept up than are those of the Mohammedans, and, as this picture shows, each grave is covered with a mound of stone or plastered mud.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SAHARA AND LIBYAN DESERTS

SOMETIMES I wonder if the mystery of the Arab's mind is but the mystery of the desert where there is neither time nor space, but only grains of sand and eternity. Whatever a man's religious training and whatever his philosophy, when he finds himself in the midst of the Sahara Desert he becomes a fatalist. It was Addison, I believe, who said, "Look what a little vain dust we are!" I believe that every man

who goes into the desert sooner or later finds himself wondering what all this hubbub we call civilization is about, and in the midst of the barren immensity, when the star-studded purple of the night wraps about him as a shroud, he will have a realizing sense of his utter smallness and helplessness and cry out with the Psalmist, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" The unending miles of barren waste, the burning blue of an immeasurable heaven, the scorching breath of the sirocco, the devastating sand that beats against him like driving rain--



Mr. Boyce and his "ship of the desert" on the track to Ain Naga in the Sahara Desert.

these are the things which put humility into his soul and strip vanity from his heart, forcing the realization that he is utterly helpless and as of little consequence in the great universe as one tiny grain of sand in the illimitable waste of the desert.

Contrast is the thing that gives zest to life, and without knowing it, I made my first trip to the Sahara Desert over a route that provided most astonishing contrasts. My journey south began at Bougie, the little port on the Mediterranean which in other centuries was but a nest of pirates. It is a pretty place, with 18,000 inhabitants, 6,000 of which are European, its white buildings rising tier above tier on the mountain side with Mount Gouraga furnishing an imposing background. It was raining when we started from Bougie and for a few miles we traveled amid the green fields of the lowland along the gulf. Everywhere was life and verdure and the rain on which life depends. Within forty-eight hours I was on the flat, stone-strewn barren floor of the Sahara, devoid of vegetation, stripped of life, where the thirst of centuries never is broken by rain.

Once across the lowlands adjacent to Bougie, we hit the famous Corniche road that hangs on the precipices above the Mediterranean Sea to turn finally inland into the Gorge of the Dead, Chabet el Akra, one of the most magnificent pieces of natural scenery in the world. For five miles the road follows a deep and narrow stream between two mountains, the majestic walls of which tower from 5,000 to 6,000 feet in the air and so close together that in many places the sun is shut out and the canyon is in perpetual shadow. Frequently, the road passes thru jutting shoulders of granite by tunnel. This master piece of road building was handled by the military engineers of France and was completed in 1870. When, later, I was in the midst of the monotonous level of the desert, I found myself contrasting it with the Gorge of Death, with its sky-high shafts of granite and its tremendous battlements which so awesomely testify to the power of nature when it plays duck and drake with the mountains.

A morning's ride brought us out of the mountains onto the



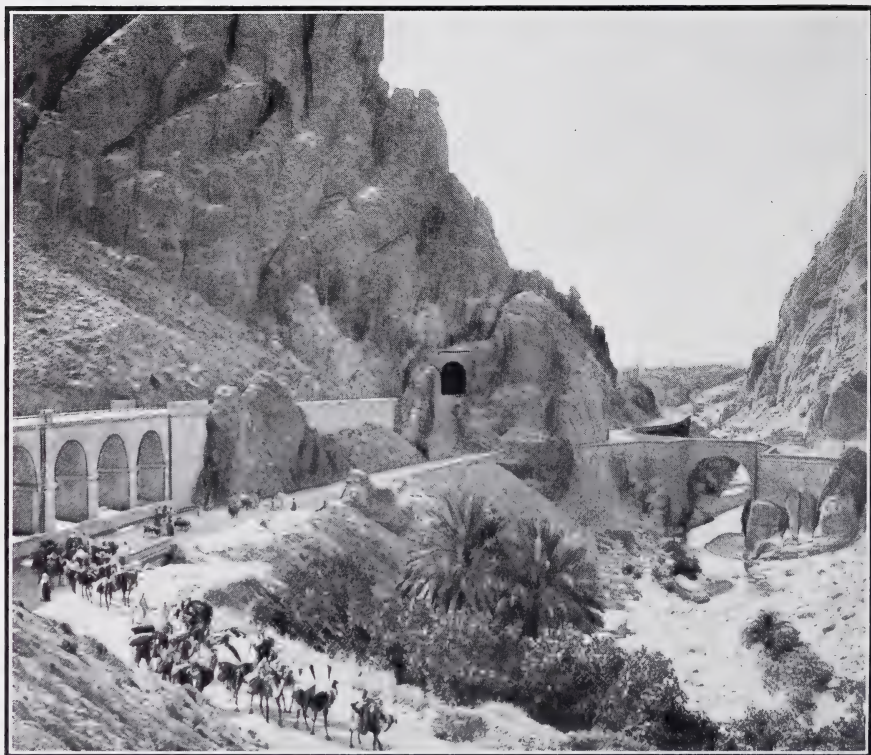
A French settler, Constant Dufourg, is making an interesting and paying experiment in mixed farming on the edge of the Sahara. He grows date palms, oranges, lemons, vegetables and barley, and has quite a herd of cattle. All North African cattle are small, suggestive of the Jersey breed.

plateau that extends down to the desert. The northern part of this plateau is given over to the growing of grain, and in years when the rainfall is good, very fair crops of wheat and barley are produced, but farming in this district is pretty much of a gamble and the French settlers are not getting rich. Much stock, especially sheep, is raised in this plateau country and it is overrun by Bedouins who wander from place to place with their flocks, the length of their stay depending upon pasturage and the water supply.

South of Batna the plateau becomes very broken as one approaches the wall of mountains that marks the northern limits of the Sahara. We traveled this district in the afternoon and came down to El Kantara, the gate of the desert, about 4 o'clock. There is a narrow gorge thru the mountain wall and at that hour it is dark with shadows. As you wind your way thru it, driving carefully to avoid collision with camel caravans or plodding donkeys, you are altogether unprepared for the

view that is in store for you when you come around the last cliff and literally shoot out into a new and strange world—the great desert, with its blinding bright sun and its sweeping vistas which somehow make one feel that the walls of the world suddenly have fallen away, leaving one standing on an island of the finite completely surrounded by the sea of the infinite.

At the desert end of the gorge is an oasis, its palms growing along the bed of a shallow stream that has followed the gorge thru the mountains to be presently swallowed by the thirsty



This is El Kantara—The Gate of the Desert. Thru this gorge you travel from the plateau district of Algeria to the floor of the Sahara. On the left is the entrance to the railway tunnel and at the right-center is a bridge bearing the coat of arms of Napoleon III.

district to the south. Passing thru the oasis the road comes up onto a stone-strewn plain and an hour's run brings the motor car to Biskra, called by the Arabs, Queen of the Desert, an oasis with a population of 7,500 people, and 250,000 palm trees, and once the Algerian terminus of the caravan route to Timbuktu.

The French occupied Biskra in 1844. The first garrison, a company of native soldiers with five French officers, was promptly massacred by the hostile tribes and the rebellion had to be put down before the French could say they were masters of the town. Today it is an important military station, and Fort St. Germain, with its black troops, is one of the strongest military posts in the desert country.

The Oued Biskra, as the little stream is called, affords a favorable location for a group of oases, one of which, Sidi Okba, is famous as the burial place of Sidi Okba, leader of the first Arabic invasion. To this town and the mosque in which the leader is buried, devout Mohammedans come as pilgrims and every Friday one may see a great crowd of worshipers in the picturesque village of mud houses and mud walls.

Having done my bit in camel caravan work when I was in the Sudan, I did not feel called upon to undertake a long trek by caravan into the desert and it was only because I wanted to study a desert oasis which had not been corrupted by contact with tourists, that I undertook a trip to Ain Naga and Sidi Salah down on the edge of the Zab Chergui country which lies directly north of the famous Chott Melrir, one of the salt lakes of the Sahara.

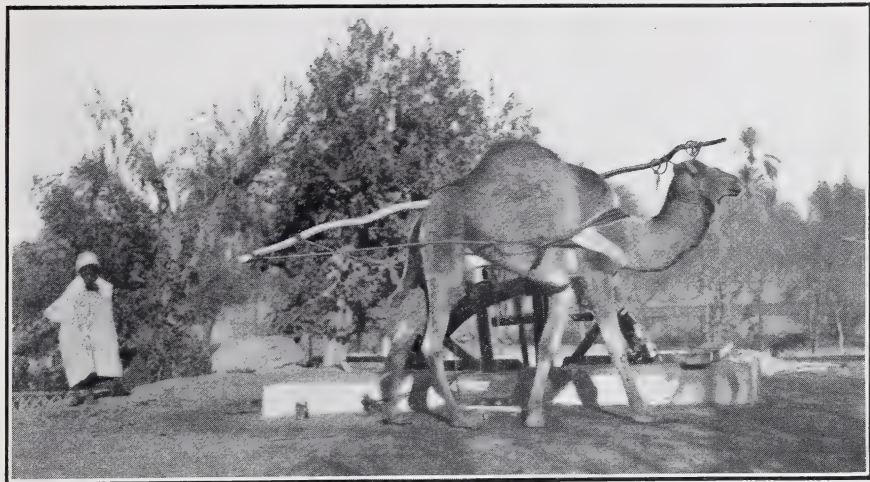
I spent almost all of one night dickering with camel drivers and guides, because I had long since learned that in dealing with Arabs you must have a definite understanding on prices and service, and even then they'll find a way to cheat you. I finally made a deal with a black-skinned, hawk-featured veteran of the desert for five camels, with drivers and camp equipment and the necessary guards, and we loaded up one morning and started into the desert by way of Sidi Okba. I know I'm getting pretty heavy and for that reason I picked

out the strongest looking camel in the outfit. He did a good deal of bawling when I got on him, but shuffled along fairly well until we passed thru Sidi Okba. By that time the sun was pretty hot and when we stopped beyond the walls of the town to wait for one of the guards, who had found some excuse to linger in the market place, my camel decided to lie down—and he did. There wasn't a camel driver in the outfit that could make him get up and stay up. Kicking him in the ribs only made him bawl the louder and when it got to where he seemed disposed to make a feast off my leg, I decided that some one else could ride him and I would take another camel.

During the afternoon I saw a most remarkable mirage. It stretched across the horizon for a distance of twenty-five miles and pictured a scene more beautiful than any real landscape I saw in North Africa. It appeared to be a great lake with a city of white houses at the left and sailboats near the middle. The right end of it was lined with palms and the details of the picture were so distinct that an inexperienced traveler would have been convinced he was coming to a lake and a great city. It remained visible for more than half an hour and only disappeared when we came upon a ridge and thereby changed the angle of vision.

No one ever has adequately described the desert and no one ever will. Robert Hichens made a notable attempt in his novel, "The Garden of Allah," but even that falls short of the reality. Mr. Hichens was in Biskra while I was there, and I spent several pleasant hours in the beautiful garden, Villa de Benevent, which plays such an important part in the novel. This little Eden was created by Comte Landon de Longeville and much of "The Garden of Allah" manuscript was written amid its palms and flowers.

Twenty-five miles is a good day's journey for a camel caravan, and we made camp for the night, near a clump of palms and an old well from which water was drawn in a goat's skin at the end of a rope which passed over a well-worn beam above the opening of the well. The rope was hitched to a camel and the goat-skin full of water was pulled up by driving



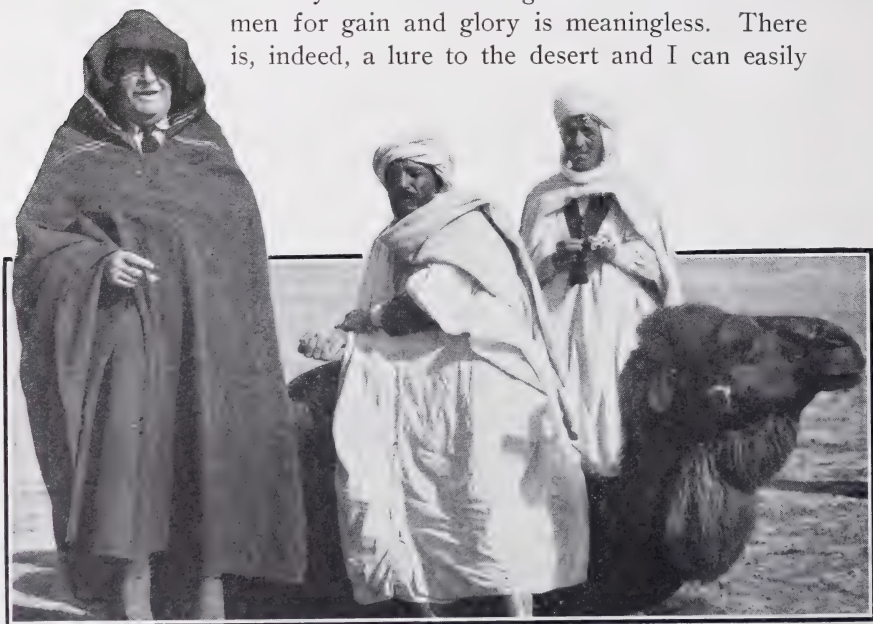
A blindfolded camel, prodded into activity by an Arab boy, furnishes the motive power for this irrigation water-wheel.

the camel away from the well. Most of the irrigation wells are equipped with a big wheel to which are fitted crude buckets. A camel, donkey or an ox is used as motive power, the animal walking round and round in a circle hitched to a pole that turns the wheel. It is always necessary to blindfold the camel so he won't see that he isn't getting any place, otherwise, about the third or fourth time around the circle he would lie down.

The sun went down, a flaming ball of crimson, sending out great tongues of red and purple, and far to the left the dim outline of the mountain range reflected these colors until the strange purple haze of the African dusk obliterated them from the landscape. Arabs are experts when it comes to putting up tents and a few minutes after we had halted, my little tent was up and the sand floor covered with a camel's-hair rug. A matting was put down for the base of my bed and on it several cushions placed, and over them was spread another camel's-hair blanket. As a bed it wasn't bad at all, tho it took another blanket and my heavy camel's-hair burnous to keep me warm, for the minute the sun got down it was distressingly cold, even

when I got near the little fire made of palm tree fagots which had been brought along with the camp equipment. Dates and Arab cakes and Arab tea, the latter as sweet as syrup and heavily flavored with mint leaves, were on the bill of fare for dinner that night, and it was just as well, perhaps, that the mystery of the night in the desert gave me something to think about other than the fact that I hadn't had enough to eat. It is said that thirty-six dates a day will keep an Arab going on a desert journey. So be it; I need ham and eggs occasionally, and a mutton stew and a palatable piece of beef once in a while.

But a night in the desert is an experience no one forgets. There is in it a suggestion of eternity; a solitude that turns one's thoughts into introspective channels. There is something in the emptiness and the immensity about you that convinces you life is nothing and that the strife of men for gain and glory is meaningless. There is, indeed, a lure to the desert and I can easily



When Mr. Boyce's camel "laid down on the job," the camera came into action and got this picture. The two camel drivers were profuse in their apologies and said hard things about the camel, but Mr. Boyce, standing at the left, had to switch mounts.



Mr. Boyce's outfit in temporary camp outside the ancient city of Sidi Okba, to which desert oasis thousands of Mohammedans come as pilgrims to visit the tomb of the famous Sidi Okba who led the Arab invasion which crossed into Spain.

understand that it should take hold of men and bring them again and again to be confronted by the mysteries of its silent grandeur.

If there are other caravans near, or if your camp is close to an oasis, you will hear the drums of the desert, the rather shrill flute which is a favorite with these people, and, perhaps, weird singing. It may remind you of the words in the Desert Song:

"The camels snort and bellow,
The sands are red and yellow,
The African is beating of his drum-drum-drum—
Tiddy hi, tiddy ho, tiddy hum."

Most popular notions about the desert are wrong. Instead of being a great sea of shifting sand, for the most part it is barren plains covered with innumerable stones, and spotted here and there with a bush much like the sage that grows in the semi-arid parts of Arizona and New Mexico. This bush is of two varieties. What the natives call "vissigia" resembles the salt bush of Australia. It is salty, but has much moisture in it, and the camels will feed on it. "Siveeda," the other variety, is a dry, tough growth that has no value.

Great stretches of the Sahara are mountains, there being many peaks more than 5,000 feet high. The sand dune sections are comparatively small, but are formidable barriers to travel. The sand storms of the desert are indeed terrible, but most of the stories about big caravans and even armies being buried by these storms are not authenticated.



The "male" date palm is stockier and has heavier foliage than the "female."

All thru the desert, wherever water is found, either in springs or by sinking wells, are oases. In the Algerian Sahara alone there are 4,000,000 date palms, and it is estimated that of the 125,000,000 acres included in the real desert of Algeria, not less than 625,000 acres, or one-twentieth of the area, are used for the cultivation of the date palm.

There is a "male" and "female" date palm. In the wild state a male tree will fertilize thirty-five or forty female trees. Where the groves are well tended and fertilization promoted by artificial means, one male tree will fertilize several hundred females. I was on one farm where they had but two male palms in a grove of 700 date palms. The date is the chief food of the desert people.

The seeds are ground into meal and fed to the camels. The palm leaves are used in making baskets and matting. The date fibre is used for rope. Date timber is used in building houses and furniture and the date roots are the chief fuel source.

In many of the oases, the date palms are given but one drink a season. Holes are dug about the palms and the water

turned in until the holes are filled. Each owner has his date grove fenced in with a high mud wall, and the water supply is owned by the village and very carefully distributed. Often the water is brought many miles by ditch and in many localities the natives have to keep on the job continually to prevent shifting sand from filling the ditch and the hollows scooped out around the trees.

The date blossom appears on a heavy stem that is enclosed by two long, spear-like sheaths, and where artificial means of fertilization are resorted to, the pollen is taken from the male tree and inserted between the two long sheaths onto the center stem of the female tree and the protecting sheaths carefully brought together. The female tree is larger, but the male tree has the more luxuriant foliage. There will be from five to ten

bunches of dates on a tree, depending on the thoroughness of fertilization and the favorableness of the season. Each bunch of dates will weigh about 100 pounds and will bring from 6 to 12 cents a pound, according to quality. There are at least twenty varieties of dates, the Biskra date being one of the best.

If all the desert area of North Africa is included, from the Atlantic to the Nile, there are about 3,500,000 square miles of



The "female" date palm, showing the location of the fruit. This is a puzzle picture, also. There is a native in the tree. Can you find him?

it—larger than the United States. It is estimated that 12,000,000 people live in the oases of the Sahara Desert and that the fertile areas added together are more than twice the size of the State of Illinois.

That part of the Sahara within the boundaries of Algeria, constitutes a military zone administered by the army under the direction of the governor general. The desert tribes still are not friendly to the French occupation and are kept in line only by a show of military force. A military railroad has been planned to cross the desert from Laghouat and Gardhaia or from Tougourt to Timbuktu. Whether or not the plan is carried out depends a good deal on the success of the six-wheel automobiles which are now being used for desert tours. Thus far these motor cars have been enough of a success to suggest that they ultimately may be the dependable means of transportation across the great Sahara where for centuries the slow moving camel has been supreme. In one of these six-wheel cars you can travel in three days a distance which the camel caravan makes in thirteen.

Italian Libya, which includes Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, is but a continuation of the great desert area of North Africa.

Strange to say, Tripoli and Cyrenaica, known to have had a prosperous civilization at least seven centuries before the time of Christ, are the two localities in northern Africa about which we know the least. Since 1912 the two countries have been known as Italian Libya, Italy having established her nominal right to them during the Italian-Turco war. Like the cow-puncher who said he kept his horse from running away by letting him go wherever he wanted, Italy holds her territory by letting the natives do about as they please, and the natives do not please to have foreigners traveling in their country. There are localities in which a white man has never been and because of the desert character of most of the country, few white men care to travel it. I believe I know either personally or by reputation all the African travelers of note in this generation, and as far as I know the only one who has made any worth while trips into the interior of the Libyan desert, is



Life in the Sahara Desert depends upon the date palm, and wherever water is found, there the palm tree flourishes with its "feet in the water and its head in the sun." Every oasis is honeycombed with irrigation ditches which wind in and out among the trees, taking to each palm garden the owner's share of the water. This picture was taken in the oasis of Old Biskra.

A. M. Hassanein Bey. He is an orthodox Mohammedan, well known to most of the sheiks and head men in northern Africa, and even he had no end of difficulty when he ventured into the interior in 1922 and 1923, traveling from Sollum on the Mediterranean to El Obeid, in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

This district of northern Africa has a Ku Klux Klan known as the Senussi or Senussites. I heard much of this order, both in Morocco and Algeria. I visited Mostaganem, where the founder of the order was born and, also Tlemcen, where is buried the saint after whom the founder was named. The founder of the Senussites was Sidi Mahommed ben Ali ben Es Senussi el Khettabi el Hassani el Idrissi el Mehajiri. In spite of having to carry that name he managed to keep the Arabs pretty well stirred up against foreigners and their institutions. He was born between 1791 and 1803, a member of the Walad Sidi Abdalla tribe of Arabs, and traced his ancestry to Fatima, the daughter of the prophet Mahomet. He traveled thruout northern Africa, from Morocco to Egypt, preaching his reforms. In 1843, Senussi settled in Cyrenaica, coming from Mecca. This semi-secret society has exerted an important political influence on the country ever since it was organized, and today it is one of the powerful supporters of the anti-foreign policies of the Libyan Arabs. It is very strong in Tripolitania, Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco, and has a following in Egypt, Arabia, India and Turkey.

Prior to 1912, Tripolitania and Cyrenaica had distinctly separate history, the ancient city of Cyrene, about which developed Cyrenaica, having been established as a Greek settlement, while Tripoli, the chief town in Tripolitania, was founded by the Phœnicians who founded Carthage. Cyrene was founded seven centuries before the Christian era, while Oea, which became the modern Tripoli, was founded before Cyrene, and is one of the oldest cities in the world.

When the Arab inundation of the seventh century submerged northern Africa, both Tripolitania and Cyrenaica became Mohammedan countries. From that date until the Italian-Turkish war these countries were dominated by the



By far the greater part of the Sahara and Libyan deserts are hard, sandy surfaces strewn with small stone, or rough and mountainous. There are, however, areas where the sand is fine and shifting, as shown in this picture. In these districts, especially in the Libyan Desert, sandstorms are a menace, sometimes suffocating men and beasts.

Mohammedans, most of the time being nominally subject to the Turkish porte. Spain, under Ferdinand the Catholic, made a bid for the territory in 1510, when Tripoli was captured and held until 1528, when it was given over to the Knights of St. John, who were expelled by Turkish forces in 1528.

The Tripolitan pirates, during the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth centuries, terrorized shipping in the Mediterranean Sea and frequently raided the coasts of Mediterranean countries, carrying away Christians as prisoners. At one time or another, almost every government in Europe sent a fleet to bombard Tripoli and break the power of the pirates and it was some years after the French had effectively occupied Algeria that the Barbary Coast junta was broken.

Italian Libya is bounded on the west by Tunisia and on the east by Egypt. North is the Mediterranean, giving the country about 1,200 miles of coast line, but with no deep or well protected harbors. The southern boundary is in the Sahara Desert, the dividing line between the Italian and the French territory being rather indefinite. With the exception of very

narrow strips along the Mediterranean coast, the country is a desert. In many places the desert literally extends down to the sea. The total area is estimated at 405,800 square miles. The area of Italy proper is but 117,982.

Nothing like a census of the population has been taken in this Italian territory. It is estimated that there are from four to six million inhabitants, most of them dwelling in the desert oasis and, in the main, dependent on the date palm and the herds of sheep, goats and camels for their livelihood.

Tripoli is the chief city of this district. It has about 75,000 people and, since the Italians came into power, tourists are beginning to visit it in increasing numbers, altho it does not begin to be as popular as Algiers, Tunis and other Mediterranean ports to the west.

The city is built on an arm of land stretching out into the Mediterranean Sea. This promontory forms a protection on the north for a small bay. While the harbor will accommodate vessels drawing 21 feet it is full of shallow places, and it is impossible for even moderately sized boats to approach the docks, alongside of which the water is very shallow. The Italian government is now making extensive improvements in the harbor.

The houses of Tripoli are built on terraces rising from the seashore, suggestive of both Algiers and Naples, the building material being stone rather than mud. The place reflects Turkish luxury and is noted for its many beautiful private gardens.

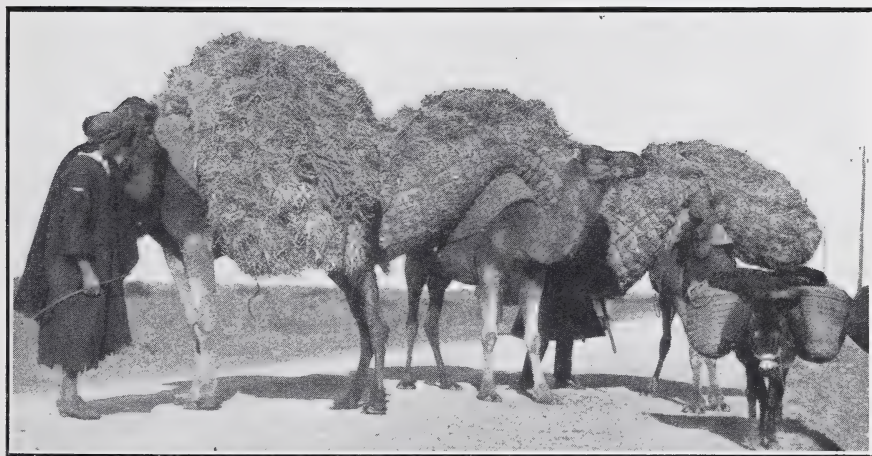
Much of the trading is in the hands of Jews, there being about 10,000 of them in Tripoli. Other elements in the population are Italians and Maltese, Turks, Arabs, Berbers and negroes. The export business now is dominated by Italians.

Being an agricultural country and a very poor one, Libya's export trade doesn't amount to much. The only mineral that is exported is salt. Barley and esperto or alfa grass is exported, and a few olives and dates are shipped to Europe. Greeks have developed quite a sponge fishing industry. Goat skins, ostrich feathers, ivory and a little gold dust still are brought in by caravans from the interior. Flour, rice, tobacco,

tea and cotton goods are the chief imports. There is so little trade between Libya and the United States that our Department of Commerce has never had an inclusive report made on the country. The total import tonnage from all countries, for the year 1923-24 for Libya was only 114,070 tons.

The most historic city in Cyrenaica is Cyrene, which ancient historians assure us, once had a population of 100,000 people. It was then a powerful Greek city, but today it is but a field of ruins, the location for a Senussi convent and the temporary habitation of wandering Arabs.

In southern Tripoli one finds great areas of sand dunes in the desert, the fine sand having drifted into billowing ridges until it resembles mountainous waves on a yellow ocean. Between Tripoli proper and the Fezzan depression is the famed Red Hammada, a great plateau of red rock, with an area of 40,000 square miles. In this area there is no water supply and the heat is terrific. It is, therefore, one of the most difficult and dangerous districts in the world for travelers, and caravans are few and far between.



Often, it looks as if the Arab camel driver had never heard of the last straw that broke the camel's back.



When you hear Egypt mentioned, quite likely the first thing you think of is the Sphinx and the Pyramid of Cheops which it guards. In the tourist's mind, these two historic relics are the "trade mark" of Egypt. In the picture, Mr. W. D. Boyce is on the camel at the left; Mr. Ben Boyce is in the center on the donkey, and Mrs. Ben Boyce is on the camel at the right. The Sphinx is the oldest known tomb. It has silently looked on the world from a date more than 5,000 years before the birth of Christ.

CHAPTER XIV

GOVERNMENT IN EGYPT

I TRAVELED several thousand miles thru Egypt, on land and water, after reading no fewer than twenty books on the country written by accepted authorities. I am convinced from looking at thousands of hieroglyphics (word pictures),



By means of the Rosetta Stone, a section of which is shown herewith, the hieroglyphics on the tombs, temples and monuments of Egypt, have been deciphered. The six uppermost lines are ancient Egyptian characters. The next five lines are in Demotic characters and the bottom lines are Greek.

in hundreds of tombs and temples, that the country had an organized government eight or nine thousand years ago. Up to about one hundred years ago reading the word pictures was pure guesswork. One hundred and twenty-five years ago the Rosetta Stone was found, and the importance of its discovery to the student of Egyptian history cannot be over-emphasized. This stone was 2,000 years old, and was written in both Greek and hieroglyphics. By careful analysis and comparison of the two texts the meanings of the Egyptian

picture-characters were deciphered and thus was provided a key to unlock the door to Egyptian history.

I would divide the history of Egypt into three periods, first, the Predynastic Period; second. the Dynastic Period,

and, third, from the last Dynasty down to the present date.

The first period extends back indefinitely, beyond 8,000 years. Some authorities estimate that there is evidence of a government 9,000 years ago. Some are willing to swear to a condition that existed 12,000 years ago, but 9,000 years ago, dating from today, is as far back as they are willing to bet on, tho they would be quite safe on any sort of a wager if they made the other fellow prove his case in order to win.

The second, or Dynastic Period, extends from nearly 6,000 years before Christ, until 340 years B. C., or approximately 5,600 years. In all, there were thirty-one different dynasties, and then came the Persians, Macedonians and Ptolemies. Cleopatra, the last of the Ptolemies to reign, was the illegitimate daughter of the last king of this race. She was born of a negro slave, and was not beautiful, as she is pictured in story, song, sculpture and painting. The Romans had to find some excuse for Cæsar and Anthony, each of whom had a sensuous romance with the thick-lipped, ebony-hued temptation. Rome was poor because of the cost of high living. Egypt had plenty of gold, and playing Romeo to the Juliet of the negress queen was the easiest and cheapest way of getting what they really wanted. After that date, thirty years before Christ, Egypt passed into the hands of the Romans and remained there, brief periods excepted, for 600 years, when the Mohammedan Arabs took over the country and are today in control.

I am quite willing to leave to fundamental orthodoxy the question of who was the first man, but there is such an abundance of convincing evidence that there can be no doubt of the existence of an organized and going government in Egypt 2,000 years before the Biblical time of Adam.

During the Dynastic Period, there seem to have been two popular capitals: Memphis, near the present location of Cairo, and Thebes, 450 miles up the Nile, where Luxor now stands. Near Memphis, you are shown the tomb of the Sacred Bull, worshiped by the people. It was there, 6,000 years ago, that the joke, "When is the cow a widow?" was coined. The tombs, except pyramid tombs, near Memphis, have been robbed and



An Egyptian priest, or holy man, in the Land of the Nile. These men have much influence with the masses.

despoiled, the temples wrecked and the marble and stone taken to Cairo. At Thebes, now Luxor, is found the beautiful temple of Karnak, and, on the west side of the river, the Valley of the Kings; a collection of tombs, the last of which to be opened being that of Tut-Ankh-Amen.

Six hundred and forty years after Christ, the Mohammedan religion, having spread like wildfire thru the Arab races occupying Arabia, in Asia, and North Africa, took Egypt. The invading Arabs established the Mohammedan religion as the State Religion and government, and it has maintained its dominant position to this day, nearly 1,300 years later. This religion, having spread thru all of Western Asia, was accepted by the Turks, and finally, in 1517, or 400 years ago, Egypt became a Turkish province and so it remained, governed by a pasha or khedive, supposed to be

selected by the Sultan of Turkey, until 1914, when, at the beginning of the late war, Great Britain took over Egypt because the Sultan of Turkey went in with Germany. With the British occupation, the khedive left the country.

The French formerly worked closely with the khedives of Egypt, while the British played the diplomatic game with the Sultan of Turkey. In 1805, Muhammed Ali was appointed pasha or ruler of Egypt under Turkey. At one time the Mamelukes, descendants of slaves, ruled Egypt. That was the only time the negroes had a chance, but they didn't last long. Muhammed Ali asked 400 of the leaders to a feast in the citadel. When they were all ready for the fun, the doors were closed and all the guests were murdered. Said Pasha, fourth son of Muhammed Pasha, deserves a place in history as the pasha who gave the concession to the French to dig the Suez



For the first time in its history, Egypt now has a congress and a constitution. This is the new Parliament Building, recently completed in Cairo.

Canal. Next comes Ismail Pasha, grandson of Muhammed Pasha, who succeeded in securing for himself and family title to one-fifth of all the land in Egypt, which he worked with free labor. He was an easy mark for every European adventurer who had something to sell to Egypt until, in 1875, he came to, with his country of less than seven million people owing a national debt of \$400,000,000, which would be equal to about two billion today. The debt was owed largely to France and England. That year England bought Egypt's stock in the Suez Canal for about twenty million dollars, and quietly picked up enough French stock to give England control of the canal, which meant control of all outlets to the Mediterranean Sea. This took the wind out of France, and she joined with England to send a financial commission to save Egypt from bankruptcy. The commission found that the large land owners paid small taxes, and the poor, forced by the whip, paid everything. Many trusts and monopolies, such as the

United States has in steel, harvester machinery, railroads, oil, tobacco and sugar, existed and they were protected by Ismail Pasha.

France and England demanded that the Sultan of Turkey (Egypt was only a province, but very independent) dismiss Ismail Pasha and appoint his son, Tewfik Pasha, to be khedive. This was done, a cabinet was appointed, and each member of it was provided with a European "adviser," who really controlled.

Arabia Pasha was at the head of the Egyptian army and in 1882 concluded to run the country with his military organization. He started a massacre at Alexandria, but the British navy landed seamen and saved the day. The Sultan sided with Arabia Pasha and decorated him. Things looked serious and the French pulled out. On September 18, 1882, a British fleet arrived; the Suez Canal was seized, an army landed in Egypt, and, under Sir Garnet Wolseley, the battle of Tel al Kebir was fought. Arabia Pasha's army was defeated with a loss of 2,000, while the British lost 450 officers and men. Arabia Pasha was sent to Celon in exile.

When the British army and an "advisory" crew settled down on Egypt, the country was broke, slavery was popular, the whip generally was used to collect taxes and enforce labor, and corvee, or forced, free labor was recognized by law and custom; Egypt was also a province of Turkey. Today, Egypt is free of Turkey, and there is no slavery, whip or forced labor; her population has doubled, fourteen million instead of seven, and



King Fuad, who became Egypt's ruler when Great Britain withdrew from the actual government of the Nile country.

her national debt is less than five hundred million dollars, or, in proportion to her wealth, only one-fourth what it was when the British army landed here. The Egyptian pound sterling is now worth the same as the British. Except for the Suez Canal, Great Britain has added little to her holdings in Egypt. The French, Italians and Greeks do most of the big business.

Remember, however, Egypt is Oriental in blood and thought, and still dissatisfied with European methods. The answer to her development under foreign and alien influences is that Great Britain permitted them to form a government of their own, adopt a constitution and go to it for themselves. They have elected Fuad the First, king, and exercise all the functions of a free government, except that all foreign diplomatic relations are conducted thru England, the same as the United States handles Cuba's international matters. The British also reserve the right to keep soldiers on the Suez Canal. The Egyptian government agrees to pension, at half pay for the balance of their lives, the thousands of Britishers who have formed the machine that furnished good government at cost and saved the day for a bankrupt, corrupt and fanatical government. I shall watch their future with great interest.

It is said that religion and clothing are matters of geography; I would add, also of races. The Christian religion is suited to the white man's mentality. The Mohammedan religion is best suited to the inhabitants of Southwestern Asia and Africa. They think just the opposite to the white man, therefore hold a different point of view on nearly all questions. Europe has tried for centuries to force the people of Africa and the Orientals to do business on a European basis, but has failed. We tried to force the American Indian to do as we said, and had to kill him off.

Islamism, Moslemism or Mohammedanism (synonymous terms) quite naturally was made part of the new Egyptian constitution as the State religion. It is, indeed, not only the State religion, but the State itself. The church is first. Mohammedan laws and religion are the same thing. The Koran, the Moslem Bible, is the civil as well as the moral code; it is the



A view of Cairo, the capital of Egypt, with the famous Muhammed Ali mosque in the foreground. It is impossible to separate government from religion in these Mohammedan countries, for the Mohammedan's bible, the Koran, is his fundamental law.

whole thing. Europe is well acquainted with Islamism, but Americans are too far away to give it much consideration.

Moslemism is the religion established by Muhammed, the Prophet. He was born in Mecca, Arabia, August 20, 569 years after Christ. Thus his religion, which has more believers or followers than the Christian religion, is only 1,333 years old. Muhammed was uneducated. He could not read or write. He could count, because it is recorded that when 20 years of age he inherited five camels and a negro slave girl, and started trading. Like the poor boy in the story, who married the rich, candy-store woman's only daughter, Muhammed married the widow of a rich merchant and ran her business. Having first got himself fairly well fixed with worldly goods, he began to pity the poor, and the quality of their religion; also, he became concerned about the number of unprotected females not legally bound to some man. The records show he married eleven times. One of his wives was only 10 years old, and when she came to live with him she brought along her playthings. Polygamy always has been a common practice in Oriental countries and with colored races.

By the last of the sixth century all Western Asia, except Arabia, had either accepted the teachings of Christ or remained Jewish. Muhammed found his country out of step and behind the religious fashions of the times. The Jews and Christians believed in one God, so Muhammed proclaimed, "there is but one God, and He is Allah." Of course, the Moslems believe their Allah, or God, is the only true God, and not the same as the God of Jews and Christians. About this time Muhammed heard some learned Jews and Christians lecture on their religions. He was smart enough to recognize much good in the claims of each. Such ethical tenets as appealed to him he appropriated and set himself up as a prophet. He admitted that Moses and Jesus Christ, as well as several other noted men of Biblical times, were prophets and preceded him. He took the best of these teachings, without credit, revised them so that they would not do too much violence to the customs of his people, and promulgated his new religion. The Ten Com-

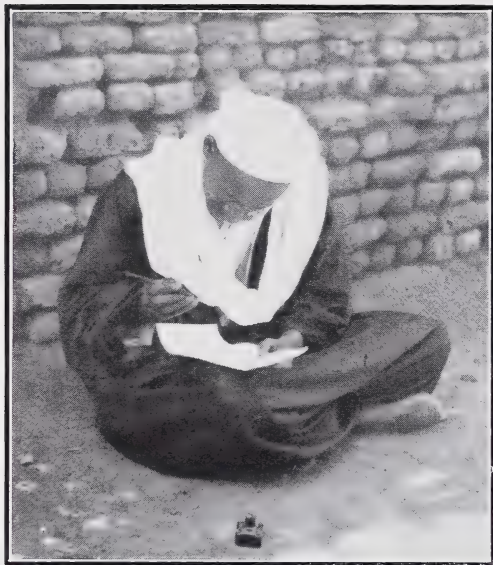
mandments of Moses were largely injected into the laws laid down by Muhammed, and the Golden Rule and the charity teachings of Christ were made part of the Moslem laws. He incorporated the promise of a future life, into which, if they were very good, women might pass, and in which Mohammedan men would have a new harem instead of the old one which had pleased or bored them here on earth. He appealed to the human side of the Arabs by preaching charity and a common brotherhood of men—not women. However, he was careful to convince them that there was but one God, and that was the Mohammedan God, and all believers in any other god were to be destroyed. This belief holds them together on a common fundamental, even tho they now are split up into different sects and denominations much the same as Christians.

Muhammed was smart. He looked ahead and ordered prayers to be said four times a day, facing Mecca. He proclaimed that any one making a pilgrimage to Mecca automatically got a sinecure on Heaven. The result is that hundreds of thousands, rich and poor, beggars and chiefs, go to Mecca, the common meeting place, and talking things over holds them together in a common belief.

The Koran, this Islam Bible, was made up from a collection of records of Muhammed's utterances, but it was not compiled until after his death. It is a remarkable collection of disconnected "talks," but any one living up to the teachings would live a good life and be a good citizen.

Muhammed died in 632. He left no son, and there was quite a squabble as to who was to succeed to the caliphate. There are between one hundred and sixty and one hundred and seventy million negroes, Arabs, and mixed colored races in Africa, mostly Moslems. In Egypt there are fourteen million people and thirteen million profess Islamism. They eat no pork and are largely vegetarians and one of the laws laid down by Muhammed, and religiously observed, is prohibition.

The Christian religion, both Protestant and Catholic, has made wonderful progress, and is adapted, revised and brought up to date by each succeeding generation. That is why it is a



An aged halguy, or public stenographer. He is very proud of his ability to write, even if business isn't very brisk.

white man's religion. The Copt Christian religion is an Orientalized belief in Christ which has not changed much in nearly 1,900 years, because the Copts are not white people and are not progressive in thought. The first record of their Christian belief is about the year 60 A. D., when it spread over Egypt. They believe that God had a son who was born before the world was formed. They discarded the six-day theory of the making of the world 6,000 years ago because they had records in Egypt that antedated Adam. The Patri-

arch or Pope of the Copt Church lives in Cairo. He must be unmarried. Some priests are married, but before they have been ordained. The Copts baptize and circumcise their children; they take no chances going or coming. They really represent the old Egyptian scribes of the Pharaohs stock and have less negro blood in them than the Mohammedans. They are better educated and hold many clerical positions; some of them are very wealthy. The women of the better class wear veils like the Mohammedans, but the custom of wearing veils is not now universal.

Authorities and writers disagree in many particulars on the ancient religion of Egypt, but generally they are in accord on the proposition that the ancient Egyptians, as a rule, believed in one god at a time, altho they changed gods and adopted a new one whenever they felt like it. Many of the gods of old Egypt simply represented something in Nature—

something that never changed. One king would set up the sun as representing the true god; possibly the next one a bull, and another would elevate to godhood a crocodile or hawk. This accounts for different temples dedicated to different gods. The temples were built at different times. The old kings sometimes proclaimed themselves as gods, or gave the Kaiser a precedent for declaring that he was in partnership with the Almighty and represented Him on earth. It is quite evident that they believed in a hereafter, as they prepared for a resurrection. Also, it is apparent that they believed they would be given back their earthly bodies in the hereafter, or they would not have embalmed these bodies and prepared for them such elaborate tombs. The oldest god of the Egyptians was Amen-Ra, called "Ra" for short. It was believed that he had a son and that both father and son existed before the beginning of time—and time has no beginning or ending.



In its long history, Egypt has had many forms of worship and gods without number. Today it is overwhelmingly Mohammedan, yet there was a time when it was Christian. In its earliest religious history animals often were worshiped; among these were the sacred bull for which a magnificent tomb was built near Memphis. This painting of the bull and some of the cows in his harem, adorns one of the walls of the tomb.



This interesting collection of servants carved from wood, was found in the cliff tomb of Mehenkwtetre, an Egyptian noble of the period of 2000 B. C. The tomb is near Thebes. It is probable that the nobleman had these wooden servants entombed with him so that he might be well cared for in his life after death.

CHAPTER XV

EGYPTIAN TOMBS

THE oldest known tomb is that of the Sphinx, that Wonder of Wonders, a gigantic stone image that gazed in solemn majesty on Khufu, the builder of the pyramid of Gizah, more than five thousand years before the birth of Christ. How the

mind of man then could plan and carry into execution that conception is amazing.

One may say impertinent things, about the Sphinx, that are true: Seen from behind, at a distance, it looks like an enormous mushroom, its cheeks are swollen inordinately, its thick lips proclaim its ne-

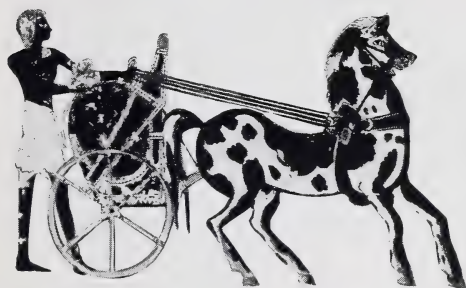
gro origin, and, from a certain point, it looks like a prize bulldog. But the builder has grasped the idea of eternity and the nothingness of time, and translated it in stone.

The tombs built next in point of time were the pyramids. Altogether there were fifty-one built in all Egypt; only seventeen remain today.

The oldest and largest pyramid is that of Cheops, at Gizah, eight miles from Cairo. It was built by Khufu, the second king of the fourth dynasty, about 5,656 years ago.

There has been some question as to whether the pyramids were tombs or temples. It now is conceded beyond question they were tombs only.

The four sides of this mammoth structure, at its base, measure 755 feet each. Originally they were twenty feet longer. The height at this time is 451 feet, but was originally



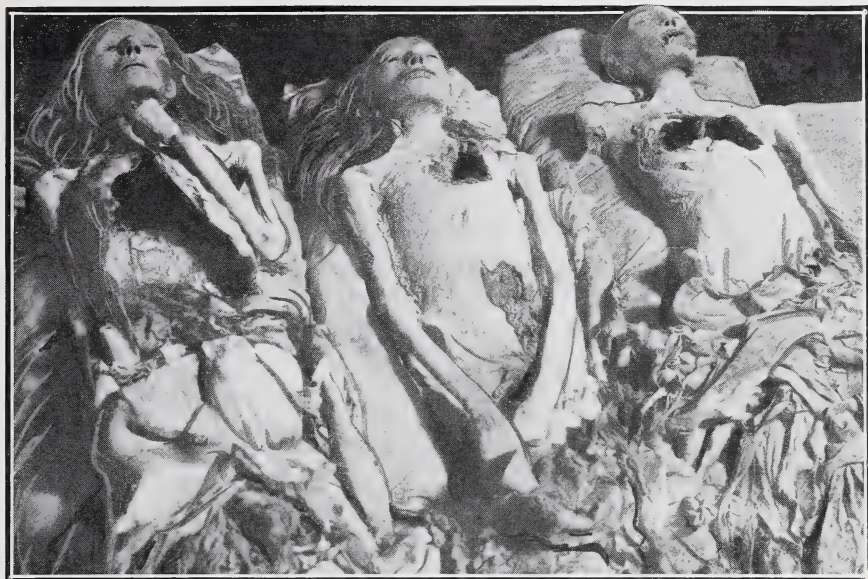
One of the paintings on the wall of the tomb of Prince Mena.

481 feet. The stone used in its construction was brought across the Nile River. The flat place at the top is about thirty feet square.

This pyramid was first opened by Vyse, in 1837. Herodotus, an ancient writer, states there were 100,000 men working on this pyramid at one time, and that it took ten years to construct a road from the quarries to the river, along which the stones were drawn. He asserts that twenty years were spent in erecting the pyramid of Cheops alone. The ground covered by it is nearly thirteen acres. Since its completion at least one layer of stone has been taken from its entire surface and was used in mosques and other buildings in Cairo.

The entrance to this pyramid is about forty-five feet above the ground. The entrance is 320 feet long, three and one-fourth feet high and four feet wide. The King's Chamber is lined with granite and measures about thirty-five feet long, seventeen wide and nineteen high. Five hollow chambers are built above that of the king. Two airshafts lead from the outer wall to this chamber, respectively 234 feet and 174 feet, with openings measuring eight by six inches. Fresh air, evidently, was not the king's hobby. The floor of the King's Chamber is about 140 feet above the base of the pyramid. Inside the King's Chamber was found only the empty, coverless, broken red granite sarcophagus of Cheops. The so-called Queen's Chamber measures thirty-five feet long by seventeen wide, and twenty feet high, and is a superb piece of workmanship. I doubt that this chamber was intended for the queen, for the queens of Egypt have never been buried in the same tomb or near the king. The two chambers are connected by a passage twenty-two feet long. No mummies were found in this tomb, they evidently having been taken to prevent their being removed or destroyed by plunderers.

Tomb robbing, which in more recent times became, if not a profession, at least a trade, seems to have begun at an early date, and, if we are to believe many court records of the trial of tomb robbers, it was almost reduced to a science. In later years they have received great encouragement by the high prices paid



These three mummies were found in the tomb of Amenhetep II. in 1899. This tomb seems to have been used as a hiding place for royal mummies, the bodies of eight royal personages having been among the number found there.

by museums and others for royal mummies. A fancy price was paid for titled mummies and it was to the interest of the grave robber to have all mummies royal. Bootlegging in mummies, with a well-known brand, is still profitable in Egypt, as the interest taken in King Tut's tomb proves. Hundreds of tombs in the Valley of the Kings have been robbed of their mummies. How many of these have become "royal" for sale purposes, God only knows, and He won't tell.

In but few of the tombs excavated, in recent years, have mummies been found. Either they have been taken away by robbers or removed by friends to other tombs for protection against their being despoiled. The same is true generally of the tombs of the queens. This is borne out by what they call the "find" at Der-Al-Bahari. It is said that about 2,800 years ago, knowing of the practice of grave robbers, and because

of some crisis in the affairs of state, the priests removed the bodies of many of the kings from their tombs in the valley to an old tomb near the Queen's Temple at Del-Al-Bahari, where they remained until they were found under the following circumstances :

In the summer of 1871 an Arab, by mere accident, discovered, at Del-Al-Bahari, a tomb filled with coffins, piled one upon the other. On a number of these coffins were found the cartouche (name) and other evidences of a royal personage within. It was impossible to handle the find alone, and the Arab was compelled to intrust others with his great secret, and informed his two brothers and his son. With their help he proceeded to open the coffins and rob them of their contents. The valuable ornaments found therein were disposed of to tourists who visited the Nile, and these antiquities eventually found their way to Europe. Among other treasures thus disposed of was a papyri hieratic "Book of the Dead." This and other objects having been brought to the attention of an



The stone coffin, or sarcophagus, of King Amenhetep II., with his mummy, as it was when discovered, except that an electric light has been placed at the head of the coffin so that one may get a good view of the remains of a king who ruled 3,400 years ago.

Egyptologist named M. Muspero, he visited Egypt to ascertain, if possible, their source.

In 1881, he began his investigations by having one of the parties who had been disposing of these treasures arrested and brought before the Mudir, governor of the province, for trial. After some time one of the thieves made a confession and told the location of the tomb from which the treasures had been taken. M. Brugsch and his companions were shown the shaft of a tomb, carefully hidden in a little row of hills which separated the Biban al Muluk from the Theban plain. The pit that led to the tomb was some forty feet deep, and a passage with several levels, some 220 feet long, at the end of which was a chamber about twenty-five feet square, filled with mummies in coffins and funeral furnishings.

In this chamber were found unknown mummies in coffins, and coffins of kings, queens and princes of the Seventeenth Dynasty, which began about 3,523 years ago, and the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-first Dynasties. Among them were the mummies of King Aahmes, Amenhetep, Thothmes I, II and III, Rameses I, Seti I, Rameses II and Rameses III, also those of Queen An-Hapi and Matta-Ka-Ra.

All the tombs of the kings and queens are constructed substantially in a similar manner. First a pit or steep incline to room 1, then an incline passage to room 2, then another incline to room 3, at the end of which generally is constructed the chamber of the tomb in which the sarcophagus is deposited. On the walls of both passageways and chambers of the tomb are depicted, either by engraving or painting, such scenes and incidents as might suit the fancy or illustrate the religious beliefs or idiosyncrasies of him whose remains were to be deposited in the tomb. Sometimes a successor would touch up the decorations in the tomb of his predecessor by adding some of the exploits of the former. Passages from "The Book of the Dead" are most frequently used, and, in some tombs, the cartouches (names) of several kings appear.

In the tomb of Amenhetep II, discovered by M. Victor Loret, in 1899, there were found the mummies of three private

persons, so supposed, and these were at first removed but have now been returned. The tomb is now lit up by electric lights.

This tomb, 3,400 years old, proved to be another hiding place for royal mummies and in it were found the mummies



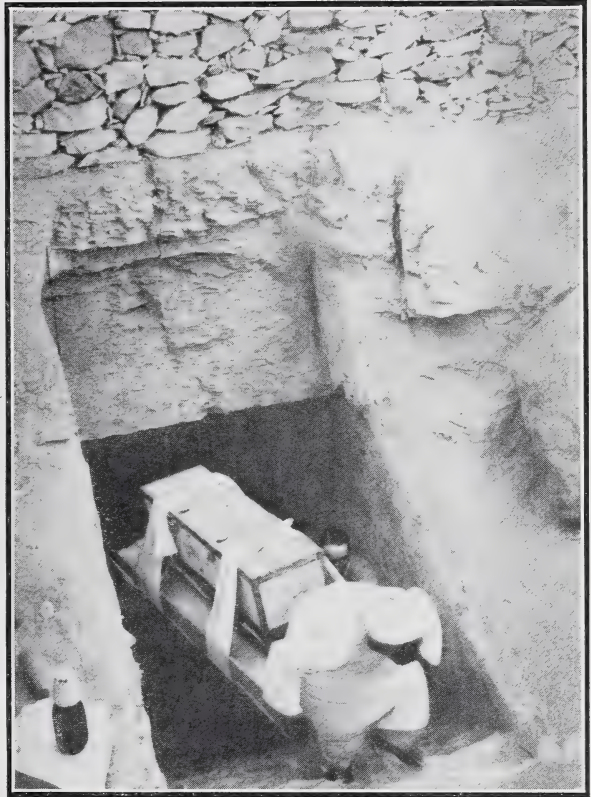
In this picture, No. 1 is the entrance to the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen, recently discovered, which proved to be one of the most important discoveries in the Valley of the Kings. No. 2 marks the entrance to the tomb of King Amenhetep II.

of Thothmes IV, Amenophis III, Rameses V and Rameses VI. Half-way down the passage a pit, the width of the passage and twenty feet deep, had been dug for intruders to fall into. Just beyond the pit the passage had been walled up, but, regardless of these precautions, robbers had found the real tomb and stolen many of its valuable holdings.

This tomb is next to Tut-Ankh - Amen's, and impresses one more than

any other found in this interesting Valley of the Kings.

Tombs were not always built for kings and queens, but sometimes the lower animals were so honored. In February, 1906, there was discovered by Professor Naville a small chapel with vaulted roof painted blue and dotted over with stars in yellow. Therein was a beautifully sculptured cow, cut from a block of limestone and painted a reddish brown with black spots, and having on her head the headdress of Hathor, a



An ebony and ivory box being carried from the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen. In this box were the staffs of office, maces, bows and arrows of the ancient king.

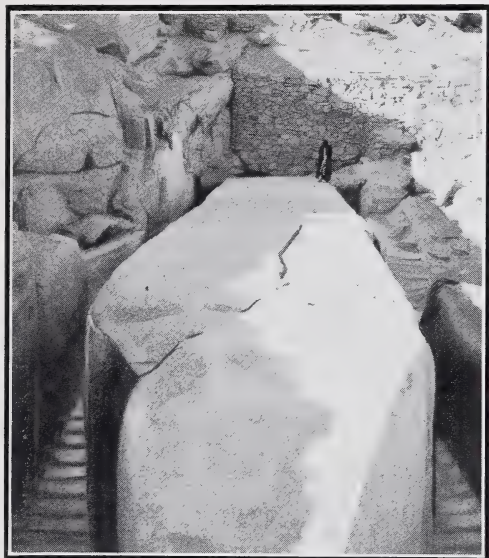
lunar disk with two feathers. There is beneath her the figure of the king, whom she is suckling. The traditional story goes that a cow was pointed out to the king by his mother, who said that to this cow he owed his life. The cow, in statue form, now rests peacefully in the museum at Cairo.

The Seræum or Apis Mausoleum of the Apis Bulls (sacred bulls) was excavated by M. Mariette in 1852 and contained sixty-four vaults. Twenty-four granite sarcophagi still remain in position; each measures 13 by 8 by 11 feet.

The latest and probably the tomb that will prove the most important and which is now most in the public mind, is the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen, discovered by Mr. Howard Carter on November 5, 1922, then excavating under a concession granted to Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter by the Egyptian government. So much has been written and published about the details of this latest discovery, that I deem it unnecessary to go into details. It will require some years of preparation before all its wonders will be ready for exhibition, but when once finished, owing to the new method of chemical preservation, they will be lasting. A word about Mr. Howard Carter, the discoverer: He is 46 years old, and has pursued his work of excavation for many years. In 1902 he was connected with the inspector's department of antiquities of the Egyptian government. He had charge of the excavations made by Mr. Theo. M. Davis, an American, who has made many important discoveries. Mr. Carter is also an artist, having painted many oil paintings of note.

The London "Times" paid Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter \$150,000 for a 36-hour advance release on all news of discoveries, etc., so it is likely to be some time before the "last chapter" in the story of King Tut's tomb is printed. If the Egyptian government had permitted an even release date to all papers this story would have been completed in a few weeks.

The work which led to the discovery of Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb began in the autumn of 1917, and was continued each season with little if any results until November, 1922, the date of the actual discovery. Owing to excessive heat, excavations



This obelisk shows how these massive monuments were cut from the solid stone ledges. This one was not completed. It is 140 feet long and 14 by 14 feet at the base.

cannot be carried on in summer months. When I visited Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb, work was in progress for the second season. The sarcophagus had not been reached yet, and it was not known whether the king's body was there or had been stolen, as the tomb had been opened thousands of years ago, no doubt shortly after the death of the king, and then re-sealed. Everything in the first rooms opened was in confusion when found, much as you would find your home if you came back while robbers were

at work and they beat it out of the back door as you came in the front door. The King "Tut" find will be placed in the Cairo museum; some of the objects are there now, and they attract more attention than all the other antiquities combined—a very good illustration of the power of advertising.

There is a large Mohammedan cemetery at Cairo, and it contains many and beautiful tombs, among them being that of the wife of Abdala Kahn Pasha, a khedive of Egypt.

The mosque of Sul-An-Hasan, in which Hasan's tomb is situated, was constructed in 1356 to 1358, of stone taken from the pyramids. It is said that when the building was completed the architect's hands were cut off, so that no similar building could be built. The tomb of Muhammed Ali and Imam Shafi'i is considered the most elaborate. There are said to be several cannon balls fired at the mosque by Napoleon's army embedded in the tomb of Sul-An-Hasan.

Obelisks, of which there are several still standing, have no significance except as monuments erected to commemorate cities or temples. They are covered with hieroglyphics recording the principal events in the life of whoever erected them. They are found at Hiliopolis, Karnak and Luxor. At Assuan I was at a stone quarry a few miles from that city and saw an old obelisk in the making. The top and two of the sides had been completed, but the bottom had not been cut loose from the granite from which it was being made. Had it been completed it would have been the largest extant, being 140 feet long and 14 feet square at the base. Of the obelisks that formerly stood in Egypt, one now stands in Central Park, New York, one on the banks of the Thames in London, one in Paris, one in Rome and one in Naples.

They were all cut from solid granite 700 miles from the sea, near the Nile, and transported by water to their present sites. It is no doubt the most difficult job of moving ever undertaken, when you consider their great length and weight.

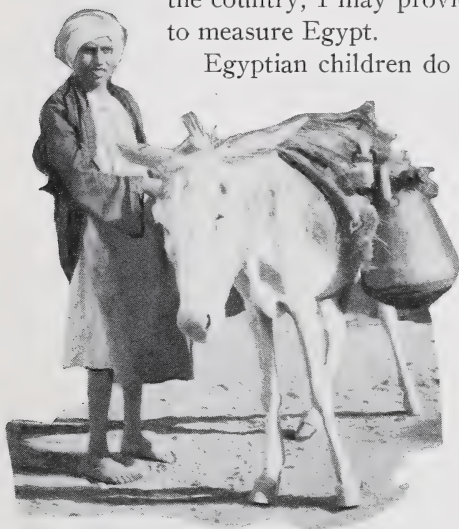


Not all the tombs in Egypt are occupied by mummies. For more than a hundred years an old Mohammedan slept the long sleep in this tomb and then his relatives moved him out and moved their family in. It now serves them as a home.

CHAPTER XVI

"NILEOMETERS"

ON THE banks of the Nile you will find wells with gages on their sides, which show by the depth of the water in the wells, how high the water is in the river. Perhaps, by offering you a few items and incidents from my travels in the country, I may provide you with a gage with which to measure Egypt.



The donkey is the national beast in Egypt. He carries a 200-pound tourist easier than could a horse. Every donkey has a boy, and the boy belongs to the donkey—not the donkey to the boy.

Egyptian children do not have to bother their heads about schools and vacations. This is fortunate because from the way some of the urchins were scratching, I am convinced that their heads are apt to be bothered enough, by other matters. There are no public schools. There are some private schools, where the wealthy force their sons to learn to read the Koran, the Moham-medan bible. Few girls are sent to school. The top schools are for the education of Moslem priests. Some technical schools have been established. The statement

about the children being free from school worries, applies to ninety-three per cent of them. Only four per cent of the people now living in Egypt can read and write.

Did you ever see a goat climb a tree? Well, I had to come to Egypt to witness that feat. I was going along the bank of

an irrigation canal, one day, when my attention was called to a goat, fifteen feet from the ground, on a willow tree leaning out over the canal, quietly picking the leaves from the tree and chewing them with a grave, philosophic expression on his bearded face. I did not have a camera with me. "What game you see when you have no gun!" Goats and sheep are watched by the children. There seem to be more goats than sheep—and nearly all the goats are black, while only about one-half of the sheep are dark brown or black. It is no distinction to be a "black sheep" in Egypt, and the children associate with goats so much of the time, it is no wonder they "butt in" whenever there is a chance to beg a piece of money.

The Nile River, including its two branches, the White and Blue Nile, is more than 4,000 miles long. It is the longest river in the world and the only big river that flows north. Eight hundred miles of it runs north thru Egypt. It "peters out." For several months in summer, all the water is used before reaching its mouths. It differs from all other large streams by having more water at its source (Lake Victoria Nyanza on the equator, to which I shall refer in other chapters), than it has when it empties into the Mediterranean Sea. All the people in Egypt live on its banks, or along the canals which draw the water from the river. The widest part of the valley, south of Cairo, is not more than five miles. North of Cairo, you have the delta, shaped like an open fan, the widest sector being ninety miles across. This delta is watered by the canals leading from the three mouths of the Nile, north of Cairo. The balance of Egypt is a desert where it never rains. Once in a century there is a cloudburst.

I left Luxor one morning, by boat for Assuan, 130 miles up the Nile. I sent my photographer by train. I stopped at Edfu to visit a temple. Edfu has a population of 20,000 Egyptians (Arab and negroes, mixed), not counting the donkeys. The houses have no roofs on them. It never rains; at any rate, the oldest inhabitant never got wet except when he fell in the river. The news feature of the story is that it not only rained while I was riding from the temple to the boat,



This is what happens when it rains on a country "where it never rains." When an altogether unexpected rain and hail storm struck Assuan, the people ran into their roofless houses and ran right out again. Many of the walls crumbled and left groups of women and children hovering about the ruins of their homes.

thru the town, but it also hailed! I have been thru earthquakes and witnessed big fires, but I never saw 20,000 people, all on the street at one time, rush into roofless buildings, then rush out again; cry, yell, fall down and many drop to their knees in prayer, facing in the direction of Mecca. They were sure the world had come to an end. I was mighty sure that I was soaked and cold, and my donkey wobbled and slipped so much, I got off and walked. However, what I witnessed was nothing compared with my photographer's experience. His train was stopped by a washout near Assuan; a veritable cloudburst back in the hills a thousand feet high, sent the water rushing down to wash away many villages. The mud homes crumbled like card houses. When the immense volume of water reached the valley, it destroyed all crops, filled up all irrigation ditches, drowned scores of persons, washed out miles of railroad track, upset cars, drowned cattle, camels, sheep and goats, and cut a great gash in the levee on the bank of the Nile. It took four days to get the railroad track in place again. Nothing except

a revolution could have caused as great an excitement in Egypt as did this "news story."

The inhabitants of any country in the world interest me very much. I am especially interested in the race to which they belong, their religion and what they do, eat and wear. There are 14,000,000 people in Egypt. In the north end, or delta part, where two-thirds of them live, they are Asiatic-African. South of Cairo, they are African-Asiatic. The north end was first settled by Oriental, or brown races from the East. The south end was first settled by equatorial Africans, or blacks. The people of Egypt today represent a mixture of about 50-50, brown and black, which produces a race different from any other country in the world, in habits and color. In the United States we approach a similar condition thru our mixture of north European white, and Mediterranean white bloods, which gives a white nationality quite distinct from both the ancestral strains. The 50 per cent negro blood, and the hot climate suited to the blacks in Egypt, makes them a happy-



Another view of the havoc worked by a rainstorm in the Assuan district where they tell you that "it never rains."

go-lucky race, and you soon quit pitying them. No other climate or condition would suit them. There is no middle class, therefore no competition. There are only the very rich at the top, representing 5 per cent with their families, and 90 per cent at the bottom, who never have or save anything. This 90 per cent represents the taxpayers, as the rich buy immunity with bribes to public officials. The other 5 per cent are employed by the government. While the British ran the government, the rich paid some taxes, but now they have a king of their own and the poor must foot the bills.

The fellahin, or common people, do all the work. They do the work and the rich and the government do them, and all combine to do the foreigner and tourist. Egypt is a purely agricultural country. The fellahin live in villages with walls around them to keep the flood waters of the Nile from washing their mud houses away. The Jews did not like Egypt because they were not farmers. That is the reason why the Jews withdrew and my own notion about it is that the Egyptians were glad to see them go, as there was nothing for them to do, if they remained, but live off of the work of others. The fellahin all work all the time, because they raise two and three crops each year. They know nothing about the 8-hour day and if they got Saturday afternoon off, they'd go to work. To be sure, few of them work very hard. The women work on the crops; the children herd the goats and sheep, raise the chickens and do the general work. As good Mohammedans, the women do not object to dividing one man among several of them. As the Moslem religion forbids the use of alcohol, the men never beat their wives. They live largely on vegetables and cereals. The children are raised on goat milk. The cows give little milk, as they work them with oxen in the fields. There are no fences, and all live stock, including donkeys and camels which are common, are herded. The fellahin nearly all wear the same sort of clothing; the children wear little or nothing, the women, a long black mother-hubbard looking dress, while the men wear long drawers and an outer garment that looks like a homemade nightshirt. Their headgear is a turban and they



There is nothing attractive about an Egyptian village. Its mud walls are built for protection against flood water rather than against enemies, and the villagers live their lives fighting to keep water off or on their lands.

go barefooted. Few of them sleep in beds; most of them use a mat on the earth floor of their roofless houses.

The donkey is a national character in Egypt, and should be inscribed on her coat-of-arms. Nothing could take the place of the slow, patient, sure-footed, stubborn and strong little beasts of burden. Surely they are strong! They carry a 200-pound man or woman easier than could a horse. Every donkey has a "boy" (full-grown man) and the boy belongs to the donkey, not the donkey to the boy. The ambition of every donkey boy is to get a white woman on the donkey he belongs to and convince the woman that the donkey is dangerous, so that he can hold the woman or girl on, with at least one arm, and sometimes two. One morning on the Nile, at a stop called Beni-Hassen, I did not go ashore. I heard an awful racket—something like a Yukon River dog fight. I rushed to the other side of the boat to learn the cause. Here, on the dock, all mixed up and scrambling for saddles, about forty boys were fighting. It seems they had saddled their donkeys before the boat docked. Each boy had put a woman's saddle on his

donkey, hoping to draw a female passenger whom he would have to hold on, and the fatter the better. The riot began when only a few women appeared and there was not a man's saddle on a single donkey. Of course, it was better than nothing, to have a man, and the rush was to get a man's saddle and get back to the donkey before all the possible customers were provided for. Their motto was, "Ladies First." The etiquette of the Nile is up to date.

Bakshish—"Give me something!" I remember some years ago asking a small boy from the United States whom I met in South America, if he knew what the word "mannana" (tomorrow) meant. He answered: "Yes, it's a word in common use." Bakshish is so common among the Egyptians that after awhile you never hear it. Personally, I believe that as a religious race, they are used to asking everything of "Allah",



Brick making was one of the causes of trouble between the Hebrew children and the Egyptians. Today, the native uses the same method in making his sun-dried brick as was used in the time of Moses. The green mud is packed in a crude mold and then turned out on the ground to dry.



Nile rivermen are pastmasters in sailing these graceful craft, even when the boats are heavily loaded and there is scarcely any breeze.

their God, and as prayers are seldom answered, they are used to getting little or nothing. It is strictly an Oriental custom. I have seen the entire population of a village on the Nile, running along the bank, one hundred yards from the boat, calling "bakshish," old and young, dogs, goats and donkeys—the people all shouting, "bakshish!" altho it was impossible to throw them anything. In the case referred to, it was more a form of salutation than begging. We must not forget that Mohammed ordered charity as necessary to a life hereafter, and the Egyptian never fails to give you a chance to be saved. A few years ago, with Mrs. Boyce, I was passing thru the Suez Canal. At Port Said, Egypt, our ship came up to the dock. A naked little boy, about 6 years old, spotted my wife and called, "Bakshish." Not getting a favorable reply, he called out in

broken English: "Fadder and modder dead, belly empty." This brought a quarter—and every beggar within a mile. The government here advises tourists not to contribute, but claims it is helpless and cannot stop the nuisance. However, I don't believe they want to, as much of the taxes they collect from the very poor would not be forthcoming without "bakshish." The cradle song is, "bakshish—bakshish."

Sometimes I am fully convinced that the negro blood in Egypt is more than 50 per cent. I am so familiar with the habits and customs in every country in Africa that I feel justified in my conclusion. Take the universal Ethiopian habit of singing or chanting at his work, where two or more are engaged on the same job. They dread working alone. One of the jobs in Egypt where they are frequently alone, is on a "one-man pump." This pump is simply a bucket on the end of a pole, balanced across another pole, with a weight at the opposite end of the pole to which the bucket is attached, having the same effect as a teeter board or "sweep" on a well. When the water for irrigation from the Nile or canal is not lifted over six or seven feet, one man operates it. In order not to be lonesome he ties several tin cans to his pole, so



Judged by standards of the western world, these Egyptian children lead miserable lives. However, they seem to be as happy as children in other countries.

they will rattle and keep him company. Take the rowers in a boat; they couldn't pull the oars in unison if they did not chant together. The fellahin in the field work close together and sing. The common chant is, "Alice, Al-i-ce"—"God help us." They get an answer to this prayer for the chanting helps them in their work.

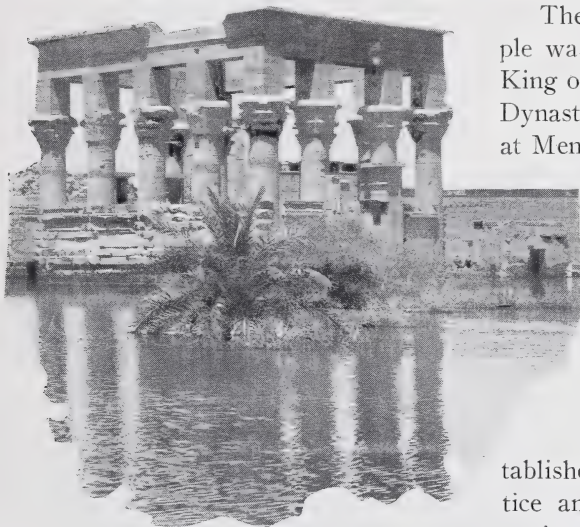
It cannot be said that the men are born on the water, as it could truthfully be written about other Oriental races—like the Chinese, Japanese and coast inhabitants of India. The Egyptian, being a Mohammedan, leaves his wives at home in his harem, even if it is only a one-woman harem. But as boatsmen on the Nile, they are perfect. They will sail their "falucke," a boat with one sail, or their "kayce" boat with two or more sails, in any direction with little wind, at any time, loaded to the water's edge with cargo or passengers, or both, following a given course as truly as could be done by a steam or gas boat. Only thousands of years of inherited training produce such efficiency. The railroad that runs along the banks of the Nile, cannot compete for local or thru native traffic. The prettiest sight on the Nile is a fleet of these white wings spread out like gulls before the setting sun, or on a moonlight night. They usually tie up at night and go ashore and cook the simple meal of vegetables and corn, then lie down and go to sleep. They suffer from the cold for about three months in the winter. There are no labor troubles or strikes, but they are happy just the same.

For one thousand miles on each side of the Nile, the date palm grows, and in the fall bears a bounteous crop of ripe fruit. I have always been very fond of the dates we receive in the United States from the Nile. But never again! I saw them pack these dates in the mats in which we receive them in this country. It reminded me of the western Pennsylvania Dutch making sauer kraut, when I was a boy. The cabbage was cut up and put in a tub, then young girls took their shoes off and tramped the kraut. But to see a lot of dirty Arabs, with unwashed bare feet, tramp the juice out of the ripe dates, smoking and chewing at the same time, cured me of the date habit.

CHAPTER XVII

TEMPLES OF EGYPT

THE Temples of Egypt, famed for their singular beauty and extraordinary dimensions, were erected, so far as known, during the Dynastic period, which began 7,792 years ago according to some writers, and at a later period according to others.



Pharaoh's Bed, a part of the temple of Philæ, which stands on an island in the Nile near Assuan.

The oldest known temple was erected by Menes, King of Egypt, in the First Dynasty, whose capital was at Memphis. The first temple erected at Memphis was dedicated by the King to the god, Ptah, or the "father of gods," "The Creator of His Own Image." Ptah is said to have es-

tablished everlasting justice and to have acted in conjunction with Osiris, who became, after death, lord of the underworld and

judge of the dead. Most of the temples everywhere in Egypt have been preserved, added to, embellished or destroyed by succeeding kings or later dynasties. Particularly active in this field was Rameses II, called "The Builder," who constructed or rebuilt more of the temples of Egypt than any other of its kings, and on many of those which he did not build, he left evidence of his genius and ability. His reign was in the Twelfth

Dynasty, 4,289 years ago, the zenith of ancient Egyptian power.

The temples at Memphis have now been destroyed and the stone taken for building purposes at Cairo and elsewhere.

Of the temples built during the earlier dynasties very little remains. They have generally been restored by the kings of the Twelfth Dynasty, which began about 4,300 years ago, and later dynasties. Their use seemed to be similar to the purposes for which we build the great cathedrals of today.

Generally, the temple consisted of: First, pylons (gateways) and the outer walls which served to enclose the temple property and offered the kings a billboard on which to advertise their greatness; second, an open courtyard; third, great halls, or colonnades lined with imposing columns, and, fourth, a shrine or shrines within a room called the "Holy of Holies," a place entered only by the king, who claimed the attributes of a god, and the High Priests of the temple. The shrines could be cut off from the rest of the temple and a number of the chambers evidently were intended for statuary of the king, the gods and, sometimes, the queens and princesses.

In some of the temples, the pylons were approached by a broad roadway on each side of which were arranged, at intervals, stone figures with human heads, rams' heads, or lion heads. The temple of Karnak, near Luxor, was approached thru a row of such figures, more than a mile in length. Many of the figures still are there in place.

The pylons, sometimes two and sometimes four, consist of high, massive towers, built with sides sloping toward the top, and, generally, are of great height, some of them being seventy-five feet high. They were decorated on the outside with hieroglyphics cut in the stone, or paintings commemorative of the exploits of the king, his campaigns in war, or other important events of his reign, thus constantly keeping before his people, his power and nobility. The inner walls of both pylons and temples were also decorated in like manner, with this difference: The minor decorations were generally devoted to the gods, to offerings and to religious ceremonies which took place in the temple. A noted exception to this rule



The pylon, or gateway, into an old temple. This is an especially fine example of the hieroglyphic records left by the ancient Egyptian kings to tell their history and glory.

is in the Ramesseum, built at Thebes by Rameses II. On its inner walls he has shown some of his battle scenes.

One of the scenes frequently found on the outer walls of the pylons is that of the king holding by the hair of their heads numbers of his captives in one hand while in the other he holds an implement with which to smite them. This picture is called, "The King Smiting His Enemies." The expression on the face of the smiter and the smitten seems, however, to be much the same.

The temple at Abydos is held to be, by many, the oldest extant, and, certainly, in the interior, it has been best preserved. In this temple was found, in hieroglyphics, the names of seventy of the kings of Egypt and the numbers of the dynasties in which they reigned. Here, also, they claim Osiris, "the



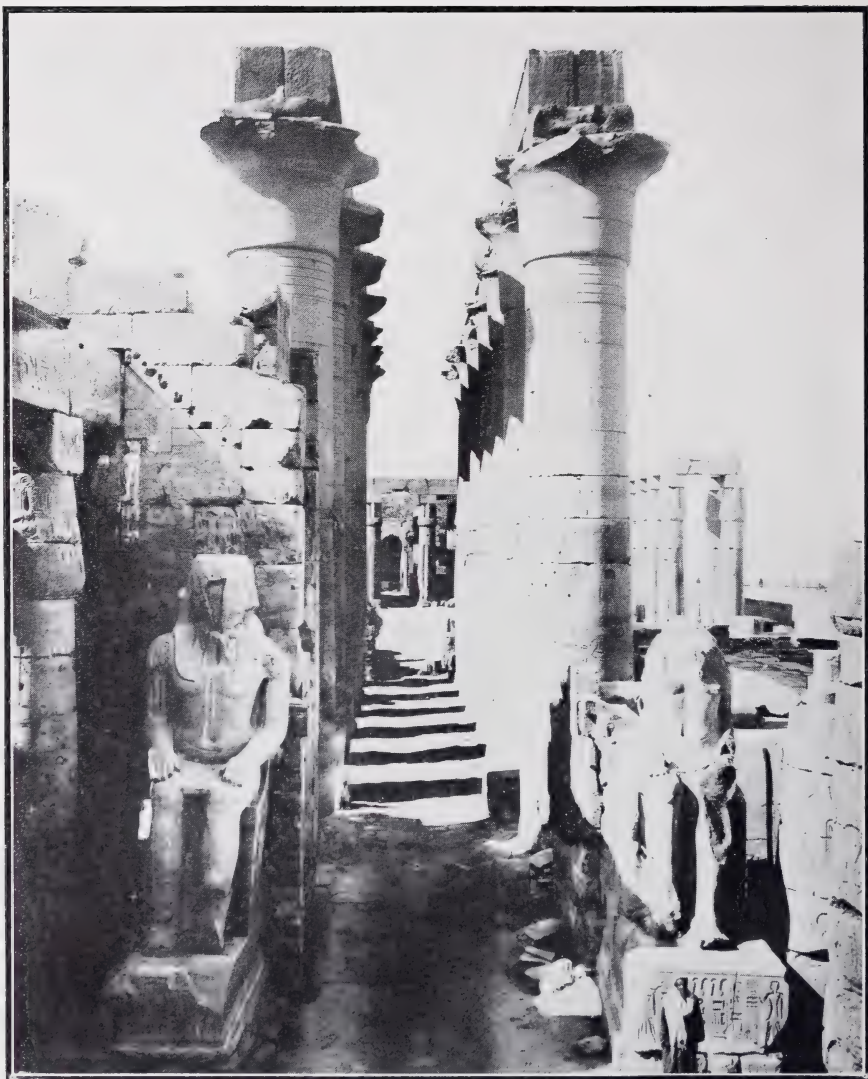
Statues of Rameses II at Luxor. Known as "The Builder," this king erected more temples and monuments than any other pharaoh. His favorite theme was himself and he was the greatest advertiser in Egyptian history.

judge of the dead," was buried, and for that reason the dead were brought from all parts of Egypt, so they might be buried, or lie in state for a time, near their god and thereby receive his favor in the other world. In the temple of the Remesseum, there was erected a colossal statue of Rameses II. It is now fallen and broken, but before its defacement it stood fifty-seven feet high, weighed a thousand tons and was cut from a single block of red granite from the quarries of Assuan, transported more than one hundred miles and set in place, God knows how! Statues of this king may be found in nearly all the temples. The one of this kind found at Memphis was of limestone, forty-two feet high, and was discovered by Caviglia in 1820.

This king, Rameses II, was in the habit of appropriating the material used by others in erecting temples of his own, and, in many instances, is said even to have chiseled out the record made by the king who erected the temple and had recorded thereon his own deeds, real or imaginary. These Egyptian kings appear to have been as temperamental as present-day grand opera stars, and for that reason the Egyptian billboards were constantly being changed, one king trying to obliterate the evidence of another king's greatness.

This fact evidently was known to the son and successor of Rameses II, Rameses III, for during the latter's reign he erected his own temple near that of his father, and the hieroglyphics appearing thereon were chiseled into the stone more than twice as deep as those in other temples, thus saying to his successor: "You cannot efface my record without destroying my temple. I learned a good lesson from my dad."

Pharaoh's Bed, on the Island of Philæ, is a wonderful piece of workmanship, as is the whole temple of which it forms a part. This temple stands on an island two miles south of Assuan. It is covered with water for three months of the year, owing to the building of a dam eighty-five feet in height, one and a half miles down the Nile. This dam raises the water at flood time, to within sixteen feet of the highest point of the temple. The fear that the action of the water would destroy



One of the entrances to the Lotus Column Court of the Temple of Luxor.

the temple almost defeated the building of the dam. The island on which the temple had been erected was deeded by the king in perpetuity for use of the temple for religious purposes. This deed is inscribed on a stone twenty feet square, which is built into one of the walls of the temple, and is one of the noted curiosities of Egypt.

The temples and other buildings erected at Kom Ombo were among the most striking in Egypt. Discoveries were first made at this point by Maspero, in 1882, and, later, excavations were made by M. de Morgan in 1893-4. Amenophis I and Tethmois III, kings of the Eighteenth Dynasty (the Eighteenth Dynasty began about 3,300 years ago) made repairs on these temples, which were in existence in their day. Cut in bold relief in stone on a panel in the wall, is a full set of surgical instruments, such as surgeons use today. I visited this panel with a doctor, who said that he could perform almost any operation with the "tools" shown there. The crocodile was, at one time, worshiped at Kom Ombo.

At Denderah is located the Temple of Hathor, "the lady of the underworld," also called the "goddess of joy" and "goddess of love and loveliness." Nearly all the decorations of the temple have been destroyed or defaced by Christian Copts; with but few exceptions, all the faces are gone and all the glory has passed, and, like so many living goddesses, these granite ones have paid for their splendors. On its walls is engraved the form of one of the Cleopatras, and, tho in the presence of deity and in the presence of her son, Cæsarion, her face in profile has in it nothing of sadness. It is suggestive of self-complacency, cruelty and sensuality—and utterly devoid of anything suggesting divinity. She seems to say, "I know at the altar of what god I worship."

Edfu, the newest temple, stands not far from El-Kab, once the capital of Upper Egypt, 2,170 years ago, and completed only fifty-seven years before the birth of Christ. The building of it took more than one hundred and eighty years. It is said to be the best preserved monument of all the antique world. It has towers seventy feet high and walls 450 feet

long. In its proportions, it is supreme above all other Egyptian temples. Edfu is known as the house divine of "the Hidden One."

From shortly after the last dynasty, about 2,260 years ago, the inscriptions on these great temples remained unread and were not translated until after the discovery made in August, 1799, near the town of Rosetta, in Lower Egypt, by an officer of engineers in the French Army, then occupying the country. This discovery was of a stone tablet, written in duplicate, hieroglyphics and Greek, since known as the Rosetta Stone. It is now in the British Museum at London. The Greek was easily read, and the hieroglyphics then deciphered, as I have explained in a previous chapter.

The architectural and engineering ability of these early Egyptians is one of the wonders of the world. The temples have passed down to the present day the history of thousands of years ago. The hieroglyphics were really, as we know, a



One of the series of columns in the Lotus Column Court at Luxor. These are splendid examples of the distinctively Egyptian pillars, so prevalent in these great temples.



In the great temple of Karnak. More than 60 acres have been excavated and it is now believed that further excavations will show that this famous temple covered no fewer than 200 acres.

written language. These temples, after the Mohammedans took Egypt, were occupied as sites for villages. The houses were built of sun-dried bricks and lasted only a few years. The next house was built on the same site and over the ruins of its predecessor, so, gradually, the temples were filled with rubbish and wrecked mud houses until the accumulation of debris completely filled and finally covered the temple walls. It has been necessary to do an incredible amount of excavating.

It is pertinent, perhaps, to say that there are so many different spellings for the same proper name, place or temple, by different authorities and historians, and so much confusion in dates, I have used the dates and spellings used and given by the keeper of the Egyptian Antiquities of the British Museum.



Native Egyptian boys and girls in the shadow of Kirshah Temple, on the walls of which hieroglyphics stand out almost as plainly today as they did when first cut in the stone centuries ago. Water is the all important thing in Egypt, hence the water-bottles.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE "FREE SLAVE" AND POLITICAL FACTORS

IN EGYPT we find a most interesting paradox—the *Free Slave*. It is a unique example of a people called on to choose between forced and voluntary slavery. Which is the better—slavery with its system of protection of property, the

human chattel being fed, doctored and clothed (all any one gets in this world) by the owner, or to be free to starve, suffer and sicken when out of a job, and to come finally to a pauper's grave? Without work or health, your family is scattered more surely than in slavery. It is a question as old as the human race, debated in all ages, often with the arguments of armed force. And yet the question is more academic than real, for in the last analysis no man is free; we are all the slaves of circumstances, or, as the proposition is stated in the Book of Genesis, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, until



Slaves of the water-pump.

thou return unto the ground." Man is free only to work.

Out of the 14,000,000 Arab-negroes in Egypt there are 13,500,000 free slaves, called fellahin or fellahs. We have heard of "freed" slaves, but not of "free" slaves. I will explain what I mean by "free slaves" in Egypt. It is the only large country in the world, with millions of people, completely dependent upon irrigation to live. Let there be low water for one season in the Nile, and the suffering of the people is something terrible. The manufacturing activities amount to nothing. There are no public works, except when the poor people (who always pay all the taxes in every country in the world) pay out, in taxes, one dollar for every 25 cents that comes back to them in public improvements. The political bosses at the top take 75 per cent for their share. There is no coal or iron, or other ores; no timber, or power, or oil.

The free slaves in Egypt are chained, so to speak, to the hand pump. Water must reach the fields from the canals or the River Nile—or the people will starve. They must raise two or three crops of vegetables a year, or starve. They grow every kind of vegetable you can think of; also oranges and dates. Very seldom do they eat meats; most of them are vegetarians. Of course, wheat, corn, oats, and alfalfa do very well in small hand-worked fields; we would call them "patches." I did not see a single harvesting machine in all Egypt. Hand labor is cheaper than machine work. The only products exported from Egypt are cotton and sugar. Both do exceedingly well, especially cotton, which is of a very long fiber and in great demand in England, but they can't eat cotton, so the crop is limited.

One out of every three men in Egypt is engaged, on an average, the year round, getting water onto the land. This, notwithstanding the fact that part of the time the overflow of the Nile gives them a respite from the hand pumps. This overflow brings down in the waters from the Sudan and Abyssinia a rich mud which acts as a fertilizer; otherwise the people would starve, as they would have no money to meet the expenses of

revitalizing the soil. The overflow also fills up the canals and ditches, and the pump holes along the canals and Nile, and that is where free slavery works badly. Nobody wants to clean out this deposit. It is another instance of "everybody's business is nobody's business." Up to the time that the English took hold as advisors to the Egyptian government, this work was forced, and it had to be forced with the whip. Now, many of the felahs, either from ignorance or indolence, neglect to remove this deposit, and, of course, get no water on their land, and the inevitable poor crop or complete failure is blamed on the government.

The persistent all-absorbing question, in Egypt, is irrigation. The population has doubled since the British, forty years ago, put white brains and engineering into this problem. They have developed a system of dams and canals that prevents much of the water from reaching the Mediterranean Sea, except in flood season. The ideal situation is one yet to be attained, where no Nile water reaches the Mediterranean Sea.

The Nile is the longest river in the world, if its two branches

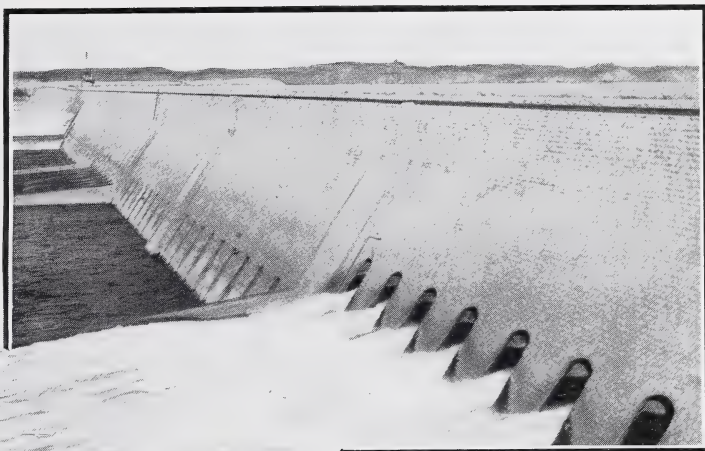


A family of Bisharin tribesmen, before its hut, near Assuan. This tribe dwells in the most southerly portion of Upper Egypt.

—the White and Blue Nile—are included. It is, also, the only large river in the world that flows north. It grows smaller as it approaches its mouths. Except for three months in the year the water completely disappears before it gets to the Mediterranean Sea. In fact, earth dams are constructed each year in the dry season to keep the Mediterranean Sea out of the delta country. As I shall discuss in detail the sources of the Nile in subsequent chapters dealing with the Sudan, for the present I shall consider it only from Wadi Halfa, where it enters Egypt, north or below Khartum, to its mouth.

From Wadi Halfa to Assuan, or Aswan, there is a drop of only 110 feet in 230 miles. Here, at Assuan, the British put in one of the greatest dams in the world. The Egyptian government paid for it in long-term bonds. This dam backs the water up the Nile for 200 miles. The reader will note that there is a fall of only 110 feet in 230 miles. However, the country is a desert and the river banks are high, so that slight overflow damages, except to villages, occurred thru the building of the dam at Assuan, tho it is 85 feet high.

Now I always thought, and I know it is the belief of the general public, that this great dam, 6,600 feet long, 26 feet wide at the top and 82 feet wide at the bottom, was built to store flood water. Nothing of the sort! Its 180 gates are kept open during the flood months of August, September and October. The full storage capacity of this great dam is equal to only one and one-half days' flood water. A dam costing \$25,000,000 never would have been built for thirty-six hours' water storage. It is built on a granite foundation. The engineering is perfect, and it will remain there for a century unless destroyed by earthquakes. The real object, which has been a wonderful success, was the holding back of water in seasons of normal flow until it was high behind the dam, then opening the 180 gates and releasing the water in a flood. The sudden release of the stored water raises the River Nile quickly, and fills the canals leading off of the river. Some of these canals are 200 miles long. The valley of the Nile as far north as Cairo, or where the delta



A view of the great dam at Assuan.

country begins, averages only about three miles wide on which the water can be utilized. There are three low dams where water is raised eight feet and these take care of many acres, eliminating the necessity of constant pumping. The dam at Assuan, to my surprise, produces no electric power. The explanation is simple. The river, just below the dam, is narrower by 50 per cent than the length of the dam, hence the water coming down in any considerable volume cannot get away fast enough to prevent it from banking up. Because of this back water at flood time there is only a six-foot head, and this flood period lasts for three months. During the balance of the year the water is raised and lowered suddenly to produce flood conditions down the river, so there is never a dependable head of water.

The delta country between Cairo and the sea is easy to irrigate. It is low and contains two-thirds of the crop area of all Egypt. The water is stored in canals and lakes and the many mouths of the Nile and pumped onto the land as required. The ideal situation will come when ways and means are found to use all the flood water at the time required for crops.

As for Egypt increasing its population, that is practically impossible, as nearly every available acre is now used—and nothing more can be grown, to eat. Like India, it is a finished proposition so far as population is concerned. In the future births and deaths must balance. What will happen, no one can foresee. The big cities like Cairo, Alexandria and Port Said may grow, but there really is nothing to support them, except tourists. That sort of an industrial future which would demand great masses of man power in the manufacturing of products which might be traded in the marts of the world for the food essential to maintaining a greater population, is, it seems, a physical impossibility. Industrially, always there is some factor to success that is conspicuous by its absence.

Cairo, the capital and chief city of Egypt, has a population of 500,000. It has many wealthy Egyptians and numerous big houses, with great tropical gardens hidden behind high, solid stone walls, where the veiled women of the harems are permitted to stroll. At the gates are stationed the ever-present eunuchs to watch over their wealthy masters' plural domestic problems. You will see many veiled women riding along the drives in imported French limousines. The spread between the rich and poor is very wide, just as in every Oriental country. There is no middle class, such as makes up the backbone and sensible element in Europe and America. Only in white countries do we find the intelligent middle class that balances the hostile extremes of society and saves the day for posterity.

Egypt is Oriental in thought and religion, yet she is trying western or European business methods, and an impossible condition exists. Thinking one way and acting another won't work. Originally, the delta country was settled by brown men, mostly Arabs from the East, who lived by irrigation along the Euphrates and Tigris Rivers, in what is now Persia. They worked up the Nile until they met the black men from Central Africa, when the fusion of the bloods began. Today, the Egyptian is a mongrel, part brown and part black. The negro blood has lowered the mentality of the brown man, but it has



The donkey is the most useful animal in Egypt, and the water-seller is the most necessary business man.

made him more peaceable so that he has lost the war-like, nomadic traits of the Arab, and is naturally of a yielding disposition which reconciles him to a state of servitude. Of course, a country where there is black blood, must be bossed from the top.

The woman in Egypt, outside of the rich man's harem, has a hard lot. She is treated no better than a donkey, which her husband will ride while she walks behind with a bundle or basket on her head, with a child in her arms and with the other children running along at her side. She is married at the age of 13 or 14, and is middle-aged by the time she is 20. She does her share of the work in the field while keeping house

and raising her children. The Mohammedan religion tells her that that is her place, and she keeps it. Of course, the one-room mud hut, without a roof or floor, doesn't require much tidying up. She has three holidays in her life—birth, wedding and funeral. The children herd the sheep and goats; there are no pigs in a Mohammedan country, as the Mohammedan does not eat pork.

The most useful animal is the donkey. Next in utility is the camel in dry weather and on dry land; the camel cannot stand up where it is wet or slippery, therefore, even if the camel gets a hump on himself, the humble donkey beats him out for the honor of being the more serviceable. The cattle are of the



With such an incongruous "team" as this, and an antiquated wooden plow, the fellahin somehow manages to prepare his fields for seeding.

water-buffalo breed; good workers on the plow, but poor milkers. The nanny goat is the family cow. Goats and sheep are raised, mostly to sell in order to get the money for taxes and rents. Such is the domestic life of the fellahin!

The people are governed to death. The tax collector is present at every turn. The Egyptian government, by Egyptians, has not improved since Moses and the children of Israel made their getaway; neither has their mode of living changed. They just could not exist any other way—it is not in the breed or blood.

The last "king" of Egypt was a queen—Queen Cleopatra. Rome took over the country thirty years before Christ, and now, for the first time in 1,900 years, Egypt again has a king and is an independent country. King Fuad I is a descendant of Mohammed Ali, the Turkish governor who, 125 years ago, started to grab Egypt for himself. He seems to have succeeded as his family has been in power ever since. King Fuad I has strong opposition. He was selected by the British, who, it is said, also framed the constitution and turned the government over to him. The first Parliament was elected by the opposi-

tion, and, after they had been sworn in under the old one, they proceeded to change the constitution.

Said Zaghlul Pasha, the leader of the opposition, had been banished from the country, but got back on his promise to be loyal to King Fuad I. Zaghlul's popularity rests with the Mohammedan church, and, of course, the church reaches the common people. The right to vote is based on a property qualification; if it were on an educational test, only 5 per cent could vote. It is said that 2,000,000 ballots were cast at the first election. Most of the donkeys in Egypt must have voted. I am informed by Americans who were interested spectators of the first Egyptian election, that they are convinced ballot box stuffing in the United States, when it was most in vogue, was a lost art.

The first real crisis for the new government came in November, 1924, when anti-British radicals assassinated Sir Lee Stack, governor general of the Sudan and Sirdar of the

Egyptian army. Great Britain acted promptly and for a time it looked as if she would again take full charge of Egypt's affairs. Egypt paid an indemnity, and promised to see that the assassins were speedily punished. In May, 1925, nine men were placed

on trial for this violence.

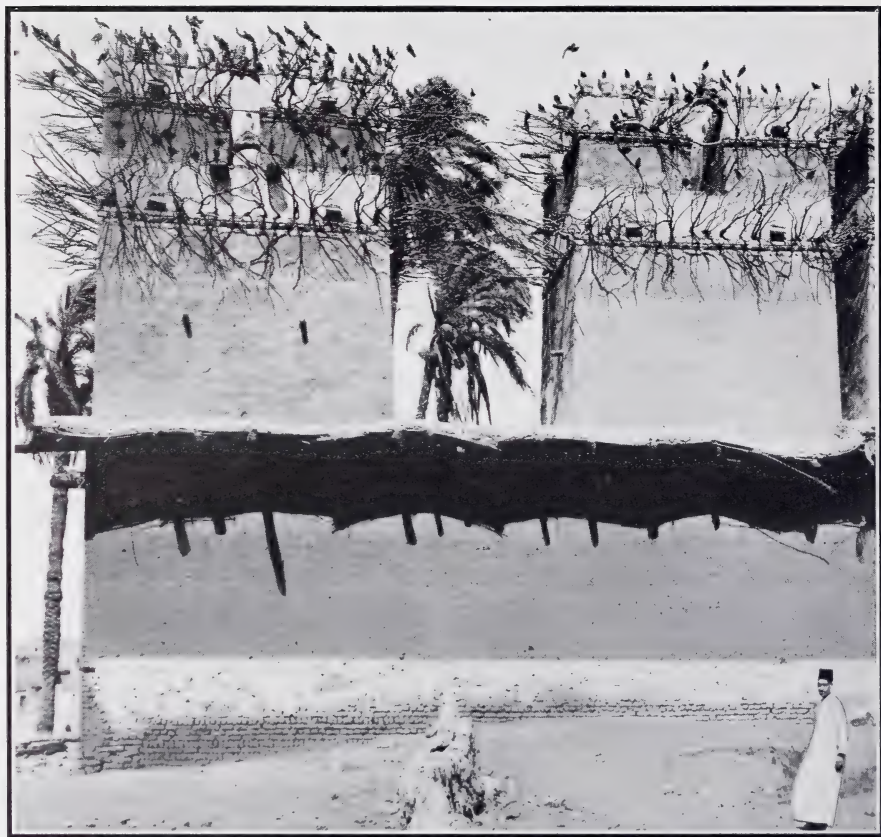
Two brothers, A. F. Enayet and A. H. Enayet, and Ibrahim Moussa were sentenced to death. These and four other conspirators were hanged August 22, 1925.

A case that came before the mixed court in Cairo in May, 1925, revealed an American angle



Said Zaghlul Pasha.

to the Egyptian agitation for independence. This case showed that in 1919, the late Joseph W. Folk, once Governor of Missouri, had been retained by the Zaghlul Pasha faction to further the cause of Egyptian independence in the United States. Some of the evidence indicated there was an agreement to pay Folk \$5,000 a month as a propagandist, and \$100,000 if he had to appear before the League of Nations. If



Little attention is paid to renewing the soil. Most of the natives leave that work to the River Nile. A few far-sighted ones, however, put brush construction upon the roofs of their houses to attract pigeons for their manure. The accumulated droppings are used as fertilizer.

his efforts brought independence to Egypt, he was to be paid \$500,000. After Folk's death, his widow sued for \$90,000 as salary and for \$500,000 on the strength of the British declaration of February, 1922, asserting the independence of Egypt. She probably will find it difficult to collect on this claim.

The Egyptian government agrees to pension for life, at half pay, all British employes who lose their jobs, also to permit British soldiers to police the Suez Canal. It is safe to say, this last promise will be kept or the British soon will be back in Egypt. Always remember that neither was the Union Jack put up nor was Egypt ever formally taken over by the British except during the war. The Egyptian banks are owned and backed up by the English banks.

As long as this condition exists, the finances of Egypt will be sound; but let the British bankers pull out, or more likely be put out, and substitute a locally backed money with an Arab-negro governing body, and it would not be long until Egyptian money would be worth about as much as German marks were in 1923.

The state religion is Islam and the laws of the church forbid the use of alcohol. Yet the question remains: Will Egypt go dry? France and Greece claim perpetual rights to sell liquor. All other Mohammendan countries are dry.

In Egypt, the transportation question is simple and easy, as long as it does not require steam or electric power. The



The late Sir Lee Stack, who was assassinated in Cairo, in November, 1924. He was Sirdar of the Egyptian Army.

Arab-negro is not a natural mechanic. The railroads are unreliable, accidents are frequent, and the cars always dirty. The rate per mile is five cents. But when it comes to traveling by camel, donkey or sailboat, 10,000 years of practice and experience have developed something approximating perfection.

A white man's government's ultimate aim is to produce a system of courts and laws which will render equal justice to all. The Orientals or colored races do not have the same point of

view regarding justice. They think of it as something bought and sold, or traded for; just as a commodity which they buy and sell in the market. All cases before native or local judges are "arranged" and "decided" before they are started. Sometimes, the courts do not stay bought. The whites have their own courts. There is a U. S. judge attached to the United States legation and he decides disputes between Americans, and so, also, the British and French, and other



Seven Egyptians were hanged for their part in the assassination of Sir Lee Stack. One of them, Ibrahim Moussa, is shown in this picture as he was led from the court room after being sentenced to death. The conspirators were executed August 22, 1925.

countries, have their own courts, known as consulate courts. Then there are the mixed white courts which handle disputes or lawsuits arising in Egypt between citizens of different white countries.

In the United States we have a number of organized associations of bootleggers, but not yet incorporated. Profits from bootlegging are regularly scheduled in the income tax report. In Egypt there are regularly incorporated societies of perjurers, who are legally recognized by the courts, and whose business it is to manufacture evidence and swear to lies. At first it seemed impossible that such an institution should exist and be recognized by the courts, but we must remember that we have, in the United States, some "expert" witnesses, who will swear for either side that pays them and swear to anything for which they are paid.

Egypt is divided into fourteen provinces. The governor is called a mudir. There are, also, five territories governed by the secretary of the interior thru local governors. The provinces and territories make it easier to collect the taxes. Justice (?) is, of course, bought and sold. Don't forget that this is an Oriental country.

The population from so-called white countries, now in Egypt, is placed at 155,000; this includes 55,000 Greeks, of whom not more than 20 per cent are pure white. My judgment is, that of the 14,000,000 people in Egypt not more than 100,000 are pure white, and they are decreasing since the British are leaving.

Egypt has an area of 570,000 square miles, making it twice the size of the State of Texas. Only 2 per cent of its acreage can be irrigated, yet 14,000,000 people live off of this comparatively insignificant productive area. Cairo, the one big city in Egypt—and the same conditions obtain in other cities and towns—is too low to have sewerage and, consequently, is unhealthy. The great mortality among children keeps down the population so there is enough food to go around. There are 550 mosques in Cairo and 2,000 in all Egypt. The funds



A street scene in Alexandria, the most important port along the African coast of the Mediterranean Sea.

controlled by the church and left by devout Moslems, create a menace at all times to the government, as the church laws have precedent over all others and really are supreme. Cairo, being the capital, is under the rule of the 550 mosques.

Port Said, at the Mediterranean end of the Suez Canal, boasts the questionable distinction of being the wickedest city in the world. It is the jumping off point for three continents; Africa, Asia and Europe. Just as you find the dirty water of a stream along the shore, so you find the human scum of three continents at Port Said. Before the Suez Canal was built, Port Said was nothing but a sand pile. Today it has a population of 70,000, with several thousand transients.

Great Britain's chief interest in Egypt is the Suez Canal, connecting the Mediterranean Sea with the Red Sea, and reducing the trade route from Europe to the Far East by about 6,000 miles. Construction work on this canal began in 1859 and it was formally opened to traffic in November, 1869. From Port Said, at the Mediterranean end of the canal, to Suez, the southern terminus on the Gulf of Suez, is 100 miles. The Panama Canal is fifty miles long. The cost of the Suez Canal, up to the time it was opened to traffic, was a little more than \$100,000,000. The cost of the Panama Canal when it opened for traffic, was \$366,650,000. These figures are the costs of actual work on the Canals and do not include large sums spent in preparatory work.

Ferdinand de Lesseps, backed by French capital, built the Suez Canal in the face of strong opposition from the British, who later secured enough stock to give them control, and the French lost interest in the proposition. M. de Lesseps' task, when compared with the problems in the construction of the Panama Canal, was comparatively simple. By using the shallow lakes along the route, the work of excavating was reduced to a minimum, and the country traveled by the great ditch was low and comparatively level, being for the most part loose sand, easily removed. The deepest cut required was thru a sand ridge which was not more than 60 feet above sea level. The minimum depth of the canal is 31 feet and in its narrowest



A section of the water-front at Port Said.

channels it has a bottom width of 108 feet. In the Gatun locks the Panama Canal has a depth of 45 feet, and its narrowest channel is 300 feet wide. In the Panama Canal, ships are raised almost 85 feet above sea level. No such problem had to be solved in the Suez Canal as it is a sea level proposition. There is but one foot difference between the Mediterranean and Red Sea levels. This leaves the canal without current.

In 1924, there were 5,121 ships that used the Suez Canal. During the same year, 5,230 ships passed thru the Panama Canal, the first time that Panama traffic surpassed, in the number of ships and registered tonnage, the Suez traffic.

Alexandria, on the Mediterranean coast at the western edge of the Nile delta region, is the historic port founded in 332 B. C., by Alexander the Great. During the *régime* of the Ptolemies it prospered and became one of the famous cities of the world. In 30 B. C., the Romans came into power and from the first century of the Christian era, Alexandria began to decline. Both foreign invasions and civil wars reduced its

importance until the nineteenth century. Today, it is a city of more than 350,000 population, the most important port on the African coast of the Mediterranean. There is railroad and canal communication between it and Cairo.

Most of the historic monuments have disappeared, the last to go having been the great Pharos, the old lighthouse which was one of the wonders of the ancient world. A modern lighthouse has been erected near the site of the old one. There is a modern district in Alexandria in which are located the homes of the Europeans. It is beautifully laid out with many attractive homes and buildings. The old town, Mohammedan quarters, is on the tongue of land between the eastern and western harbors. It has the usual narrow, crooked streets and few buildings of outstanding interest.

A bride and groom, with three months in which to go around the world, spent three weeks on the Nile and found it so entrancing that they spent the entire three months going up and down the famous river.

As a tourist play-ground, Egypt is the greatest in the world, and the most expensive. All those who serve the tourists must earn enough in three months to live for twelve months. Egypt produces evidence of being older than the Garden of Eden. Sphinx, pyramids, temples and tombs, all carry you back thousands of years; also the people who have never changed and never can, bespeak a civilization which projects its monotonous existence beyond the oldest pages of written history into the mist-swept colonnades of tradition and myths. The spoken and written language is Arabic. The country belongs to a mixture of brown and black people. Let them have it!



Karnak typifies the status of Egypt—a land of ruins reminiscent of a vanished greatness. Everywhere are the mutilated remains of a fallen civilization. It offers a striking contrast with Tropical Africa where black natives still linger on the border of savagery.

TROPICAL AFRICA

ALONG THE WEST COAST, FROM NIGERIA TO
CONGO RIVER, ANGOLA, FRENCH EQUATO-
RIAL AFRICA, BELGIAN CONGO, TANGAN-
YIKA, NYASALAND, ZANZIBAR, KENYA
AND UGANDA, ANGLO-EGYPTIAN
SUDAN, ABYSSINIA, ERITREA,
SOMILALAND, AND HUNT-
ING BIG GAME



The rulers are supposed to reflect the highest ideals of their people. This bit of "regal splendor" was found in the Niger delta country where she is the ruling power of a native tribe. She appears here in her royal regalia, attended by her official fly-swatter and a page.

TROPICAL AFRICA

CHAPTER I

"THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE"

GEOGRAPHICALLY, the tropics of a continent are those areas between the Tropic of Cancer on the north and the Tropic of Capricorn on the south. Each of these circles of the celestial sphere is 23 degrees and 28 minutes from



The tsetse fly is the scourge of many localities in Tropical Africa. Its bite produces the "sleeping sickness" which has baffled the medical profession.

the Equator. Elevation and other physical factors often produce, in the tropical areas, climatic conditions such as are found in the temperate zones. In dealing with Tropical Africa I have followed closely the geographic limits of the Torrid Zone. However, where the political and commercial relations of countries made it more logical to disregard the geographic boundaries of Tropical Africa, I have not hesitated to ignore them.

The vast area to be dealt with offers an immense amount of material which must, necessarily, be condensed into reasonable space. In order to give the reader an idea of the tropical countries, I have reduced personal experiences to a minimum and tried to present a maximum of facts and descriptions of actual conditions. Personal experiences often are entertaining but, after all, facts are the basis of real information. The reader will understand that when it comes to giving first-hand accounts of big game hunting, for instance, the personal element cannot be eliminated.

These tropical countries will be treated in the sequence in which one encounters them if he starts from England and follows the trade route by way of the Canary Islands down to

Cape Verde. There he is on the farthest west point of the African continent as well as in the farthest north district of what is popularly referred to as the West Coast.

To attempt a discussion of each political division separately would involve encyclopedic detail, much of which would be repetition, since in their climatic, ethnologic and physical aspects the Central African political divisions have many characteristics in common. Reducing general conditions to a common denominator applicable to all, and considering in detail the outstanding differences, is, perhaps, a method of treatment that will eliminate repetition and contribute substantially to clearness and intelligibility. This is especially applicable to the coast districts from Cape Verde to the mouth of the Congo River.

“The Bight of Benin,
The Bight of Benin—
There’s one comes out
Where forty went in.”

So goes an old sailor song, dating back to the days when slave ships called on the West Coast of Africa and remained no longer than necessary to receive the “black ivory” brought to the coast by Africans, who sold men, women and children of their own race into captivity. The Bight of Benin, on the Gulf of Guinea, extends from Cape St. Paul, in the Gold Coast, to Cape Formoso, Nigeria, a distance of 350 miles. But all the West Coast bears its evil reputation as a place of disease and death—“The White Man’s Grave.”

West Africa belongs to Europe—except Liberia, the Ragtime Republic—but none of this great area is white man’s country. Europeans cannot live permanently on the low-lying coast or in the disease-infested forest belt. Beyond the forests, several hundred miles inland, are high plateaus and deserts, where the daily changes in temperature are too extreme for the white man.

The designation, West Africa, is applied to the district lying between 20 degrees and 4 degrees north latitude.

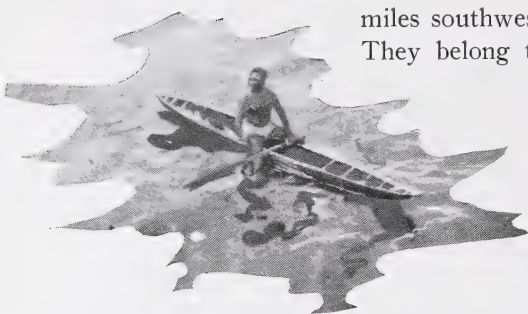
On the north, it is bounded by the Sahara; on the south, by the Gulf of Guinea and French Equatorial Africa, and on the west by the Atlantic Ocean. Boundaries sometimes are rather elusive. A small boy in a Chicago school, when asked to give the boundaries of his city, said: "It's gotta lake to the east, rich folks to the north, poor folks to the west, and a packing house smell to the south." African boundaries are fixed with no more exactness.

Only in recent years has the hinterland of West Africa been brought under European control. Traders, missionaries, soldiers, government—that is a cryptic history of the last five centuries. The Portuguese were the first to explore the coast, in the fifteenth century. Portuguese, Spanish, British, French, Dutch, Swedish and Danish flags flew over coast ports and trading posts during the subsequent three hundred years. In the latter part of the nineteenth century the rivalry of Great Britain, France and Germany for trade and territory resulted in nearly all of West Africa being divided among the three leading European powers. Today it is under the rule of Great Britain and France. Germany is out of it.

Three days' steaming southward from the Canary Islands, where all West Coast boats call, brings one to Dakar, the gateway to French West Africa. The Canary Islands are 1,700



Natives of Senegal, French West Africa. Of this material, France built a large army. They are rated as good fighters and of more than average intelligence.



In their one-man canoes the natives of the West Coast do not hesitate to tempt the sea, even when it is far from calm. They "straddle" the boat and are surprisingly dexterous in manipulating it.

miles southwest of Liverpool, England. They belong to Spain and were used for U-boat nests by the Germans during the late war. Ships of the Allies used to pick up guns at Dakar, for protection against the submarines, on their way home to Europe.

Rio de Oro is Spanish territory of very little importance. The colony proper has an area of

65,500 square miles and to the north there is a "protectorate area" of about 35,000 square miles. Mountains of volcanic origin and sand dunes are the chief physical features, and the climate is hot, with a very marked variation in temperatures between day and night. Vil Cisneros, on the Dakhla peninsula, is the residence of the governor who is a deputy to the governor general of the Canary Islands. This post has a Spanish garrison, and a population of about 600 foreigners and a thousand natives.

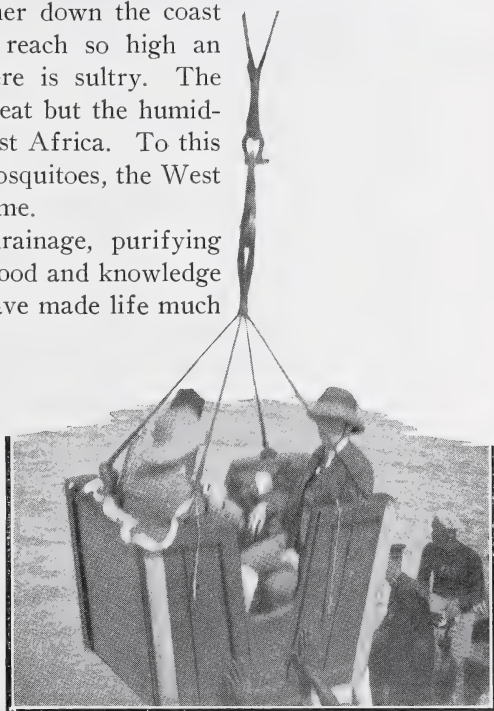
Dakar is on Cape Verde, in Senegal, the westernmost point of Africa. It is a fortified naval station, strategically important because of the trade route between Western Europe and Brazil, which it would effectually dominate if it were not for the British naval base at the mouth of the Gambia River, which we shall refer to later. At Dakar, the French have made large expenditures on the city as well as the harbor. Breakwaters have been constructed in the bay, and there are three commercial docks with more than 7,000 feet of wharfage. The town is not typical of West Africa. It has no tin roofs, the buildings being concrete, brick, stone and tile. The boulevards are lined with palms. However, it is not a healthy town, and the port frequently is closed on account of plague.

French West Africa is governed from Dakar. France has

the largest, if not the richest, share of West Africa. Her colonies and military territories in this part of the continent total nearly 2,000,000 square miles. Half of this is desert or semi-arid. If you will glance at the map you will see that French territory stretches from Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia, on the Mediterranean Sea, far down to the Congo River, south of the Equator, extending around the possessions of all other nations on the West Coast.

Only one-fifth of Africa is in the temperate zone, and French Senegal is one of the hottest countries. "Senegal heat," as marked on West Coast thermometers, means 110 to 120 degrees above zero. Farther down the coast the temperature does not reach so high an average, but the atmosphere is sultry. The old saying, "It is not the heat but the humidity," is literally true of West Africa. To this and the malaria-carrying mosquitoes, the West Coast owes its unsavory name.

Improved sanitation, drainage, purifying the drinking water, better food and knowledge of the malarial mosquito have made life much safer in the important European settlements. The death and invaliding rates have been reduced by the use of quinine, serums and other medical preventives; yet the government officials, soldiers, trade agents, superintendents, surveyors, in fact, all white men, remain here only on "tours," as they designate it. These are periods averaging eighteen months each, with at least three months



At the open ports along the West Coast, passengers are lowered from the ship to surf boats in a wooden "mammy" chair. If the water is rough there is an element of danger in this sort of disembarking.

of furlough for each year, for recuperation at home. Nearly every passenger boat going from West Africa has men in its hospital—sometimes a half dozen of them—who have been invalided home.

The West African mosquitoes rank as the deadliest. They are the malaria-infected anophelines, injecting germs into their victims at the time of biting. A mosquito can get the germ only from the blood of some one who has the disease. The West African natives are full of malaria germs, but appear to be immune to them. Where possible, when new quarters for white men are built, they are located a considerable distance from the homes of the natives. Along the coast, where the “educated” native believes he is as good as or better than the white man, there is much protest on the part of the blacks against segregation. In newspapers conducted by black editors in two West Coast towns we read articles denouncing segregation, which is recommended by all white doctors.

The Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine has devoted a great amount of study to the malarial mosquito and the tsetse fly, the bite of which causes sleeping sickness. As far as known, the scientists have not gone to the extent of trapping mosquitoes, painting them, and following them to their lairs, as was done in Panama. Conditions in West Africa are much different from those in Panama or Havana. In a comparatively restricted area, in towns and localities favorably located, the breeding places of mosquitoes may be eliminated, but in an extensive district like West Africa this preventive is impracticable and the remedy is more likely to be found in serums or injections. A bulletin of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, displayed in all white communities in West Africa, says the bite of a mosquito should be dreaded as much as that of a mad-dog.

Blackwater fever is the worst ill in West Africa. It is supposed to be due to repeated attacks of malaria. The victim requires such constant care that up in the bush, where doctors are few, white men come from long distances to take turns watching at the bedside of a patient. Progress is being made



A modern West Coast hospital, clean and airy, with accommodations, in separate quarters, for white and native patients. Hard-working doctors and nurses have done much to reduce the death and invaliding rates.

in the treatment of this fever and a good doctor now rarely loses a case.

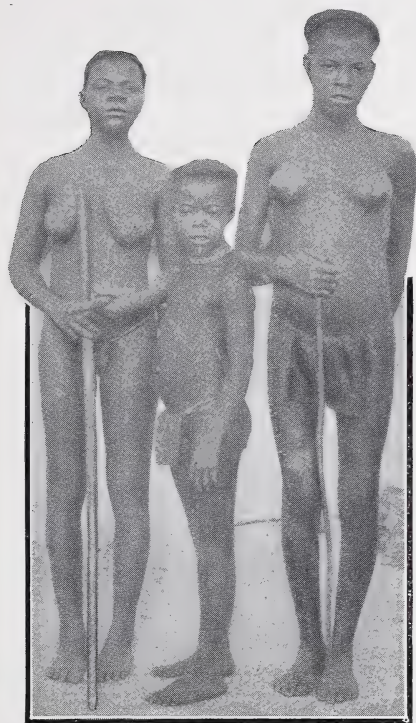
Many districts in West Africa are infested with the tsetse fly, which deposits living organisms in the veins of its victim. Only a small percentage of tsetse flies are infected with disease, and they give more attention to blacks than to whites. The tsetse does not like civilization; he prefers animals and natives. There are animal flies and flies which feed on humans. Where white men clear away the brush and build permanent settlements, the flies move out. At Accra, the capital of the Gold Coast, and Lagos, the capital and chief port of Nigeria, there are no flies. Hence, these towns have horses, but they are used only for polo and racing. In other parts of the coast and interior, except in the high country, there are no horses or cattle. They have no great epidemics of sleeping sickness among the white people in West Africa, but cases frequently are reported in certain districts. In a mining district of Northern Nigeria, five white men have been stricken with the sickness in eight months. The treatment used is an injection, developed by a German chemist. This treatment still is

in its infancy and there is as yet no assurance of a permanent cure. A person may have the disease a long time without knowing it, until it is too late. In the language of the Coasters, "the tsetse fly is a regular devil." He is larger than the common fly, much quicker in movement and can tell when you are looking at him.

While the red ants are devouring your food, and the oversized cockroaches are eating your books, the white ants are doing their best to destroy your house and furniture. There are a few native woods which are proof against the ants. Bungalows are usually raised from the ground on posts of such timber or on concrete, brick or stone. As soon as a rotten piece develops, even in the hardest wood, the ants are upon it and it soon gives way. African railroads are built with steel sleepers or ties, on account of the white ants. Actually, they are not white and are not ants, but dirty yellow termites, with soft bodies.

Thruout tropical Africa, the driver ants have the respect of all living things. They are to be found anywhere, crossing a road or path, or marching thru the bush, in countless numbers. They move in a glistening black stream, sometimes a few inches in width and occasionally covering a foot of ground, in a line extending as great a distance as half a mile. The average driver is small like our common black ant, but is equipped with evil mandibles. On the march, the queen ants, which are larger than the others, are surrounded by the rank and file, under command of captains, who direct the way. When a house is in the line of march, the ants go thru it. This is likely to be at night and the shout of "Drivers!" is more quickly responded to than a fire alarm. The bite of this ant is extremely painful altho not poisonous. They hang on like grim death and it is necessary to pick them off one by one.

The first time we encountered driver ants in West Africa we got off with only a few bites. They were considerate enough to awaken our host, who aroused the rest of the house while dashing outdoors to rid himself of several hundred of the pests which had become, as he expressed it, "very much



Two women and a boy of a wild West Coast tribe whose favorite dish was "food that talks." Even today it would be risky to be shipwrecked on the coast of their country. The women are no more gentle than the men.

attached to him." The entire bungalow immediately was turned over to the visitors. We remained outside from 3 to 5 A. M., when they went their way, leaving one convinced that a certain ribald song ought to be changed to read: "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, if the drivers don't get you, the mosquitoes must."

In one respect, a visit from driver ants always is welcome. They destroy all the vermin in a house. Snakes give the ants wide berths, as do all creatures able to get away. There have been instances of great swarms of ants killing babies and grown persons who were unable to escape. In some parts of Africa men have been put to death by being bound and left in the path of driver ants. At camps in the bush, night-watchmen with lanterns keep a lookout for ants. Gasoline torches compel them to

veer their march—they never retreat—but the stench of their burning bodies is almost intolerably offensive.

The chiggers, or jiggers, encountered in the bush are worse than their American cousins. The male conducts himself like an ordinary flea, but the female burrows under the skin and lays her eggs, particularly in the legs and feet. Under the toenails is a favorite place. The barefoot natives are a Roman holiday for chiggers.

Then there is the guinea-worm. Its larva gets into one's body by way of the drinking water. The worm grows to the

size of a piece of string several feet in length. It makes its way to the legs, traveling close under the skin. The theory is that it is heading for water, and therefore trying to emerge thru the victim's feet. The way to get it out is to work a match or small stick under a section of it and gradually wind it on the stick, a little each day, until its head or tail is started in an outward direction, when it will remove itself. Extreme care must be exercised to prevent breaking the worm, because breaking it usually results in an abscess. A similar but less common worm is the eye-worm. It is small, like a thread, and only a few inches long. It can be seen in the white of its victim's eye, hence its name.

Scorpions, small and large, some very poisonous, are common. The thatched roofs of native huts are their favorite habitat. There are many varieties of lizards, most of them harmless. People do not disturb them because they feed on mosquitoes. The praying mantis, three or four inches in length, holds its forelegs in an attitude of prayer, and when excited moves them as a boxer does his arms. It has worried more than one newcomer. Old Coasters delight in telling the tenderfeet that the mantis is a West Coast mosquito and that the sausage fly is a sand fly. The sausage fly is a gray, clumsy insect which has a very uncouth habit of appearing at dinner time and *plunking* into the soup.

A woman who made a trip along the coast some time ago wrote a book called "Hell's Playground," in which she told of white men living with black women. A London newspaper of comparatively recent date published a communication making the sweeping statement that it was the practice for white men in West Africa, including government officials, to live with native mistresses. This is true of some parts of Africa, but not of the British colonies. We had a good opportunity to investigate, and saw but few such cases. These men were outcasts. To imply that white men generally are living in this demoralizing condition is to libel a high-principled class of men who are "seeing it thru" in unhealthy coast towns and lonely bush stations, with credit to themselves and their country.

CHAPTER II

FROM SENEGAL TO NIGERIA

IF YOU look at the map of West Africa you are apt to be reminded of grandmother's crazy-quilt, so many patches of color are crowded along the coast. European governments have pre-empted strips of territory here and there, as they

deemed expedient, but none of the territory is of exceptional economic value and all of it is worthless for purposes of white colonization. The more I study the West African situation, the more convinced I am that its importance rests in its menace to Europe. As has been pointed out, France owns a vast area in this part of Africa. During the late war she drew heavily from the native population to strengthen her fighting forces and, since the war, she has taken to Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia thousands of native soldiers. There is not the social discrimination between whites and blacks in French territories that one finds in the British Empire or the United States, or even in European countries where Nordic blood predominates. It is inevitable—we do not need to go beyond our own country for the shocking evidence—that corruption of blood will be worked in France if she long continues to take to her bosom these native troops. France

today may dominate a vast territory in Africa by virtue of conquest, but if she continues her policy of taking these natives by the tens of thousands and using them in her army France of tomorrow will have been conquered by Africa thru the most sinister and fatal conquest known to the human



A Sierra Leone
snake charmer.

race—the corruption of white blood by that of colored and inferior races.

Senegambia, the region extending 300 miles along the coast between the Senegal and Gambia Rivers, is divided between France and Great Britain, and its chief product is peanuts. The Grain Coast never produced grain. This name was applied to the coast of British Sierra Leone and the ebony-hued republic of Liberia. Traders of the sixteenth century found much pepper in these countries; the Europeans of those days were heavy eaters of pepper, which they liked so well that it was called “grains of Paradise.” The French Ivory Coast, east of Liberia, has no ivory; its products are hardwoods, palm oil and kernels, and gum copal, or resin. The British Gold Coast, farther to the east on the Gulf of Guinea, provides about half of the world’s supply of cocoa. Palm oil and kernels are the principal exports from the Slave Coast, as French Dahomey and British Nigeria, on the Bight of Benin, are called.

As our ship comes in sight of one of these old ports a gun booms from a stone fort. This is a custom that has come down from the early days when the signal was given to call the natives to the shore for trade. Fleets of native canoes swarm out. In one of them we see a uniformed figure. He is a black customs inspector, who salutes stiffly as he comes up the ladder on the ship’s side. A dozen black men and women clamber down to go ashore in a canoe. They are natives of a British West African colony and they have been in England, going to school or on business. They traveled first-class on our steamer, taking their meals in the same saloon with the white passengers! One of them is a prominent black lawyer of the West Coast—a barrister, if you please. He wears a Prince Albert coat, striped trousers, high collar. A white trader who knows him says the Prince Albert, creased trousers and collar will be doffed when this man gets in his home; he will put on a breech-clout and eat rice out of a bowl, with his hands. But in public, says the trader, who knows him well, he will always be carefully, if uncomfortably, dressed.

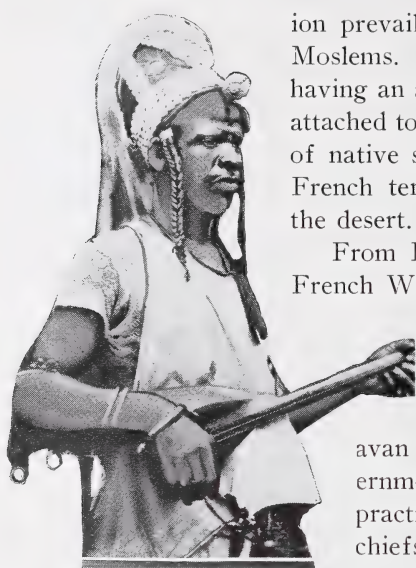


Nupe girls grinding corn. The Nupes are of the Slave Coast hinterland. They were not a war-like tribe and their neighbors raided them for slaves until only a few were left.

The Europeans who are opening West Africa are not the first white men who have been inland. It is known that thousands of years ago there were whites in North Africa. There is no history as to what happened in West or Central Africa, but scientists are convinced from such evidence as they have found from prehistoric times that there was a white invasion from the north, down the Senegal and Niger Rivers, to the West Coast regions. These white men mingled with the black tribes and were absorbed by them. Black invaders, from other parts of the continent, came and conquered or were

conquered. The result is the motley population of West Africa of today. Few true negroes are to be found in this quarter of Africa. They are mixed bloods, half-breeds, negroids; black, chocolate, yellow and near-white in color. Some are professed Christians, for missionaries followed the traders. Many are Mohammedans, due to the influence of the trading and fighting tribes of North Africa, the Sahara and the Sudan. The majority, however, are pagans.

Mohammedanism is strong in Senegal and its dependent territories on the northern border of West Africa. France, having Morocco, Algeria and other countries where this relig-



This Mandingo musician may be able to charm the savage breast, but his playing and singing doesn't appeal to the white man's sense of harmony. The Mandingo tribes are numerous in French Senegal and British Gambia.

ion prevails, keeps on good terms with the Moslems. The Colony of Senegal is small, having an area of only 488 square miles, but attached to it is the large Senegal protectorate of native states, and, farther east, the wide French territories on the Niger River and the desert.

From Dakar, in Senegal, the capital of French West Africa, it is possible to go by railroad and the Niger River to Timbuktú, on the desert, a thousand miles inland. This old trade center on the Sahara caravan route is an important French government and military post. Where practicable, the French rule thru native chiefs, but they are strict; the military is seen everywhere. On the West Coast you hear it said that the French operate their territory for revenue, while the British administer theirs for trade.

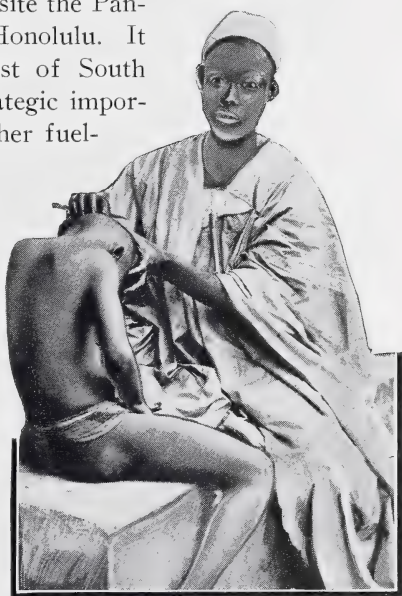
Among the people of Senegal are the Fulani, in whose veins is white blood.

They are found in many parts of West Africa. The Fulani are light brown, or reddish brown, and some historians believe they are descended from the Shepherd Kings of Egypt. The Mandingoes of Senegal and adjoining regions on the south are tall, slim blacks with low brows, flat noses and bowed legs. They had the powerful Mello empire, which extended from the Atlantic Ocean to the bend of the Niger River, in the thirteenth century. In Senegal, also, are the black Jollofs, who once ruled Senegambia. They have worn clothes ever since they were first seen by white men. In the middle of the Niger bend are the Mossi, pagans who have been there since the fourteenth century. Wherever there is buying and selling the black Hausa men are seen in their Moslem robes. They are the great traders of West Africa.

Fulani, Mandingoes and Jollofs are found in the little British colony and protectorate of Gambia, occupying the estuary of the Gambia River south of Senegal, surrounded, except to seaward, by French territory. The difference between a colony and protectorate is that native laws apply in the protectorate. The total area of both colony and protectorate of Gambia is 4,000 square miles. This is the oldest possession of Great Britain in Africa, and, potentially, it is one of the most important. Economically it amounts to very little, but it has a profound strategic value, for it affords a naval base from which Great Britain can operate in both the South and North Atlantic. The Gambia River accommodates ocean-going ships for two hundred miles from its mouth. It is fifteen miles wide where it empties into the sea, and it forms a harbor big enough to safely shelter the entire British navy.

This naval base is directly opposite the Panama Canal and closer to it than is Honolulu. It may be said to dominate the coast of South America. Notwithstanding its strategic importance, it is unfortified and has neither fueling nor repair facilities for ships. Its value is, therefore, potential rather than actual, and it stands today as another key position within the hand of a great empire the historic policy of which has been and is domination of the seas. Great Britain is not so much interested in the peanut crop in Gambia, altho its annual value is approximately four million dollars, as it is in holding Gambia as an insurance policy against developments in the distant and uncertain future.

Seventy miles down the coast from Gambia is another little



A Hausa barber at work on a young Mohammedan. Hausas are found in all countries of West Africa, wherever there is trade.

colony, Portuguese Guinea. Here, again, the surrounding French territory isolates the holdings of another power. There are 14,000 square miles in this colony, counting in the Bissagos Islands. In the population of one million blacks is a group of cannibals whom the Portuguese claim to have transformed into clerks. These are the Papeis. Navigation on the coast and rivers is difficult; the country is governed loosely, trading is risky and customs charges are high. Peanuts, palm oil and rice are the chief products.

Domestic slavery is common in West Africa, altho not recognized by the white governments. This is a delicate question as slavery is upheld by Mohammedan law and is an institution in the pagan tribes. A man or woman may become a slave thru being captured in war or for violating a tribal law or for debt. Slaves' children are slaves. Under the white man's government slaves can declare themselves free; generally, however, they are content to remain in slavery. It is pointed out that if all were summarily freed by the government many would be without homes. In French Guinea the Malinkes have a caste system in which "citizens" rank first, followed by the weavers, the shoemakers, the blacksmiths, the jesters and slaves. The chiefs are selected from the "citizens," and members of this caste are not permitted to marry into any other caste.

French Guinea has an area of 100,000 square miles—slightly more than the total of the States of Illinois and Indiana—and a population of between two and three millions. Its products are similar to those of Senegal. The chief port, Konakry, resembles Dakar in a small way, with a modern dock, wide streets, parkways and permanent buildings. Several hundred Europeans live here in a damp, sultry climate.

Sierra Leone, like Liberia, was founded by freed slaves. They were sent from Great Britain, Jamaica and Barbados near the end of the eighteenth century. A shipload of white women—"unfortunates"—was also sent to this colony; these women became the wives of the black settlers. The Temnes, one of the leading native tribes of Sierra Leone, made war on

the liberated slaves and broke up the settlement. It was re-established under British protection. Since then the principal town, Freetown, has become a popular place of residence for the so-called educated blacks from all parts of the West Coast. They are of the type who look down on the other natives and consider themselves the equals and peers of the white men. This is not true of the people of Sierra Leone as a whole.

The colony, including Freetown, has an area of only 4,000 square miles and a population of 80,000. The remainder of the country is a British protectorate, six times the size of the colony, with a population of 1,500,000. Here live the warlike Temnes and Mendis, numbering together about one million, and other tribes, including the Vais, who also inhabit the interior of Liberia. The Temnes are Mohammedans, Christians and pagans. The Mendis are pagans.

Freetown is one of the great ports of the West Coast. There is a safe anchorage, extending to within a half mile of the shore, where the ships load and unload by lighters. Behind the town two mountains, Leicester Peak and Sugar Loaf, rise to heights of 1,952 and 2,492 feet. On the summits of the nearby hills are the barracks of the only Imperial troops in British West Africa. The town is unkept and unhealthy, and there are few substantial structures, among them an imposing law courts building and a large cathedral. Weeds grow in the crooked streets and there is nothing that speaks of civic pride or native industry. But Freetown is a busy trade center and Sierra Leone is self-supporting.

Exports are like those of the neighboring countries. In value they average \$13,500,000 a year. Imports average \$15,000,000. Sierra Leone is a large producer of kola nuts, which are shipped to all parts of Mohammedan Africa. These nuts serve as food and a stimulant. True Mohammedans do not drink alcoholic liquors. When fresh and crisp the kola nuts have a bitter taste. They come from a small tree, which must be carefully tended, and average eight or ten in a pod. They are sold by the growers for about thirty cents a pound.



In old coast towns, like Lagos, the white traders live in their places of business in the midst of squalid native shacks. In the newer towns, the white quarter and business district are built some distance from the homes of the blacks.

Some are exported to Europe and America, where they are used in making wine and soft drinks.

Sierra Leone does not fulfil its commercial possibilities, but it is prosperous when compared with Liberia, which borders it on the southeast. Liberia is 25 per cent larger than Sierra Leone and from all that can be learned has much greater natural wealth.

This negro republic was established by American interests, but not by the American Government, as an asylum for freed slaves, and in all the stages of its precarious history the United States has been in close touch with it, assisting it repeatedly, both in the field of finance and diplomacy. On several occasions the influence of the United States was all that saved the country from serious complications with foreign governments.

There is in Liberia nothing of exceptional interest to travelers, and most of those who have journeyed down the West Coast of Africa remember Liberia only thru its nondescript capital, Monrovia, where the Postmaster General comes out to the boats to sell stamps. His business has dropped because so many new issues were printed by Liberia for this purpose that stamp collectors lost interest. There is a "United States Consul General and Minister Resident" at Monrovia, an old negro with a white goatee, who is glad when an American ship occasionally calls there, affording him an opportunity to requisition provisions.

Liberia declared itself a republic on July 26, 1847, with a constitution fashioned after that of the United States, with several added features that are decidedly Liberianesque. In order to vote, the male citizen must be 21 years old and own real estate. In the United States he doesn't have to own anything but the vote, and quite too often he sells that. In order to be eligible to election to the lower House of the Legislature the Liberian citizen must own at least \$150 worth of real estate, and for the Senate he must own \$200 worth. The President must own at least \$600 worth.



Surf boats and the beach at Accra, capital of the Gold Coast. All traffic to and from the ships is handled in surf boats, as the Gold Coast has no real harbors.

"None but persons of color shall be admitted to citizenship in this republic," declares their constitution, and it then goes on to provide that no one but citizens may own property, thereby making it impossible for a white man to own property in Liberia, a restriction which has been an important factor in holding back development of the country. The negroes themselves have neither the money nor the ability to develop the natural resources, and white men will not invest large sums when they cannot own and control the land on which their projects would be located.

Liberia has about three hundred and fifty miles of coast on the Atlantic Ocean, between Cavalla and Mano Rivers, and its total area is somewhat less than 50,000 square miles, the exact figures being unknown, because the hinterland boundary between Liberia and the French territory of the Ivory Coast is indefinite, not having been fully explored. Its greatest

width is from the northwest to the southeast. It is bounded on the northwest by the British territory of Sierra Leone, on the north by French Guinea, on the east and southeast by the French Ivory Coast. For the most part, it is overrun by heavy forests. Along the coast it is low, but rises to an elevation of about six thousand feet in the hinterlands. Its climate is one of the hottest in Africa and its rainfall one of the heaviest. Its soil is fertile, and its chief products include coffee, palm kernels and oil, palm fiber and products from the cocoanut palm, such as copra, oil and fiber. Rubber abounds in its forests, and cotton, rice and sugar cane can be and are grown in small quantities. The cacao bean industry is rapidly growing.

With the civilized negro's fondness for bright colors, and the native African's fondness for no clothes whatever, the variety of styles in Liberia is astonishing. Of the native population the Mohammedan tribes show the best taste in dress. Their men, generally, are picturesquely clothed, both as to the upper and nether parts of the body. The women wear some sort of dress from the waist down, the upper part of the body often being naked. The pagan native women, especially



Danes, Dutch and British have occupied this old castle on the Gold Coast, now the residence of the Governor of the Colony.

the younger ones, wear little or no clothing, and native children, in districts other than the coast, where the civilized negro sets the fashions, wear only their "birthday clothes."

There are not fewer than thirty native tribes in Liberia. The Kru tribe, in the coastal district of which the town of Grand Bassa is the center, is a very numerous tribe. There is quite a settlement of Krumen at Monrovia, the natives having their own village and government. These natives do most of the roustabout work on coast vessels, and, as a rule, they are a powerful, homely set of men. When the slave trade flourished the Krumen maintained their own freedom by catching other natives and selling them to the slave traders.

The Mandingo and Vai tribes of the north are fairly representative tribes, which have come under Mohammedan influence. They show pronounced traces of Arab blood, and are, as a rule, clean in habits, wearing robe-like costumes, artistically decorated. They may be considered the native aristocracy of Liberia.

Inland, between the St. Paul and St. John Rivers, near the French boundary, the Kp w e s i are



Modern Bundu women. This tribe is found in Sierra Leone and Northern Liberia.

known as great hunters. They have known how to smelt iron for years, and in battle their chief weapon is the knife. In these tribes the chief is absolute, and the Kpwesi, or Mpesse, as they are frequently called, carry on quite a commerce in cattle and slaves. It is said that a Kpwesi will not hesitate to sell his mother and sisters into slavery.

Monrovia, with a population of about six thousand, is the capital of the country. Other towns on the coast are Grand Bassa, Harper, Robertsport and Sasstown. None of these has a good harbor, and if you go ashore you must ride across the dangerous bars on a surf boat. There is a college at Monrovia and several churches, as it is the center of the missionary activities of several denominations. My observation is that missionary efforts in Liberia do not go far. This is not because of a lack of intelligent effort on the part of the missionary, but because of the inability of the native to understand the intricacies of the "white man's religion."

Since the World War several attempts have been made to negotiate a loan from the United States Government to the Liberian government. The most recent proposition, asking for a loan of five million dollars, was voted down by Congress. However, the Liberian representative was sent home in pomp on one of our battleships as a balm to his vanity. American soap manufacturers seem to be much interested in these proposed loans, but as far as permanently helping the negro government goes, these loans were better not granted. It is characteristic of the black man that when he has money in his pocket he doesn't work. This characteristic persists in his government as in the individual.

American freighters take big cargoes at Grand Bassam and other ports on the Ivory Coast. This French colony exports much mahogany to the United States. The area of the Ivory Coast is 125,000 square miles. Its population totals about two millions. The Kwa-Kwas of this country had human sacrifices and were cannibals until recent years. Even now the government cannot entirely suppress these practices. The

name Kwa-Kwas was given them because they talked like ducks.

Gold in the forest country of Ashanti lured the Arabs from the north and east to this part of West Africa more than a thousand years ago. Ashanti is in the central part of the Gold Coast territories of Great Britain, east of the Ivory Coast. Alluvial gold is found in many parts of Ashanti, but not in commercial quantities. There is one large mine in the Obousi district, and several small ones. The total gold exports average \$7,000,000 a year. Cocoa exports average \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 annually.

Of all the tribes of West Africa the Ashantis were the fiercest. They were subjugated only twenty years ago, after they had besieged the white people of Coomassie, the Ashanti capital, in the old fort. Some years before, they murdered Sir Charles McCarthy, then governor of the Gold Coast colony, cut off his head and made a fetish of it. Their chief fetish was the famous Golden Stool of Ashanti, used in all state ceremonies and war "palavers." When the bloodthirsty King Primphe was exiled by the British the Ashanti chiefs pledged peace but stipulated that they were to retain possession of the stool. For years nothing was seen or heard of it. One day, about a year ago, the chiefs came to the white officials at Coomassie in great excitement. The stool had been stolen. They said the thieves must die under Ashanti law. The British assured them that every effort would be made to recover the



Liberian natives getting out lumber. In these backward countries hand labor is cheaper than machine labor even tho crude tools are used.

stool, and capture the thieves, but they would have to be tried in court. The Ashantis began to suspect the white men, and finally accused them of the theft, declaring if the stool were not produced immediately they would go to war.

While the tom-toms sounded and mobs of Ashantis gathered about the fort and European quarters, the Chief Commissioner of the Ashanti conferred with the leading chiefs and managed to settle matters by diplomacy. He convinced them that the white men had no desire for the stool. Luckily, at that time the thieves were found. All were Ashanti chiefs. The one who plotted the robbery was banished, the two others were given terms in prison. The services of the chief commissioner, C. H. Harper, were recognized by the British government, King George making him a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. It was found that the Golden Stool was not gold at all—only gilded wood, and the thieves had scraped off the gilt. Minus its former glory it was restored to the chiefs, who, probably, think less of it now.

Beyond Ashanti are the Northern Territories, largely bush



The "House of Representatives" in Monrovia, the capital of Liberia.

country. On the coast is the original Gold Coast colony. The three divisions have a total area of 80,000 square miles, about the size of the State of Nebraska. The population is estimated at 2,000,000, including 2,000 Europeans. Half of the whites live in Accra, the capital on the coast. Secondee is now rivaling Accra as a port. The cocoa is shipped from these two towns, and considerable of the gold and manganese from the newly developed fields comes thru Secondee.

All Gold Coast ports are harborless. Ships must anchor in the open roadsteads, sending passengers and cargo to land by surf boats. The surf at Accra is especially bad. Elmina, which has a picturesque castle, was founded by the Portuguese in the fifteenth century.

One-third of Togoland, formerly a German colony, on the east, has been attached to the Gold Coast by a League of Nations mandate. The remainder of Togoland, 22,000 square miles, is attached to French Dahomey, on the other side. The black Dahomey kingdom formerly held most of Togoland. Dahomey has a coast line of eighty miles and a total area of 40,000 square miles. Its population is about 1,500,000. Twice a year the Dahomis slaughtered hundreds of slaves in what were known as "The Minor Customs." In "The Grand Customs," on the death of a king, they killed more. They had a famous Amazon army, made up of superfluous wives, armed with muskets and bows and arrows. Dahomey became a French possession thirty years ago, after the king was deported.

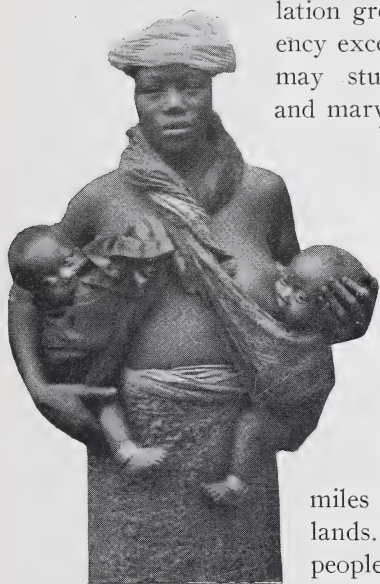


Native huts in the Liberian interior.

CHAPTER III

NIGERIA

IN MANY respects Nigeria is the most interesting country in the West African district. Here, on the northern shores of the Gulf of Guinea, a handful of white men run a country three times the size of the British Isles, with a population greater than any other British dependency except India. Here is a field where one may study British administrative methods and marvel at British foresight and resourcefulness in anticipating and solving a multiplicity of problems.



Twins are a rarity in West Africa. In many tribes it has been the practice to kill them on the theory that one or the other was sent by evil spirits. Among the Hausa people, however, twins are popular. This Hausa woman was quite proud of her offspring.

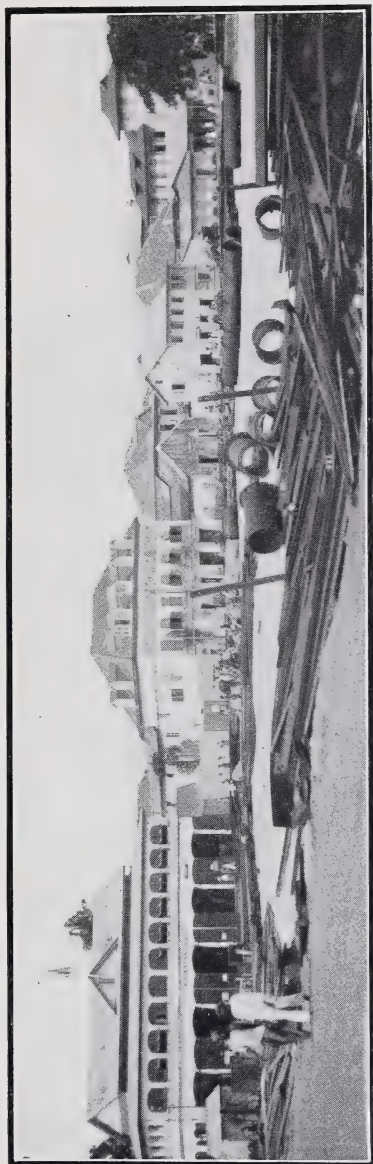
This is a country of many contrasts. Its shore is a wide belt of mangrove swamp. Its northern boundary, 700 miles from the coast, is desert. Between the swampy coast and the desert is a plateau ranging from 2,000 to 6,000 feet in height, a great expanse of plains, a thick forest of oil-palm trees, and, a hundred miles from the sea, a series of fertile uplands. Each differentiated area has its own people and its peculiar problems.

Nigeria's population includes the most advanced and the most backward blacks of Africa; the most intelligent and the most stupid—hundreds of tribes and tribal groups of different colors and customs. In the southern half of the country there are seventy-five important languages.

A friend never asks an African how

many children he has. If the father knew he would not tell. There is a wide-spread belief that enemies will use charms to kill the children of any one who boasts of the number he has. The natives also fear their taxes will be increased if they are known to have large families of boys, who can earn money, and girls, who are sold as wives. Hence the troubles of the census man. Outside the government centers population figures are but estimates. The last census gave the total population of Nigeria as seventeen millions. However, those in best position to judge, estimate it at twenty-three millions. The total area is 365,500 square miles. There are 500 miles of coast. On the west and north is French territory. On the east is the former German colony of the Cameroons, extending south close to the Equator. One-ninth of the Cameroons has been attached to Nigeria and the remainder has been placed under French sovereignty by a League of Nations mandate.

In many ways Lagos is typical of the country of which it is the capital. It is a mixture of clean streets and filthy ones, modern buildings and dilapidated native shacks, a stately British church and an ornate Mohammedan mosque; primitive blacks from the swamp regions, paddling their dugout canoes past great floating drydocks; natives wearing only breech-clouts, others attired in white flannels; Moslem traders in flowing robes, black merchants riding in motor cars with chauffeurs; everywhere the new rubbing shoulders with the old! Lagos was a large town before the white man came. There is scarcely any segregation here. The European section, where the government officials live, is well laid out, near the club, race track, polo field and hospital. The business district, where white traders live in or near their store buildings, is in the midst of the over-crowded native town. The population is about 80,000, including 1,000 Europeans. White persons, in Africa, are referred to as Europeans, and, in all, there are 3,000 of them in Nigeria. A little more than one-third are government officials. The climate, unhealthy nearly everywhere, is worst at Lagos, where the average elevation is only a few feet above sea level.



Store buildings on the Marina, the waterfront street in Lagos. This Nigerian town has a population of 70,000 to 80,000, but no more than 1,000 whites.

Briefly the government of Nigeria consists of the original colony of Lagos, taken by the British in 1862, when the native ruler failed to end the slave trade, and the protectorate of Nigeria, which is divided into the Southern and Northern provinces. All Nigeria is under the control of a governor general, to whom the lieutenant governors of the Southern and Northern provinces and the administrator of the colony are responsible. "Indirect rule" is the government policy wherever possible. This means that the native is not directly ruled by the white man, but by another native who is under the white man's guidance. The British have gone farther along this line than any other European power in Africa.

Lagos has more than its share of "educated" negroes. They have flocked here from Sierra Leone, Liberia and the Gold Coast, and among them are many young loafers in white men's clothes, who have learned to read and write and are waiting to become clerks. The West

Coast now has more native clerks than it needs. They are "too good" for hard work. In Lagos are the elite of the African legal fraternity. They are in their glory when they appear in court wearing black gowns and white wigs. To be a barrister or solicitor is the great ambition of the educated African, for he dearly loves argument and oratory. Here also are the professional letter writers, whose specialty is ponderous words. They write letters, complaints and demands for their illiterate brethren and coöperate with the black lawyers in wearing out white officials and tying up the machinery of the courts.

Blacks serve as members of the Lagos town council along with white men. Blacks own most of the real estate, leasing it to white business firms at high figures. Non-natives cannot buy land in Nigeria. There are a few areas belonging to the chartered trading company of the old days, and the government holds certain lands; the rest belongs to the natives.

The white resident officers are the "maids of all work" for the country. Each of the twenty-three provinces of the protectorate is under the supervision of a resident officer, assisted by a staff of district officers and deputies. The residents and assistants are responsible for the detailed administration of the country, representing the government in its dealings with the natives. They act as magistrates, frequently have charge of detachments of native police, are accountants for their districts, assess and collect taxes thru the native chiefs and village headmen, and supervise road construction and other public works. There are 140 residents and assistants. One-third of them are generally on furlough, this giving an average of more than 3,000 square miles of territory to each resident. An organization of about 1,000 native constables with twenty white officers is at the disposal of the administrative officers in Northern Nigeria. In the southern provinces the force consists of an inspector general and a deputy, twenty-four commissioners and assistants and 2,000 natives of various grades, including 1,600 constables, armed with modern rifles.

White men who have posts up country do not remain in Lagos any longer than they have to. We talked with a young



Government headquarters at Lagos. This is the seat of administration of all Nigeria, a country three times the size of the British Isles.

district officer, with a Cambridge degree in law, who was one of the few white men in a large pagan region of the north. He was returning from a vacation in England and was eager to get out of Lagos and back to his district. He said one could not judge the natives of Nigeria by those seen in Lagos; that would be unfair to the bush people. Yes, he liked his work. After one gets to understand the wild people they are interesting. A Cambridge law education is not of much value except in making reports on cases that are appealed to the district officer from the native courts; it is necessary to conform to English law in making the reports, as closely as possible. The principal thing in dealing with native palavers is to find out which side is nearer the truth. It was true that a number of tribes in his district were cannibals. However, the old cannibal orgies were things of the past. Whatever goes on now is in secret, usually a sort of family affair. Sometimes they are caught in the act; otherwise it is difficult to secure evidence on which to convict.

Here is an interesting excerpt from a recent law as it was published in the official Nigeria "Gazette" in October, 1922:

Any person, who, without lawful justification or excuse, the proof of which lies on him

(a) Neglects to perform any duty imposed on him by law, or undertaken by him, whether for reward or otherwise, touching the burial or other disposition of a human body or human remains, or burial,

(b) Improperly or indecently interferes with, or offers any indignity to, any dead human body or human remains, whether buried or not, or

(c) Eats or receives for the purpose of eating, any part of a dead human body

Is guilty of a misdemeanor and is liable to imprisonment for two years.

Murder is a crime, of course, whether perpetrated from cannibalistic or other motives. The object of the new law is to get at all who participate in any way in cannibalism, particularly those who sell "dark meat" at public markets, which occasionally is done even in supposedly civilized places.

Until recent years missionaries had the entire responsibility of education in Southern Nigeria. In the Colony and southern provinces there are now fifty government schools, 170 mission and other private schools assisted by the government, and more than 1,000 unassisted schools in which the teachers possess no real qualifications or competency for such work. In the northern provinces are 3,000 Mohammedan schools, where the young are taught the Koran, and about one hundred mission or other schools.

Government reports indicate that the white man's civilization has not improved native domestic conditions. As a rule, if a wife bears a child, the man who has paid for her cares little who the father may be. Sons and daughters are valuable and he does not wish to divorce a woman who may still have children. Wives often are attracted away by younger men and by the clothes and idle life which they may enjoy in the larger towns.

Coming here from other West Coast countries one is impressed by the much greater density of population in Nigeria. In the southern provinces the average is more than 100



Pagans smelting iron in the Jos region, Northern Nigeria. They wear no clothes except when they go into a town where there are Europeans. There the government compels them to put on at least a one-piece suit.

inhabitants to the square mile, which is high for West Africa. In some districts the figure is 450 to the square mile.

Yorubas and Ibos compose two-thirds of the population of Southern Nigeria. The black Yorubas, traders and pastoral folk, occupy the fertile lands of the southwest. The Ibos, who are considered more intelligent than their neighbors, live in the southeast, in the delta regions of the great Niger River, which gave Nigeria its name.

Altho exposed longer to the white man's civilization than other regions, Yorubaland is largely pagan. In the town of Lagos, Mohammedan influence predominates, Mohammedanism being the faith of half the population; 30 per cent are

listed as Christians and the remaining 20 per cent are pagan. Lagos has Christian churches of various denominations—Protestant and Catholic—and a native church modeled on the Church of England, but allowing polygamy among its members.

Yorubas are marked with scars, generally on the face, indicating the tribal division to which they belong. They also have a custom of removing two of their front teeth. Few

persons with a full set of teeth can speak the Yoruba language. They are polygamous, but, in common with many African tribes, have a prejudice against twins. In villages remote from government centers they will kill the twins on the theory that one of them should not have come, and they do not know which was the offender. In Lagos we saw a Yoruba woman carrying twin babies and attracting much attention.

The Ibos were one of the first tribes to sell slaves on the coast. They acted as middlemen for the tribes of the interior. They do much farming in primitive fashion and sell produce to other tribes. They are warlike, but not as savage as their neighbors, the Ibibios of the Niger delta.

For me, Kano is one of the most interesting cities in Africa. Situated on the edge of the desert, it has a written history going back more than a thousand years. From a mud palace in this walled city, a grizzled old Fulani Emir rules 10,000 square miles of territory containing a population of nearly three million Mohammedans and pagans. The Emir has the advice of a British officer. He follows this advice and thereby holds his job, for which he is paid a salary of \$25,000 a year.

For many centuries the Hausa men of Kano have roamed as traders to Morocco and Tripoli, in North Africa, thru



Hides in the Kano market. The Hausa men go as far north as the Mediterranean Sea and as far east as the Nile to sell hides and leather.



One of the few wide streets in Kano, the city of mud castles.

West Africa and east to the River Nile, selling their cotton cloth, leather, sandals and ivory ornaments. Morocco leather got its name thru being sold in Morocco, but it came across the desert from Hausaland.

Nigeria has 1,200 miles of railroad. The Western Division, which was commenced in 1893, comprises a main line running from Lagos, on the coast, to Kano, a distance of 705 miles, thru the towns of Abeokuta, Ibadan, Oshogbo, Ilorin, Kaduna and Zaria. In Northern Nigeria a branch line of 110 miles runs to the Niger River. The gauge of these lines is three and one-half feet. There is another branch line of 140 miles, two and one-half feet gauge, from Zaria to the tin mines on the Bauchi plateau. The Eastern Division consists of a line from the new harbor at Port Harcourt to the Udi coal fields, a distance of 150 miles.

From Lagos one travels by rail thru Yorubaland, touching the trade centers of Abeokuta and Ibadan. In these markets

you see all the colors of West Africa; the Yoruba women, swathed in cloth dyed with native indigo or in gay cotton prints from Manchester; Jekri women from the river regions, who have a reputation for particularly loose morals, dressed so as to show their figures to best advantage; Hausa traders from the north in robes of white and blue, and representatives of a dozen or more tribes of this part of the country, pushing, jostling and bartering shrilly over cloth, goat hides, pottery, basketwork, food or drink. Men are in the minority, for a Yoruba market is principally a woman's affair.

Abeokuta, sixty miles from Lagos, was until 1914 an independent kingdom within Nigeria. A British administrator was stationed with the Alake (king). Owing to the inability of the native authorities to maintain order the district was taken over by the protectorate of Nigeria. The town is nothing more than a string of treeless villages along the Ogun River. The local agent of a British trading firm took us one evening to the outskirts of Abeokuta, where we found three American young women conducting a Baptist school for native girls. They were Miss Olive Edens, from Tennessee, Miss Cora Caudle, North Carolina, and Miss Susan Anderson, Georgia. They have a total of eighty pupils, half of whom are boarders. With a small motor car, on which they make their own repairs, they keep in touch with other missionaries in this part of Nigeria. Roads are none too good, especially in the rainy season, and they have had some exciting experiences. Miss Caudle and Miss Anderson were due to return home in two months for a vacation after three years of service in Nigeria. They admitted counting the days until their departure, but said they were coming back.

From Abeokuta we went to Ibadan, sixty miles north, on the "Up Rich Mixed." All trains on the Nigerian railway have nicknames. This one is a northbound mixed train with second-class compartments for rich natives. There is a train especially for natives, with third-class cars, known to the whites along the line as "The Ape's Express." Most of the trainmen are blacks, each train carrying one white guard, and the more



This is the light railway running from the main line in Northern Nigeria to the tin mines on the Bauchi plateau. The gauge of the track is two and one-half feet.

important stations being in charge of white men. There is a large staff of white executives at Iddo, the headquarters of the railroad. East India natives have been imported for minor executive positions. An American negro, who is an engineer, goes under the name of "Kid Lewis" and says he is a prize fighter. He wears gauntlets and carries a large cigar in the corner of his mouth when coming into a station. He holds aloof from the Nigerian blacks and calls them "niggers."

Ibadan is the largest native town in West Africa, perhaps the largest on the continent. Its population is somewhere between 200,000 and 400,000, living in a conglomeration of brown mud huts and dirty, winding streets, spread over a valley and several hills. It is the center of the palm oil trade. It is governed directly by a native ruler, with the title of Bale, who has his own police in addition to the force maintained by the British government. The Bale is outranked by the Alafin of Oyo, the old capital of Yorubaland, who is the nominal ruler of all the Yorubas.

Another town of interest is Jebba, 300 miles from Lagos. Here the railroad crosses the Niger on a long bridge, the building of which was an engineering feat of note. In fact, the building of this railroad was no easy undertaking, as the royal engineers had to fight natives while subduing nature. It was

in the rapids of the Niger, near Jebba, that Mungo Park, the famous explorer, lost his life.

We are in Hausa country on arriving at Zaria, 600 miles from the coast. It is not as large and picturesque as Kano, which is ninety miles farther north. In the south the native huts are square or rectangular; on the plateau they are round until the Hausa towns are reached. Here mud houses are square but large and of fantastic architecture.

The Hausa's origin is a mystery. One tradition is that he came from ancient Carthage, assimilating various native peoples as he moved to Western Sudan and Northern Nigeria. Traces of Egyptian culture in Hausaland have led to a belief that the Hausas are of Egyptian descent. However, crude imitations of Egyptian ideas are found in other parts of West Africa. No doubt they were passed along from one tribe to another on the desert trade routes. Wherever the Hausas may have come from, they have mingled with so many black races and absorbed so many different native tribes, they can only be classified as negroid.

From the west, in the thirteenth century, came a more interesting and mysterious people—the tall, light-skinned Fulani. Like the Hausas, they have negro blood, but to a less degree. According to their traditions, they were originally white. Whether they came from Egypt or Syria is a question on which historians disagree. They are known to have been in the valley of the Northern Niger before they entered Hausaland, wandering with their herds of cattle, sheep and goats in search of pasture.

In the Hausa states and neighboring kingdoms an element of the Fulani soon took an active part in trade and government. They became teachers and leaders among the Mohammedans. With their superior intelligence they gradually gained an ascendancy over the Hausas. Early in the nineteenth century a Fulani, Othoman dan Fodio, raised a revolt and seized the government of the Hausa states. He made himself the Sultan of Sokoto and put his captains in charge of the other states.

Meanwhile the pastoral Fulani, those who had kept out of the towns and remained pagans, continued to herd their livestock, going from one pasture to another, as they do to this day. They are known as the "Cow Fulani," and, as they keep to themselves, are of purer blood than their aristocratic brethren of the towns.

Slave raiding assumed great proportions under the Fulani rule. The British had established the protectorate of Southern Nigeria and the Royal Niger Company had been granted a charter to develop the northern country. It had made treaties with the chiefs, opened trading stations and prohibited slavery thruout its territory. To safeguard the British interests a native army, known as the West African Frontier Force, independent of the company, was formed with Colonel Lugard (now Sir Frederic Lugard) at its head. All colonial military forces in British West Africa have since been modeled on the same basis and under the same name. The Northern Nigeria troops were used to subjugate the sultans and emirs who ignored the order to cease slave raiding. In 1900 the Royal Niger Company dropped the "Royal" and became only a trading company. Northern Nigeria was proclaimed a British protectorate with Sir Frederic Lugard as high commissioner. By 1904, Kano, Sokoto and the other states were under British control, and in 1914, Northern Nigeria was merged with the colony and protectorate of Southern Nigeria.

Under the new arrangement the emirs rule with as much ceremony as of old, but the British keep control of legislation, taxation, and disposal of lands, maintaining armed forces. The general tax, based on the earnings or holdings of natives, goes into native treasuries. From these monthly payments are made to all officials, from the emirs and *alkalis* (judges) down to village headmen and their subordinates.

Kano's wall was built in the days when the Hausas had to defend their lives and property from envious neighbors. The wall extends twelve miles around the Mohammedan city—in which no Europeans live—and is thirty feet at the base. Rains have worn it down at the top and it is crumbling, but

every night the eight gates are carefully locked by solemn Moslem guards. Within the walls is a congested array of mud houses, palaces and mosques. Jagged pinnacles and grotesque gutters on the roofs make a weird skyline, relieved by a few trees.

Outside of the wall is the European town, with its tin-roofed stores and the homes of the white officials and traders. There is also an "outside" town for the native clerks from the coast, and Syrian traders.

Thru the gates of Kano pass the caravans from the desert; long strings of camels with tall sheiks, spear in hand, striding in front. Kano is the greatest market in West Africa, and the people are industrious and prosperous. On the fertile land near the desert they raise a variety of food crops, and there are great herds of hump-backed cattle, sheep and goats. There are horses, too, for the tsetse fly is absent. To the west of the large province of Kano—31,000 square miles—is the province of Sokoto, and in northeast Nigeria is that of Bornu, each exceeding 30,000 square miles.

Cotton growing has been an industry in Hausaland for nearly a thousand years. It was introduced by the Arabs and grown in family patches for the manufacture of the famous Kano cloth. But this low-grade, native cotton is of little value from a commercial standpoint. The British Cotton Growing Association is making a costly effort to develop the production of the American variety of cotton. This is a corporation formed by Lancashire cotton spinners, who depend chiefly on the United States for their supply. They realize we are secure in our position as the greatest producer of cotton, as we have the only large area where the climate is suitable, the vegetation is not rank, the proportion of salts in the soil is sufficient and the supply of trained labor is ample. However, in their opinion, the time may soon come when the supply of cotton will not be sufficient to meet the world's requirements unless new fields are developed.

The B. C. G. A., as the association is known, has its largest ginnery at Zaria, in Northern Nigeria. The equipment here



A market scene in a native village of the Nigerian interior, where Mohammedanism has removed the people a step or two from savagery.

is twelve 70-saw gins. The association has other ginning stations along the Nigerian railway. Cotton is purchased at the stations at a guaranteed price, fixed one year in advance. To encourage the natives to raise American cotton, the association has paid more than the market price.

In Northern Nigeria it is estimated there are 22,000,000 acres of land available for cotton. At 100 pounds of lint per acre this should mean more than 5,000,000 bales. Last year Nigeria furnished 31,500 bales of 400 pounds each, half of which was American cotton. The climate in Northern Nigeria is more favorable than in Southern Nigeria, where there is heavy rainfall. The natives of Southern Nigeria did not like the looks of the American plant, which is only half the size of the native plant.

In Southern Nigeria the natives are not skilled in agriculture. There are no plows, as farm animals cannot live there. Farming is on a primitive, shiftless scale. For themselves the people raise yams, guinea corn, rice, cassava, etc. The story is told of an agricultural expert who came to the West Coast to show the natives how to raise larger and better crops. He was taken to a representative farming district, where he addressed a delegation of natives, telling them of modern methods of cultivating the soil. But he failed to make an impression. Observing this, he said:

"I can show you how to make your land produce three times as much maize (corn) as it does now. Does this interest you?"

"Oh, yes!" the natives replied eagerly, "then we need plant only one-third as much."

CHAPTER IV

FROM NIGERIA TO THE CONGO RIVER

CONTINUING east from the Niger delta until the shoreline turns abruptly to the south, we come to the Cameroon River with Cameroon Mountain, a majestic monument, as if it might have been intended to mark the grave of German dreams in Africa. Kamerun, as the Germans called it, is the Alsace-Lorraine of Africa, and it was intimately connected with the basic causes of the World's War. For a nation aspiring to dominate affairs in West Africa, the location of the country has a strategic importance and its commercial possibilities are great.



A Tekele woman with mutilated lips, one of the most painful customs practiced by African women.

In 1911, when Germany was demanding concessions in Africa and threatening to disturb the peace of Europe if these concessions were denied her, the Franco-German treaty recognized Germany's claim to territory on the West Coast of Africa, between the British holdings in Nigeria and French Equatorial Africa. This narrow strip extended north to Lake Chad and east as far as the Ubangi River. To this, France found it prudent to

add, as the price of peace with Germany, an area of about 107,210 square miles—twice the size of the State of Illinois, with a population of approximately two million natives.

The Germans had built 150 miles of railroads and had the task of exploiting the country's resources well started when the war broke out in 1914. Immediately a combined French and English force invaded this German colony, and, when peace was made, France was given the mandate for the territory she had passed to Germany under the 1911 treaty.

The balance of the German territory was incorporated into Nigeria, under British mandate. Thus was blasted Germany's dream of empire along the Western Coast.

There is no record of the first discovery of the Cameroon River, for which the country is named. Rio dos Camaroes, or Prawn River, doubtless originated with the early Portuguese explorers, for it appears on a map made by Canerio in 1502.

In 1845, an English Baptist mission was established at Victoria, at the foot of Cameroon Mountain, on Ambas Bay. Three years later another body of the same mission came to Victoria from Fernando Po. No formal recognition was extended to this occupation by the British Government, but for all practical purposes Victoria became a British possession.

Mount Cameroon, which rises abruptly from the sea coast, is the highest mountain on the West Coast, and several spurs of its base extend into the sea, forming estuaries which provide very good harbors, and good harbors are scarce in this part of Africa.

There is a rather sharp distinction to be observed between the native population of the south and north country. Excepting the almost negligible influence of the Christian missionaries, the south native is a primitive heathen, dominated by fetishism. In the north, especially in the ancient kingdoms of Adamawa and Bornu, Mohammedanism is an important factor in the civilization. The Fula tribes dominate a very large part of this northern territory, and the primitive settlements are unable to withstand the influence of the Mohammedan religion brought in by the Fula people, altho many large groups of the negroes in the north still cling to their pagan beliefs, especially in the Mandara Mountains and adjacent regions. Of these tribes the Musgus are the most important.

Cameroons is, to a large extent, an unknown and undeveloped country. Even tho it was overrun by French and British forces during the Great War, it is premature to attempt exactness in estimating its commercial value. In the past its wealth consisted almost entirely of wild rubber, palm products and ivory. The future of the wild rubber industry is, as has



"The White Man's Government" is a constant worry for the African native because it always is fighting disease. These natives are being vaccinated to combat the spread of smallpox in the Cameroons.

been proven by experience in almost all rubber producing countries, more than doubtful because of the inferior quality, plantation rubber being much superior and plantation cultivation being on the increase. The demand for palm products, however, increases from year to year, and the exportation of vegetable oils and fats will become more important.

As in most tropical countries, cotton, cocoa, tobacco, rubber, maize and many other less important tropical products, can be successfully grown, but it remains to be established just which districts are best suited to the various products.

The country adjacent to Lake Chad, when soil fertility and abundance of labor are considered, is favorable to agricultural activities. At present the handicap is transportation, it being impossible to find facilities for carrying the products

to the sea coast. The only method of transportation at present is by native porters, thru almost impassable forests and over mountainous districts.

It looks as if the Adamawa district has possibilities as a cattle country, but the lowlands and forest districts are infested with the tsetse fly, and before cattle raising can be made profitable some means of rapid transport thru the tsetse-infected districts must be devised.

The so-called pygmies share the forest regions with the Bantus. They are known as Bagiellis, Babingas, Bumanjoke and Bomassas, according to locality. These dwarfs may represent the remains of an earlier population. Their numbers are decreasing and very little is known of their language. One of the first accounts of the pygmies was that brought out of Africa by Dr. George A. Schweinfurth after his second trip into Africa, which began in 1868. He went to the head waters of the White Nile and then struck into the interior to the west and south. He came in contact with the pygmies far to the east of the present Cameroons district. The tribe was known as the Akka and Schweinfurth came into possession of an Akka boy about 15 years old and tried to take him to Europe. The explorer had with him two European dogs, much larger than the native African dog, and a pygmy chief took a fancy to one of them and wanted to trade male and female slaves for the dog. The dog was exchanged for the Akka boy, and, in spite of the fact that Schweinfurth did everything possible to make the boy happy and keep him well until he could be taken to Europe, the lad died in Berber from dysentery, the result of overeating, a habit in which he persisted in spite of all his master could do to prevent it. As the boy did not make any growth during the last ten months of his life, Schweinfurth concluded that the lad had attained his growth and would never have exceeded the height of four feet seven inches, his measurement when he died.

Next to the Bantu and Sudan tribes, the most important in Cameroons are the Fulbes and Hausas. The salient characteristics of the Hausas I have discussed in dealing with

Nigeria. There are two types of the Fulbes: the Bororos, who are nomadic and fairly free from negro mixtures, and the settled Fulbes, who have a strong negro tincture. It is now believed that the Fulbes were, originally, of Hamitic stock. Their language, spoken in an extensive area where they are the ruling class, is believed to represent a Hamitic type, tho much corrupted by negro admixtures. They practically dominate both sides of the northwest frontier, extending as far south as Tabiti and as far north as Madagali. They are not a numerous people, when compared with some other strains, but they control several well-organized states, and their slave-trading expeditions have struck terror to the negro population thruout the Cameroons district and in parts of Nigeria.

Tho it is not certain that they are racially Arabic, that is the tongue of the Shuas, living south of Lake Chad. The Kanuris, west and southwest of the lake, appear to be a mixture of Asiatic and negro bloods.

Pottery making, carried on almost exclusively by the women, is an important domestic industry in the Cameroons. Leather and metal workers ply their trades in primitive fashion, often producing very artistic designs. The palm fiber is woven into mats and other household necessities. Cotton is grown in the highlands of Adamawa, where weaving is generally engaged in, a variety of color being obtained by the use of indigo, red and yellow dyes. The art of smelting is known and iron is forged into a variety of ornaments and agricultural tools and cooking utensils.

Every six or eight weeks a United States Shipping Board freighter calls at the West African ports. When ready to turn our faces toward the great Congo River we boarded the "West Humhaw," an 8,800-ton "war baby," built and commissioned at Seattle in sixty-five days in 1918. With her sister ships in this service, all large oil-burners, she is operated by the Bull West African line for the Shipping Board. We went on board at Lagos, knowing that we had a voyage of 1,200 miles ahead of us, with frequent port calls along the Cameroons and French Equatorial Africa coasts. In most instances the

cargo worked in these ports was not enough to pay harbor charges. This, of course, was nothing to the Bull line. The Shipping Board stood the loss in order to send the United States flag down the African coast.

Gasoline, motor oil and kerosene, a few small motor cars, flour from Minneapolis, canned fruits from California, canned meats from Chicago, Southern pine lumber and small shipments of hardware are West Africa's chief imports from the United States. Only a small part of the imports and exports is carried in American boats. One British line, operating between New York and the ports of British and French

West Africa, gets a much larger share of the trade than does the Shipping Board steamers. The only Americans we met on the coast, other than missionaries and the crew of the "West Humhaw," were the Shipping Board's agent and his assistant at



Round huts with mud walls and thatched roofs common in the southern districts of the Cameroons.

Lagos. They were not "rushed to death" by any means.

I have often been struck by the fact that American ships get so little American passenger business. This applies also to our Government-operated lines. The United States spends more than two million dollars a year sending our diplomatic and consular officers to their posts, on foreign-owned ships, where we make regular calls, especially between New York and England.

Steaming along the coast one gets an interesting view of the volcanic Cameroon Mountain, which is 13,350 feet high. This mountain is now in British territory by virtue of a League

of Nations mandate. In the division of territory after the Great War, France got 80 per cent of the Cameroons territory—an area larger than that of France—including the important port of Duala. As Duala is in a river estuary, several miles from the sea, it is necessary to have a pilot thru the channel in order to avoid the wrecks of several steamers sunk there by the Germans on the outbreak of the war. On our way in we saw a German sea captain who had forgotten the war. He brought his ship to the bar and signaled for a pilot. The French port authorities observed that the ship was flying the old flag of the Imperial German Government and ordered the captain to haul down the offending colors. He refused, and the French would not permit him to have a pilot. He tried to get into the harbor, but had to give it up. Thereupon he declared that he would land his cargo at Port Harcourt, Ni-



In the northern districts of the Cameroons the square hut with thatched roof is the prevailing type.

geria, a day's steaming up the coast. When we last saw him he was headed in that direction. Whether he attempted to display the offending flag at Port Harcourt, which is British, is a matter for conjecture. Two German steamers which we encountered along the coast were commanded by men who had had charge of submarines during the war.

Duala has a population of 2,000 natives and 150 Europeans. The streets are wide and well drained; the business buildings of modern style. There were few natives in the town and surrounding country. We marveled at this until we learned that the French government was looking for railroad laborers.



A Cameroons sultan on his divan, ready to receive his guests.

The natives had heard of this and had taken to the bush. The French plan to extend the railroad line, now running 150 miles north of Duala, until it reaches the Lake Chad region. It now takes three weeks to reach Lake Chad from the coast, traveling by rail, river and caravan. The Dualas, for

whom the port is named, were cannibals. They acted as brokers between white traders and the natives of the interior. The Dualas are more inclined to earn and save money than most blacks. They are more independent, also, and frequently clashed with the Germans, who used forced labor, not only on public works, but on private plantations as well.

A heavy surf breaks along the Cameroons coast, making landing dangerous. At Kribi our ship stopped to land fifty tons of supplies for American Presbyterian missionaries. The chart showed there was a lighthouse there, but it had been destroyed by the Germans and the French had not restored it. The rubber market slumped before the French came and Kribi has seen few ships since the war. A meeting of American missionaries of the Cameroons was being held near Kribi and several surf-boat loads of them came out to have lunch with us on the ship. The surf tossed the boats and made many of the women ill, but they stood it bravely. Their only complaint was that they had lost a phonograph and a quantity of delicacies from the United States when the sea overturned a boat from the last steamer that had called at Kribi.



Many of the sultans in the Cameroons and other West Africa districts are surrounded with barbaric splendor. These are the royal horsemen serving as a sultan's bodyguard.

Farther down the coast we saw the Batangas, who are famous for their skill in making and maneuvering little, one-man canoes. These are frail craft of cottonwood, hollowed out with a native adz. The canoe weighs only fifteen pounds, yet the Batangas do not fear surf, waves or sharks. The paddler sits as on a saddle, with his feet in the water. An unexpected thrill was added when a shark grabbed one paddler by the leg. He was rescued by his companions, but had a badly lacerated limb to help him remember the incident.

Twenty or thirty miles from the coast, in the Batanga district, is or was a colony of huge gorillas. One of these gorillas, killed some years ago, was stuffed and is on exhibition in the South Kensington Museum of Natural History, London, as an especially large specimen, considerably taller than the average man. There is a story that the Batangas moved their villages away from the region because the gorillas kidnaped their women, none of whom returned. Missionaries and other white men with whom we talked professed to believe the story to be true.

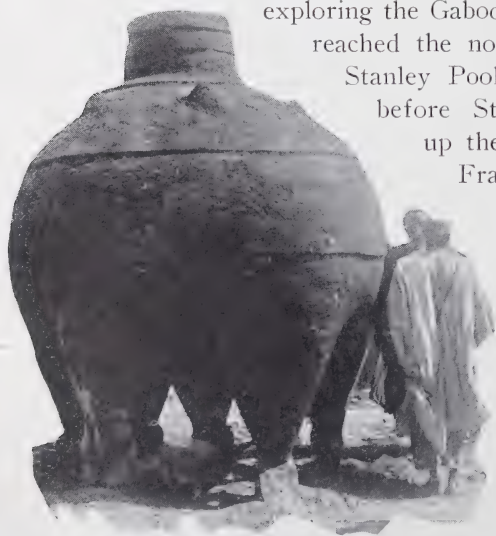
Fernando Po, the small Spanish island off the coast of the Cameroons, has a mountain nearly as tall as its neighbor, Cameroon Mountain, on the mainland. The natives of Fernando Po still use bows and arrows and the few white inhabitants do not venture far from the port where they live and where steamers occasionally call for water. There is a small Spanish colony on the mainland, south of Cameroons. It is known both as Rio Muni and Spanish Guinea. It appears to be of no commercial or strategic importance. South of this is Gaboon, the coastal province of French Equatorial Africa.

Gaboon derives its name from the Gaboon River, flowing thru the district. One of my Chicago editors asked me to bring him a pet gaboon. Later he wrote me, canceling the request, as he had discovered it was not an animal, but a country. The old Gaboon settlement at Libreville was founded, like Sierra Leone and Liberia, by freed slaves. Some years later it became a French trading colony. When Stanley, an American citizen born in Wales, was opening the Congo for the King of Belgium, a young Italian named DeBrazza was exploring the Gaboon country for France. He

reached the north bank of the Congo at Stanley Pool, 350 miles from the sea, before Stanley got there. Putting up the flag he thus obtained for France a large part of the western basin of the Congo.

The capital of French Equatorial Africa, on Stanley Pool, was named Brazzaville in honor of the young explorer.

Among the inhabitants of Gaboon the most interesting are the Mpongwe and the Fangs. The Mpongwe were visited by the first missionaries who

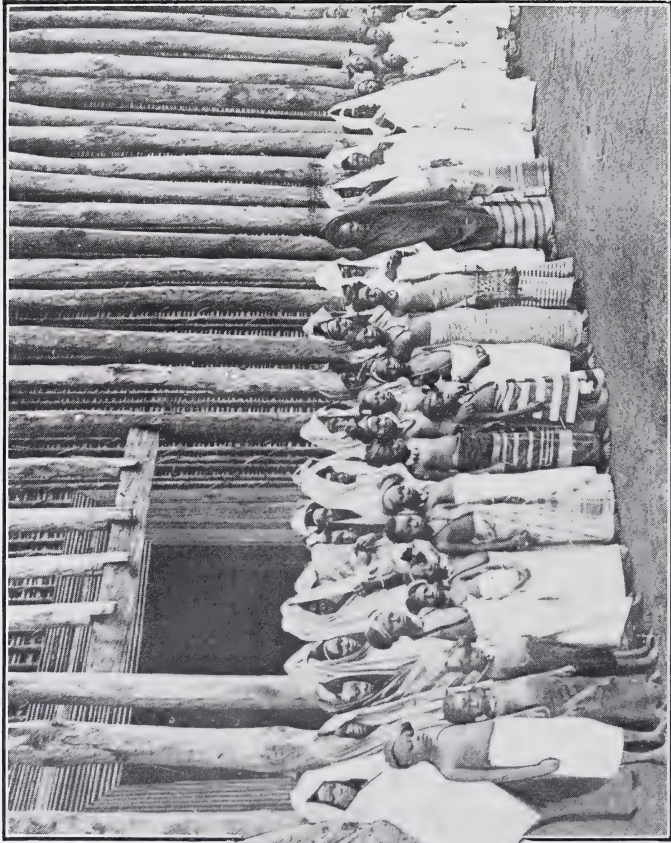


Many of the tribes in the Cameroons use great kettles of sun-dried mud for granaries.

came to this part of Africa, and are semi-civilized. Those living in large villages wear clothes. Because they feel that they are civilized, the Mpongwes call themselves the "Wise One," and intermarry with only a select few of the other tribes. The Fangs are also exclusive, but for a different reason; other tribes keep away from them. They are fighters, raiders and cannibals and have acquired the habit of stealing wives.

In the interior of Gaboon and thru most of the French Congo territory the natives are of the Bantu race. From northern Congoland on down to the extreme south of Africa we shall be in the land formerly occupied by the Bantus. Where these negroes originated; or when they came, are subjects of much speculation. When first heard of they were in the vicinity of what is now northeastern Belgian Congo. From there they spread west to the Atlantic Coast, east and south to Zanzibar and on to the Cape of Good Hope. The aboriginal pygmies fled before them into the forests, the Bushmen and Hottentots of the south took refuge in the desert country. Here and there the Bantus absorbed better types of natives, the combination producing a people superior to ordinary negroes, as in the case of the Zulus and certain other tribes of South and East Africa. In Congoland, isolated by desert and jungle, the Bantus stagnated in savagery.

We crossed the Equator at 4 o'clock in the morning. Shortly afterward we saw the lighthouse on Cape Lopez, one of the few beacons on this coast. In the afternoon the water about the ship changed from ocean green to a rusty brown and we knew we were in the flood of the mighty Congo, tho still more than a hundred miles from the mouth of the river. When we came on deck the next morning the ship was alongside a yellow sandspit, appropriately named Banana. This little strip of sand where the Congo flows into the Atlantic is the only sea coast of the Belgian Congo. The Portuguese formerly held both banks of the Congo, Angola coming up to it on the south and the little province of Kabinda touching the river on the north. Belgium finally obtained Banana as a port of entry.



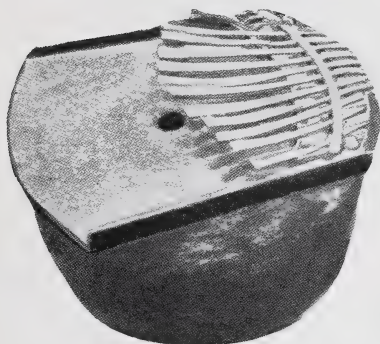
A Cameroons sultan and his wives and children. Where the Mohammedan influence has asserted itself there is at least the "imitation" of a civilization.

CHAPTER V

PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA—ANGOLA

TODAY, the Portuguese who did much of the pioneering and exploring along the South African coast have but two colonies south of the Equator to remind them of the days when they enjoyed practically a monopoly in the South African

trade. Four hundred years ago the Portuguese were the greatest European power in Africa and called their possessions there "The Lands of the Setting Sun." Their sun of empire set long since, but they held their own on the west coast south of the Equator, and in East Africa. Excepting Angola on the west, and Mozambique on the east, South Africa is now British territory. There are places in the history of this rise to dominance which suggest that Great Britain, rather than "Bill Nye," was the



An Angola native "piano." When the keys are thumped they strike the resonating gourd and the result is music—to the negroes.

originator of that brand of generosity which divided the apple in two equal parts, "keeping one half and eating the other." That British domination has furthered progress, and that unification of this vast territory under guidance of Anglo-Saxon rule has been more beneficial to the country than would have been a number of governments with the rivalries and hostilities incident thereto, is a proposition I am not prepared to deny. It seems like a striking bit of irony, however, that the British should be the last to arrive and should remain to rule, while the Portuguese should have been the first to arrive and should have profited so little in the way of permanent territorial holdings.

Nearly all of Black Africa is ruled by white nations, but the color line is little recognized in some countries, and least of all in Angola, Portugal's largest and oldest colony on the continent.

I remember how I was impressed by the story of the Portuguese securing the Lower Congo country on the Atlantic coast of Africa in return for a chair. The King of Portugal sent the chair to the negro king of the Congo as a present. The black monarch wished to express his thanks and some Portuguese who were with him kindly offered to write a suitable letter. The king put his mark on the dotted line. Later he learned that in the letter he had given all his territory on both sides of the Congo River to Portugal.

That was in the fifteenth century—the mouth of the Congo having been discovered by the Portuguese admiral, Diego Cam, ten years before Columbus found America—but the Congo natives have never forgotten the incident.

“A white man can go safely in almost any part of the Congo today, unless he is mistaken for a Portuguese officer. If the natives think you a Portuguese official or soldier you are liable to get a bullet or a poisoned arrow in the back.” So an old-timer told us shortly after our arrival. What we saw and heard confirmed his statement. Americans and Britons can go unmolested in regions of the Portuguese Congo where government officers dare not venture without a strong guard.

When the first Portuguese came to Angola they took black women as their wives and the custom has continued ever since, particularly among petty officials, small traders and the criminals exiled to the African colony from Portugal. Any one going to Angola must be prepared to see in the settlements white men with black women, mulatto women with black men, and many half-breed children. The ordinary Portuguese in Africa treats the native as his equal. The negro does not respect him, but is friendly to him. Portuguese traders get along better with the native than other Europeans. The Portuguese army officer, however, is usually hated by the natives. They resent having to take orders from him. Portuguese captains,



One sees many interesting contrasts in native clothing when traveling by rail in Angola.

as a rule, have slight influence over their black troops. The result is that the troops do as they please, and this has frequently been responsible for uprisings among the negroes of Angola. The vagrants and criminals deported to Angola have not increased the negro's respect for the Portuguese. Until recently the colony had to defray the passage money of the convicts. Some were put in disciplinary companies in the large settlements, but the remainder had to shift for themselves. Many chose to live with and live like the natives.

Portugal is a small, poor country, and until the last few years the colonial staff consisted largely of incompetents, who did not receive sufficient salaries to live decently if they knew how to. The home government endeavored to run the colonies entirely as sources of revenue for Portugal, but failed to make them pay, and the people of Portugal were heavily taxed to provide for the upkeep of their overseas possessions. Since Portugal became a republic, after the revolution of 1908, a more enlightened policy has gradually been adopted; a better

class of officials and colonists is being established in Angola and the government of the colony is now directed by progressive men. In this connection it is only fair to say that Portugal should not be judged by its lowest types. The better class of Portuguese, such as many of the present government officials in Angola, the representatives of the trading companies and the settlers who are helping to develop the country, compare favorably with men of similar capacities in other African colonies, and they receive the visitor with friendship and hospitality.

Angola, or Portuguese West Africa, contains more than 500,000 square miles, fourteen times the size of Portugal. Lying north of the territory of Southwest Africa, it is bounded on the north and northeast by Belgian Congo and on the east by Northern Rhodesia, and has approximately 1,300 miles of coast line. Angola's negro population is similar to that of Belgian Congo on the north, with which we shall deal in subsequent chapters, but the country is much different, because Angola belongs mainly to the great plateau of Southern Africa. Altho within the tropics, between 6 and 17 degrees south of the Equator, the climate of a large part of Angola is subtropical, due to the altitude and the effect of the cool Antarctic current flowing along the coast from the south.

From the lowland strip twenty to one hundred and twenty miles wide bordering the Atlantic on the west and the Congo River on the north, the land rises to a wooded plateau 1,000 to 2,500 feet above sea level. A second plateau lies at a height of 3,000 to 6,000 feet and consists of grassy hills and uplands, with many streams, and a comparatively healthful climate.

Figures on the native population of Angola are only guesswork. The total is estimated at four million. This is based on the hut tax collected by the government, but natives in remote parts of the country pay no tax. The natives are Bantu negroes, except a few tribes in the southern districts who are a cross between negroes and Bushmen. The Bushmen, now about extinct, were evidently the first inhabitants of Southern Angola, as well as South Africa.



A fortified government post near the Lower Congo River in Angola. The natives of this region have given officials a good deal of trouble.

There are 20,000 Europeans, mostly in the towns, and they are mainly Portuguese or of Portuguese descent. In the highlands of central Angola and in the south are some Boer colonies. In the past, few Portuguese settled on the land. Colonization from Portugal and other European countries is slowly being extended in the vast area of the high plateau. The highlands generally are suited to ranching and large sections are adapted to the growing of maize.

Small Portuguese steamers call at the various West Coast ports on the way south to Cape Town and on the return voyage to Lisbon. Our boat's first

stop after leaving Walfish Bay, Southwest Africa, was Mossamedes, the southernmost port of Angola. The town was founded in 1787 and has a picturesque stone fort, a palace and a church built in that period. The Portuguese population is about 2,500. Mossamedes has an open roadstead, like most of the West Coast ports. The country here is barren, the same as the coast of Southwest Africa, the rainfall being less than an inch a year, but within 100 miles from the sea there are fertile uplands with plenty of water. Boer ranchers have a settlement at Humpata, 6,000 feet above sea level, on the government railway, which runs 150 miles from the coast to the plateau.

Two hundred and fifty miles north of Mossamedes is Lobito Bay, where we come into the best natural harbor on the West African coast, protected by a sandspit two miles long, about two miles out, running parallel with the shore. Ocean vessels load and discharge cargo on a wooden jetty instead of having to use lighters, as in most ports on this coast. Steamers of Portuguese, British and German lines call here regularly, and every few months a United States Shipping Board freighter arrives with equipment and supplies for the American Petroleum Company—said to be owned by the Sinclair interests—which is prospecting for oil in a large concession near the Benguella Railway, which runs inland from Lobito. The Americans have been there for several years and have a comfortable, well-built little town of their own. So far there has been no announcement of finding oil in paying quantities, but evidently there is hope, as additional equipment continues to arrive. Official Portuguese reports dated as far back as 1844 refer to indications of oil at points near the coast. An English company also has a concession, where it is prospecting for oil, near the railroad.

Lobito was only a fishing village a few years ago. The present town, about a mile from the harbor, is small, with a white population of 250, and lacks the old-world charm of the ancient settlements on the coast. As a port, however, Lobito is the most important place in the colony, this being due to the railroad, to which we shall refer later.



Steamers docked at Lobito Bay, the principal port of Angola and one of the best natural harbors on the West African coast.

Loanda, 300 miles north, formerly was the principal port, and it is still an important town, as it is the capital of Angola. Loanda was founded in 1576 and looks it. On the beach is the weather-beaten stone fort of San Pedro, built in the early days of the colony, and on a cliff overlooking the harbor is another fort, San Michel, 300 years old. High stone walls surrounding solid old buildings tell the story of Loanda's past. These were compounds where slaves were brought from the interior to await the arrival of ships, taking them to Europe and America. Loanda has well-paved streets, made by convict labor, as this was originally a penal colony. The business section of the town is on the beach, the homes on the hillside, shaded by trees. There are several hotels and bars, a theater and numerous Portuguese and native stores. A government railroad runs from Loanda 300 miles eastward to Malange, where it taps a fertile region. The first intention was to continue this line east to the Katanga Province of Belgian Congo, but the gauge is only one meter (39 inches), while the line that is being built by British interests from Lobito to the Katanga is of 42-inch gauge, the same as that of the Katanga Railway

and the South African railway system, with which the Belgian line connects.

Portugal now has a high commissioner at Loanda, in addition to the governor general. The high commissioner's chief duty is to push the development of the colony, and General Sir Norton de Mattos, who was governor general of Angola from 1912 to 1915, made a very good start as commissioner by modifying the trade regulations of the colony under which Portugal had sought to retain all sources of profit by creating



The "flivver" broke down and is being towed by oxen, on the road to Cuito, on the Benguella plateau, where the Zambesia Exploring Company has a big ranch.

markets for her own commerce and keeping out foreign competition, a policy which made it impossible for Angola to progress. For example, the export duty on palm oil shipped from Angola to Portugal was 17 per cent *ad valorem*, and if shipped to any other country the duty was 35 per cent; on coffee, 16 per cent to Portugal and 28 per cent to other countries; cocoa, wax, hides and other products averaging about the same. On the import duty, Portuguese goods entering the colony had a rebate of 90 per cent. Foreign goods, if shipped

first to Portugal and "nationalized" there, and then carried to Angola in a Portuguese vessel obtained a rebate of 20 per cent. The high commissioner has now reduced the export duties to 25 per cent of what they were and has also reduced the discrimination as to imports.

Angola was originally governed as a province of Portugal, but now is administered as a colony. It is divided into nine districts, each under a governor, responsible to the governor general at Loanda. The governor general and the high commissioner are appointed by and directly responsible to the Minister of Colonies in the government of Portugal. The district governors are appointed by the home government on recommendation of the governor general. Portuguese, or native troops, sometimes both, are stationed in the military districts. The courts are under Portuguese judges, but native chiefs are allowed to conduct their own law tribunals, subject to Portuguese supervision. In theory the law of the colony makes no distinction between Portuguese and natives. Native customs have been little changed by the Portuguese. The hut tax, ranging from \$1 to \$5 a year, is the chief source of revenue of the colony.

The greater mass of Angola natives are Bantu negroes. The women till the gardens and provide the food for their husbands and children. Polygamy is general. In the eastern part of Angola we met a chief 15 years old, who had recently succeeded his father, with thirty wives. We heard of several chiefs with over a hundred wives each. In all the tribes wives are obtained by purchase. The wedding ceremonies do not amount to much, but girls cannot become brides until they have been initiated in accordance with tribal customs, and boys are also initiated into



In the interior of Angola, transportation is by carrier, and the women frequently serve as porters.

man's estate with elaborate ceremonies. In certain tribes the brides are naked when handed over to their husbands, who must provide clothing, a sleeping mat and cooking pots, and must "set up" the village to beer and palm wine. Children are well treated when small, but after they are able to shift for themselves the boys have little attention; the girls, being a source of revenue, are provided for by their families until sold.

Land around the villages is held in common, the women growing maize, millet, yams, pumpkins and manioc in small plots by primitive methods. When the fertility of the ground is exhausted, after four or five years of gardening, the village is moved. Manioc, or cassava, which resembles our arrow-root, is easily cultivated, its reproduction usually being effected by cuttings, as any part of the stem or branches takes root readily. The usual size of the root is six to nine inches in length, with a diameter of one or two inches. The root is fit for eating at nine months from planting, but attains its best condition in the fifteenth or sixteenth month. Flour or meal is made by pounding the dried root. Bananas and pawpaws, growing wild, furnish abundant food. For meat, the natives depend on game, goats and chickens, and in some localities rats and mice. White ants, which are in reality termites, shaped like lozenges, are roasted and made into cakes; locusts and grubs are also regarded as delicacies.

In common with all negroes, the men have an aversion to any kind of regular work. The Portuguese have recruited thousands of Angola natives for their rich cocoa plantations on the Islands of San Thome and Principe, off the coast of



A village of the dead. In this Angola tribe it is the custom to put the dead in huts and bar the doors. The cemetery lasts as long as the weather permits the huts to stand.



A station on the Benguela Railway which is being built across Angola to the Belgian Congo, and is now operating for about 400 miles, or one-half the distance to the Belgian frontier.

West Africa, near the Equator. This was formerly done by the government, but now is in the hands of a company working under government supervision. The average labor contract is for three years, at the expiration of which time the native is brought back to Angola. Naturally thriftless, he used to spend his money in riotous living and was broke and starving a few days after reaching port. To remedy this the government arranged that his wages, except a small dole as pocket money, shall not be paid him until he reaches his home up country or takes up an allotment in reservations that have been established for returned laborers. However, the labor reservations are not popular with the natives.

In the Lunda district, in eastern Angola, are diamond fields, which are being exploited on an exclusive concession by a corporation known as the *Companhia de Diamantes de Angola*. The Angola government holds part of the stock and gets 32 per cent of the profits, the balance of the stock and profits belonging to British and American interests. The principal

American interests are owned by T. F. Ryan. The diamonds are found in alluvial deposits in the valleys of numerous rivers, this being a continuation of the Kasai basin of Belgian Congo, and in quantity as well as quality the prospects are considered better than those of the Belgian territory. The British end of the company represents the South Africa diamond mining interests, so it is unlikely that Angola diamonds will be permitted to come onto the market in such quantities as to bring down the price. Owing to the loose condition in which the diamond-bearing gravel is found, the mining is simple, mostly by pick and shovel. Some of the washing machines, where the diamonds are recovered, are run by mechanical means; others by native labor. Five thousand natives are employed at present and operations are being extended. Most of the directing staff are Americans, and those with whom we talked told us the same thing we heard from other employers—the greatest difficulty is the labor problem.

Owing to the remote situation of the diamond fields, access is difficult. Lunda, the headquarters of the mining company, is 560 miles from the end of the Loanda Railway. There is a fairly good road for about two-thirds of the distance, and this is being extended. Most of the traffic with the fields now goes by way of Belgian Congo, on the Kasai and Congo rivers.

The watershed between the Congo and Zambesi river systems extends for 1,700 miles across Africa with an average altitude of 5,000 feet. In Angola it is known as the Benguella plateau; in Belgian Congo it is the high Katanga, and in the east the plateau forms the most northerly part of Rhodesia. Because of its elevation this plateau is the most healthful part of Angola. The soil and climate are favorable to the growing of maize, also tobacco and citrus fruits, and the raising of cattle. The Zambesia Exploring Company, a British corporation associated with the Benguella Railway Company, has extensive concessions in this part of Angola and is encouraging British settlers to locate here. Numerous Portuguese ranches have also been established on the plateau. Natives are depended on for labor, and of course considerable capital is necessary for



Drums play an important part in the life of all African tribes. They are the "telegraph" instruments by which messages are sent from one village to another and they are used in all fetish dances.

equipment and improvements. Rainfall averages forty inches a year. Tsetse flies and malarial mosquitoes are rarely found at this altitude. The temperature varies greatly, from warm in the day to cool—even frost—at night.

The shortest route from Central Africa to the Atlantic is along this plateau. Here was the old slave road to Benguella, in those days the busiest port of Angola. On this road the British Company is building a railroad from Lobito and Benguella to the border of Belgian Congo, where it hopes to receive the traffic of Belgium's rich copper mines in the high Katanga.

From the jetty at Lobito the railway first runs south twenty miles to the ancient port of Benguella, capital of the district, and then turning inland begins its ascent of the plateau. For 140 miles we pass thru dry, barren land, known as the "Thirsty Country," climbing to an altitude of 4,000 feet. At Lagange, 214 miles from Lobito, the railway begins ascending the Lepi Mountains, climbing to an altitude of 6,180 feet. From this point the line descends to Chinguar, 5,930 feet.



A Calabar fetish priest wearing a headdress three feet high and about sixty pounds of grotesque clothing.

CHAPTER VI

"JU-JU"

SINCE social customs, religion and philosophy have their beginnings in the most primitive peoples, I venture to say that there is nothing of more profound interest in Africa than fetishism. Those who see in the "ju-ju" of the African native

only savage ignorance and ludicrous puerility would quickly change fronts if they were to read such a book as the late William Graham Summer's "Folkways." Such a reading might be a disquieting experience, but it would suggest the probability that there is as much, if not more, superstition in the most cultured civilized nation of today than there is in West Africa, where, with the possible exception of the Papuan and Australian aboriginal blacks, we find the most primitive people.

When we realize that all our modern beliefs, from those which govern our food to the most heroic patriotism and the most devout religious faith, have had their beginnings in the folkways of the savages we are apt to restrain our contempt for fetishism and investigate with some interest to see how much of our modern civilization is refined superstition.

Wherever you go in West Africa you hear of the ju-ju. It is more prevalent than preachers and doctors in our civilized countries, and, I am sure, commands more universal respect. The first time we saw a ju-ju in action was one day when we were on a hilltop in Southern Nigeria, looking down on a native town. On the distant edge of the town there was a



A "ju-ju" man dressed for a ceremonial dance.

sudden burst of flame. From the valley we heard the cries of excited men and women. Our native servants were excited also, and one of the boys went down to the town. He came back with the explanation that a house had been set afire.

This would not warrant much excitement, where a mud hut with grass roof is easily built and has only a short life. But he went on to say that it was the house of a man who had stolen another's wife. The fire was the work of the aggrieved husband and his friends. When they found the man he would have to pay money. He had run away because he saw the ju-ju guiding them to his house.

"Ju-ju" is West African for fetish. In this instance the ju-ju consisted of two bamboo sticks, held together and whirled by the operator, with holes cut in them to make a weird whistling sound. One of the sticks was bent so that the end would come off after being whirled a certain length of time. When this came off it flew in the direction of the guilty individual's home. The performance usually takes place at night. Since the domestic triangle is common here, the moan of the approaching sticks causes terror in more than one hut. An unusual feature of this case was the burning of the house, a custom peculiar to the locality. In the majority of tribes the payment of a sum of money, depending on the wealth of the offender, would have satisfied the husband.

Fetishism, the belief that objects possess magical powers, is the religion, if such it can be called, of the primitive blacks still living in the pagan world of spirits. This awe and fear of the supernatural is a part of the African make-up, which neither Christian missionaries nor Mohammedans have succeeded in removing. The Mohammedans, extending their religion in regions where fetishism is general, have shrewdly permitted the natives to retain their ju-jus if they will adopt the outward customs of Islam. The Christian missionaries have not compromised with the ju-ju. They believe it will pass away in time.

In West Africa, as in other parts of the Dark Continent, there are countless varieties of fetishism, witchcraft, animal

worship, ancestor worship, idolatry, etc. Anything may be ju-ju—a stick, a stone, a piece of iron, a bowl containing spirit "food," a tree, a hill, a tooth or a glass eye. None of these things has any power until a ju-ju man has said a spell over it, and the spirit, good or evil, has been induced to enter it. The average African is as quick to take up a new fetish as to discard an old one, when convinced that the spirit has tired of staying in it or has been stolen by the more powerful ju-ju of another man.

A ju-ju may be a protective one to thwart evil spirits, which in the mind of the black are always around him. Or it may be all-powerful, capable of accomplishing anything, good or bad, that his imagination conceives.

Ask a native: "Do you believe in ju-ju?" If he is a professed church member he will cautiously reply: "Not too much." But you will find few who will repudiate it entirely, and fewer who will give information about it. No native wishes to risk the enmity of the ju-ju.

Near Abeokuta, a large native town in Southern Nigeria, we saw the grave of a white man, who was killed at the beginning of the Egbas rising in 1918. He was the agent in this district for a British trading firm. He knew the natives well. On his way home one evening he came upon a number of them tearing up the railroad track. They cut him to pieces. It was supposed they feared he had recognized them and would report them to the authorities. However, white men acquainted with Egbas will tell you that the natives had been waiting for a chance to put him out of the way because he had taken too great an interest in their affairs; he "knew too much ju-ju." The Egbas went on the warpath. When the troops came the rebels put parts of the white man's body in a fetish bowl, which they emptied into the river in the belief that this would prevent the soldiers from crossing. Nevertheless they got across and the revolt was quickly ended, for the troops were equipped with modern rifles and machine guns, while the Egbas had only Dane guns. These are old-fashioned, long-

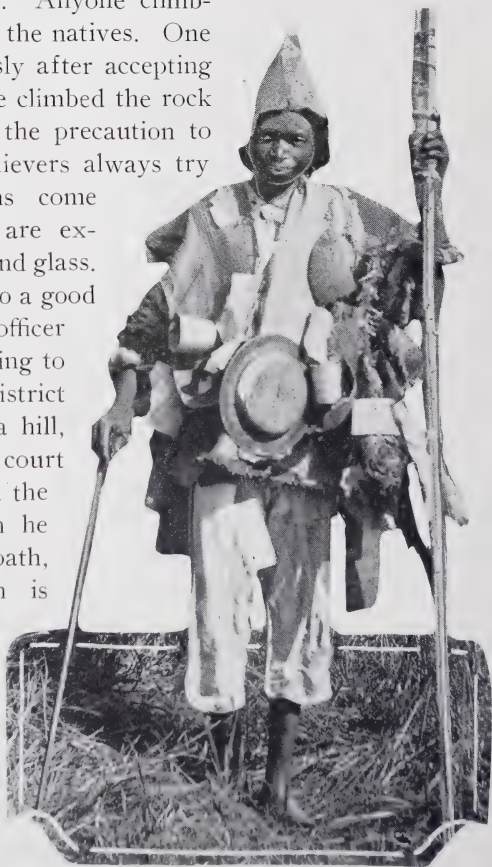
barreled flintlock muskets. Natives are permitted to use them on game in the bush.

Incidentally the Alafin of Oyo, the king and spiritual ruler of the Yoruba State of this region, was made a companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George for having stood by the British government in the Egba revolt.

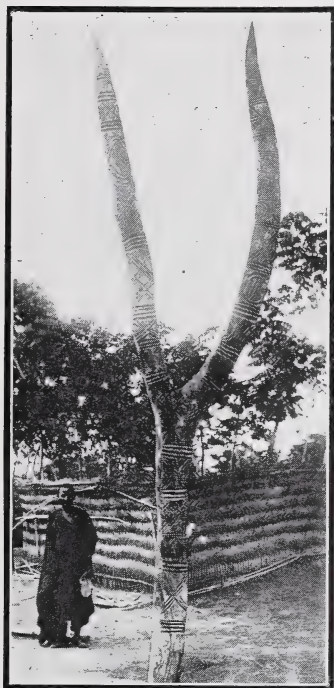
Ju-ju hills and rocks are common. At Jebba, in Northern Nigeria, is a famous rock. Anyone climbing it will die, according to the natives. One white man died mysteriously after accepting the challenge. Others have climbed the rock safely; perhaps they took the precaution to hire new cooks. Ju-ju believers always try to make their predictions come true, and most Africans are experts with poisons and ground glass.

Ju-ju hills can be used to a good end, as a white district officer told us. He was endeavoring to have the border of his district extended to take in such a hill, which was near by. In court cases, if a native swears on the ju-ju hill to tell the truth he usually will observe the oath, while ordinary affirmation is not binding. In many tribes women go up the ju-ju hill at certain times of the year to pray that they will have children. In this country it is a disgrace to be childless.

At Awka, in the central part of Southern Nigeria, was a ju-ju tree near which was the scene



A fetish man of the Ibo region, Nigeria. He wanders about the country and is always sure of a good meal because natives are afraid of his charms.



Fetish emblem of the Bata tribe in Cameroons. It is suggestive of the "totem pole" of Alaska.

of human sacrifices, as in Ashanti land in the Gold Coast. There was a sacrifice at Awka not long ago. The police caught the murderers redhanded. They were executed and the tree was destroyed.

Snakes, cats and leopards are sacred in certain parts of West Africa. The Ibos of southeastern Nigeria regard the python with special veneration. Pythons are common here. They are said to attain a length of twenty feet. We saw only one large python and had no chance to measure it. Near a bungalow where we were stopping it was lying partly concealed by bushes digesting a young goat. Our host hacked at the snake with a machet, which so annoyed it that it crawled away into the forest. Evidently it was not seriously wounded, as we could find no trace of it. The python is not poisonous. It has been known to make away with little children in localities where it is so sacred that the natives dare not interfere

with it unless a ju-ju man is on hand to officiate. A friend of ours traveling in the Ibo country had a boy from Yorubaland, where snakes are not sacred. This boy killed a small python. There was great indignation in the nearby Ibo village and it required much diplomacy on the part of the boy's master to pacify them. The reason snakes and cats are in such esteem is because they kill rats. The tribes holding the leopard sacred do so because in this part of Africa he is the king of beasts. Lions are found in only a few isolated bush regions of West Africa.

"Ju-ju palavers" are often confused with the ordinary native dances. In fact, it is difficult for an uninformed white man to distinguish between them. Dancing is the main

pastime of the bush natives. In the villages the tomtoms, or drums, are often heard all night. In the large towns, where there is more work to do, the big dance nights are Saturday and Sunday. Customs differ widely, but in general there are the informal dances, which take place any time; the more formal "descriptive" dances, usually of sensuous nature, and the occasional ceremonial dances. Ju-ju has a part in nearly all dances. There was going to be a big ceremony near where we were one night. The natives with us advised us not to try to witness it. It was not ju-ju, they said. Of course, ju-ju dancers would be there, but only to get money from the guests. However, white men would not be welcome. We managed to see part of the dancing, in which the chief actors were a half dozen ju-ju men. On their heads were grotesque bonnets of feathers, over their faces were crude but terrifying masks on which were painted great eyes and teeth. Lines of white clay daubed over their bodies gave them a most uncanny appearance as they pranced before the throng. For hours the monotonous pounding of the tomtoms and the chanting of men and women continued without interruption. The ju-ju men, who no doubt collected the money, certainly deserved something for their work.

Wherever the ju-ju reigns there are ju-ju men, and in some tribes women, who conduct the rites and act as intermediaries between the people and the spirit world. For a time they were valuable aids to the native slave dealers in defeating the efforts of the white governments to break up the traffic. In many parts of Africa today the governments feel the power of fetish priests and witch doctors.

Secret societies have long existed in West Africa. Few of them are really secret, in which respect they resemble the white men's lodges. They are of many kinds, including organizations which conduct ceremonies when boys reach manhood; social clubs for drinking and sexual license, some for men only, some for women, others for both, and societies connected with ju-ju, witchcraft, ancestor worship and other pagan rites. The Ibos have a society in which men pay for "titles," or degrees,

and in old age they are granted an income based on the payments they have made—a sort of an endowment policy. There are also organizations which control the chiefs of the tribe or group of tribes, in the interest of the people. The white authorities encourage societies of the latter sort and have had valuable coöperation from them.

Selling of strong drink to natives is now prohibited by the British and French governments in West Africa. The League of Nations covenant declared that the "liquor traffic" should be stopped in these areas. This was interpreted to mean "trade spirits." In Nigeria the term is defined as "spirits imported, or previously imported, for sale to natives and not generally consumed by Europeans." This gives much opportunity for evasion. Nigeria now has a high duty on spirituous liquors, but large quantities are imported. Natives who cannot afford to buy European liquors make wine from the fermented juice of the palm or brew beer from grain. In Northern Nigeria the devout Mohammedans are dry. Among natives who are not strong supporters of the Mohammedan code, and the pagans, there is much drinking of imported spirits smuggled from Southern Nigeria, and of palm wine and home-made beer. The white man is responsible for the introduction of whisky and gin, which brought great revenue to traders and governments, but palm wine and native beer were being consumed long before he came. Among the blacks who make beer from their surplus grain, whole villages take part in drunken orgies, particularly at the end of the harvest, where men, women and children all go the limit.

Much feared are the mysterious "animal" societies, such as the "Human Leopards" of Sierra Leone. The "Human Leopards" are supposed to have the qualities of the man-eating cats for which they are named. There are Gorilla and Baboon societies in West Africa, but Leopard is the favorite name. In Sierra Leone the government has not succeeded entirely in suppressing the Human Leopards of the interior regions, where cannibalism still occurs.

To this day there is little information concerning the Sierra



Children dancers ready to participate in a "ju-ju" ceremony.

Leone society, altho it has existed for many years. Its members are said to have been pledged to secrecy by the practical method of putting human flesh in their food. After eating the forbidden meat they had to remain faithful to the organization for their own protection. In the old days the victims of the "Human Leopards" disappeared at dances. During the dance a member of the society would "turn into a leopard." He wore a leopard's skin and on his fingers were claws made of knife

blades. Seizing the dancer who had previously been chosen for the sacrifice he dragged him into the jungle. The society then met there for the feast. Young men and girls were preferred as victims.

The campaign to suppress the "Leopards" in the last thirty years has resulted in the abandonment of the dance program, but the society is heard of every now and then. When a native

disappears in the jungle and is not seen again, his neighbors say the "Human Leopards" have taken him. The authorities often have shared in this belief. Recently, however, a white officer has advanced the theory that, bad as the reputation of the society is, it is not guilty of all the crimes placed to its account. In support of his idea that real leopards are responsible for many occurrences in which "Human Leopards" are suspected, he has reported two cases in which he was able to establish that the violence was the work of wild animals which entered villages and dragged men and women into the bush.



A band of Tongo players in Sierra Leone. They will take a contract to discover thieves or to do most anything that a self-respecting witch will undertake to do.



It is quite a common practice with the natives of Tropical Africa to decorate their bodies by cutting the flesh and rubbing into the wounds ashes or oil, so that welts are raised as the wounds heal. In the Gaboon district of French Equatorial Africa, the women go to unbelievable extremes in this form of body adornment.

CHAPTER VII

FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA

FOR three thousand miles the Congo River flows thru Equatorial Africa, first irregularly to the north for a thousand miles, then circling westward above the Equator and finally turning to the southwest to bring its flood into the Atlantic Ocean. The area of its basin, one million five hundred thousand miles, is greater than that of any other river in the world except the Amazon, in South America. Had the Congo been easily navigable, Central Africa would have been known before the discovery of America. Ninety miles from the Atlantic the Congo is blocked by a series of thirty-two cataracts, which Stanley explored almost fifty years ago and named Livingstone Falls. The country beyond these cataracts has become known to white men only in the last half century.



A negro child with abdominal dropsy, usually caused by eating too many bananas and having no milk to drink.

Most of the Congo basin is held by Belgium, but in a previous chapter we referred to French Gaboon, on the Atlantic coast, and related how a young Italian exploring for the French government reached the north bank of the Congo, 350 miles from the sea, ahead of Stanley, an American citizen born in Wales, who was opening up the Congo for the King of Belgium. By planting the French flag there the young Italian secured for his adopted country a large part of the western basin of the Congo.

French Equatorial Africa, as it is now officially known, has an area of 700,000 square miles, consisting of four provinces, Gaboon on the Atlantic, the Middle Congo, Ubangi-Shari-Chad and the Lake Chad military territory.

From Livingstone Falls to the sea the Congo River and

valley are known as the Lower Congo. At the mouth of the river, on the north, is the small Portuguese province of Kabininda and a strip of Belgian territory between the river and French Gaboon. From Livingstone Falls the French hold the north bank for four hundred miles. Their capital is on Stanley Pool, above the Falls, and is named Brazzaville in honor of Stanley's rival, the Italian explorer De Brazza. Opposite Brazzaville, on Stanley Pool, is the capital of Belgian Congo.

With the mixed-blood tribes of the coast in the west, desert tribes in the north and Bantu negroes of the Congo in the south, French Equatorial Africa has a wide variety of population totaling approximately ten millions.

In the French province of Ubangi-Shari-Chad, north of Belgian Congo, east of the Cameroons and west of Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, are negroes of Bantu origin and half-breed tribes of Arab and Berber strain. The province gets its hyphenated name from the Ubangi River, the principal



Four Bateke "boys," descendants of one of the worst cannibal tribes of the French Congo. They work as stevedores on the river steamboats.

northern tributary of the Congo, and from the Shari River and Lake Chad. The Ubangi is the boundary of French territory north of the point where it empties into the Congo, above Stanley Pool. The Shari flows into Lake Chad, which is south of the Sahara desert, midway across Africa. The French province of Lake Chad is military territory. Until a few years ago the Wadai desert region in this territory was a great slave center, supplying girls and men for the Mohammedan harems of North Africa, Turkey and Arabia.

France and Great Britain reached an agreement on the Lake Chad country twenty-four years ago, after what is called "the Fashoda incident." France had been enlarging her territories in North Africa and her troops reached Fashoda. The British were running the Egyptian government and considered the Nile Valley as their territory. They ordered the French out. The trouble was finally patched up by France agreeing to stay away from the Nile and in return Great Britain recognized the Lake Chad country as French territory. This is north of British Nigeria.

In the desert country the French have built military roads and improved the caravan routes connecting with their territories that extend thru West Africa. However, there are large areas of French Equatorial Africa of which little is known. France has many colonies and has devoted more energy and money to the development of Northern Africa than to her Equatorial possessions.

Sleeping sickness prevails in the tropical provinces. One of the medical officers told us that 40 per cent of the natives of the Middle Congo province are afflicted with the disease, carried by the tsetse fly. Experts employed by the French government are experimenting with remedies, but the wild bush country, with its animals and natives, is full of flies.

In a case tried at Brazzaville, the capital, several years ago, two French officers took the same position as the tsetse flies, in seeing no difference between animals and the Congo natives. The officers were on trial for having killed some rebellious



Two victims of the sleeping sickness which is common in the tropical provinces where villages are frequently depopulated by the strange disease.

negroes. They admitted the fact, but contended that the charge made against them was not correct. The charge was "homicide" and they said it should only be "animalicide." Most of their countrymen at Brazzaville sided with them, but the judges were from France and did not live in the Congo, so the two officers were sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

Black troops from French Senegal, in West Africa, are chiefly used in policing the country. In each of the four provinces is a lieutenant governor, responsible to the governor general at Brazzaville. The provinces are divided into districts, under French administrators, who have judicial powers. Education is in the hands of missionaries.

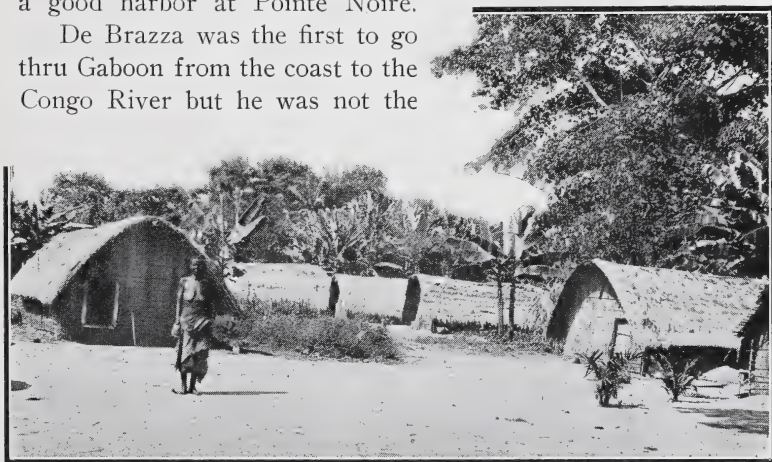
Natives are governed thru their tribal laws, their chiefs being under the supervision of the administrators. Land not occupied by natives is leased to concession companies, on condition that they develop it. Some years ago, when there was a good market for wild rubber, there were many prosperous concessions. Most of these have dropped out since the war. Rubber

is being produced on plantations, in a few districts, by large companies, but the principal exports are gum copal and palm oil from the tropical regions and ivory from the elephant country, north of the Belgian Congo.

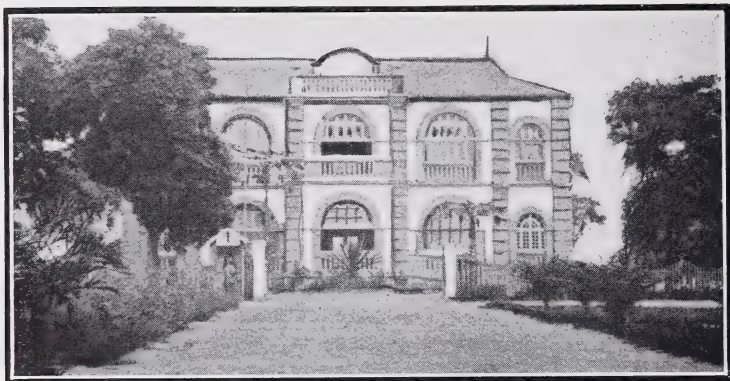
Altho French Equatorial Africa has a coastline, in Gaboon, and the Belgian Congo has no coast, all passengers and freight for the French territories on the interior are carried by Belgian boats on the Lower Congo and by the little Belgian railroad around Livingstone Falls to Stanley Pool. French steamboats go from Brazzaville on Stanley Pool up the Congo 350 miles to the Ubangi River, which flows into the Congo from the north. The Ubangi is navigable for steamers as far as Bangui, 800 miles from Stanley Pool. From Bangui there is connection by rivers and roads with Lake Chad, far to the northwest.

French officials told us that they will not be dependent on Belgian transportation much longer, as a railroad is being built from Brazzaville west to Pointe Noire, on the Atlantic Coast, near the old town of Loango, in Gaboon. This line will be about 250 miles in length and will give a more direct route to the sea than the Belgian railroads and Lower Congo boats. However, it will take much time and money to make a good harbor at Pointe Noire.

De Brazza was the first to go thru Gaboon from the coast to the Congo River but he was not the



Bateke huts in the native section of Brazzaville on the Congo River.



Official headquarters of the government of France in Equatorial Africa, at Brazzaville. The governor has a separate residence two miles from this administration building.

first explorer in Gaboon. My old friend "Uncle Paul" Du Chaillu was there some years before De Brazza, and in the Gaboon jungle he discovered the gorilla, which he described to the world. Scientists for many years disputed his statements.

Brazzaville has the largest white population and it is less than five hundred, government officials, traders, missionaries and their families. The French complain that they cannot induce their people to come to Equatorial Africa. There is nothing Parisian about the life here and it does not appeal to young men, outside of army officers, who are willing to put in a few years directing negro troops in order to earn promotion. Brazzaville has some handsome government buildings and residences, and good motor roads for short distances into the country; the town has been artistically laid out and beautified with palms and flowers, but it is quiet and sleepy compared to its neighbor across Stanley Pool, the Belgian town of Kinshasa, metropolis of the Congo. In the native village, at Brazzaville, we saw many cases of sleeping sickness.

Belgium has one bank of the Congo and France the other, from the Pool to the mouth of the Ubangi River. Most of the trading posts are on the Belgian side. On the Ubangi River are many native villages and French traders.

It takes a week, sometimes longer, for the small "stern-kicker" steamboats to go from the mouth of the Ubangi to Bangui, the capital of the French province of Ubangi-Shari-Chad. Bangui is a surprisingly modern town, considering that it is such an out-of-the-way place. The French have put their buildings on a hill overlooking the river and have built boulevards thru the town. One thing that impresses visitors in French territory is the road-building. Wherever the French establish themselves they have good roads and motor cars. Bangui is becoming an important market for tropical produce, especially palm kernels and oil.

The French keep the negro in his place and he has respect for them. They insist upon the native doing business their way. We cannot say as much for the Portuguese and Belgians. As far as the native customs are concerned, the French have checked cannibalism until it is now only practiced on the quiet, but have not interfered with tribal life, secret societies and



Native boys mashing grass with which to bait fish-traps. The basketwork traps, one of which is shown in the picture, are in common use along the Congo River.

fetishism. Of course, Mohammedanism is growing rapidly, because the French do not oppose it. In the northern regions practically all the negroes have become Mohammedans. Near the Congo River are numerous Catholic missions, which for years have been endeavoring to win the negroes away from the witch doctors and fetish priests.

The usual poll tax is collected when the official can catch the negro or he has the price. Times have been bad the last few years, there has been little trade and the tax collector has had a hard job. Usually the negro works it out on the roads.

After seeing a Congo negro fire a load of scrap iron from an old-fashioned musket at an antelope thirty yards away, and miss the antelope, we concluded they were not dangerous unless they threw away the musket and took up the spear. In the French province north of the Belgian Congo are the Zandes, a combination of negro and Arab blood, who are renowned hunters. They make a business of shooting game for the less clever negroes of nearby French and Belgian territory. Formerly the Zandes were slave raiders for the Arabs.

France is building in Africa a great empire. She dominates a vast territory beginning on the Mediterranean Sea and the Atlantic coast in Northwest Africa, sweeping south and east to the Congo and to Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. In the great western lobe of North Africa her holdings are such that they surround and isolate the little patches of territory held by other nations. In the light of history she offers an interesting subject for speculation. Greece, Rome, Carthage—all the powerful cities and states of ancient history—built their power on colonial possessions and the exploitation of the subjected peoples. Invariably, empires of this sort enriched the conquerors for a season, but ultimately the dependency on outlying resources contributed to their downfall. Subjected people learn the ways of the master people, and, eventually, use the knowledge for their own benefit. Will history repeat itself in Africa for France?

CHAPTER VIII

BELGIAN CONGO

LITTLE Belgium's great colony in tropical Africa, the Congo, extends twelve hundred miles across the continent from west to east and nearly the same distance from north to south, but is irregular in shape. The total area is close to one million square miles, eighty times the size of Belgium.

Six degrees south of the Equator the Congo River pours its flood into the Atlantic. This is the western entrance to the Belgian territory, a narrow sandspit at the huge mouth of the river, where a few white men are stationed to give incoming ships an official inspection and pilot them ninety miles upstream to Matadi, the stopping place of the Lower Congo.

Back of the sandspit, which bears the name of Banana, is the low-lying mainland. To the south on the other side of the river is another narrow peninsula, Padron Point, a corruption of the Portuguese word *padrao* (pillar). Diego Cam, the Portuguese who explored the mouth of the Congo in 1482, put up a pillar to mark the point. He sailed up the river to Matadi. Above Matadi are the cataracts now known as Livingstone Falls. For nearly four centuries after Diego Cam the interior of the Congo remained unknown to the world. Had the Congo been like the Amazon, without rapids and cataracts, this country would un-

doubtedly have been explored before America.

Our ship was an unwieldy cargo steamer of 8,800 tons,



In the Congo country, the women carry the water and wood, do the gardening and the heavy work. The more wives a man has, the easier his life.

capable of making twelve knots an hour. At several points the current ran eight to ten knots against us, giving the pilot and captain some anxious moments. For nearly the entire distance to Matadi it is a twisting course, due not only to the many turns in the river, but also to islands and rocks, and especially difficult at this time because of high water. The Congo River is subject to two rises, one from August to January, due to the tributaries on the south, and the other from March to May, due to those on the north.

For half the distance to Matadi the river banks are covered with dense vegetation, palms, mangrove trees and hippopotamus grass. On a large island a Belgian company grows vegetables and is attempting to raise cattle. More of the cattle have been killed by crocodiles than by tsetse flies. In this part of the river the "crocks" grow to a length of twenty-five feet. Hippos are said to be numerous, but are frightened by the steamers and are rarely seen in the daytime.

Forty miles up the river, on the south bank, is Fetish Rock, a huge ironstone ridge where a dozen Portuguese soldiers



Fetish Rock on the south bank of the Congo River, forty miles from its mouth.

were killed by natives several years ago. Ten miles farther on is Boma, a small sun-baked town in the center of a semicircle of hills. Until recently this was the capital of Belgian Congo. The seat of government has been moved to Stanley Pool. White men find it difficult to keep in good health at Boma. We were told that this was the reason the United States ceased having a consul here.

Above Boma the river becomes narrow, with high hills on each side. Within a few miles of Matadi is Noki, the Portuguese port on the Congo, consisting of a few painted stores and houses. Blue was the prevailing color and seemed appropriate, as the town has hardly any business, despite the large territory behind it. A half dozen Portuguese sitting in the shade of their store buildings languidly watched our ship maneuver around the turn of the river in front of the town. At the far edge of Noki is the boundary line between Belgian and Portuguese Congo. From this point on, for 150 miles above Matadi, Belgium controls both banks of the river, then French territory begins on the north side and continues for 500 miles up the Congo.

Near Matadi the river makes two sharp bends, and between them is the Devil's Cauldron. Steamers often have to turn back out of the Cauldron in the high-water season, and we saw where the last big freighter had broken its nose on the cliff-like bank in making the turn, but luck was with us. The hills rise in precipices on each side of the river above a dark basin of water in which there is a violent current with many eddies and whirlpools. Rounding the second bend we are at Matadi.

"Matadi," in native language, means rocks, and the town is well named. Shut in on all sides by mountains and built irregularly on a steep, rocky slope above the river docks, it is one of the hottest and most unhealthful ports in the world. When Stanley was commissioned by King Leopold of Belgium to establish stations on the Congo River and open the country for development, he located his first station at Vivi, two miles north of Matadi, at the foot of the cataracts, but ocean-going

vessels could not reach there, so Matadi became the port of the Lower Congo and the terminus of the narrow-gauge railroad built thirty years ago around the 200 miles of cataracts to Stanley Pool, on the Upper Congo.

Thru Matadi pass all the imports and exports of Belgian Congo, except the southeastern part, and of most of the interior of the French Congo. It is not unusual to see two or three steamers at one time alongside the docks, with hundreds of negroes loading or unloading cargo. On days when the hot sun sizzles down on the sweating natives and on the palm oil, dried fish and other products of the tropics, with no kindly breeze to remove the resulting combination, Matadi lives up to its reputation of having more smells to the square inch than any other town in the Congo, which is saying a great deal. There are 10,000 natives in villages around the white settlement, the men being employed on the steamer and railroad docks. The white population consists of 250 unfortunates, who are in the government service or connected with shipping.

Before any one can go into Belgian Congo it is necessary to pass a medical examination. The government goes to great precautions to prevent the introduction of disease, but on the outskirts of Matadi is reported to be a red-light district of "civilized" negresses who have made this one of the notorious places in Equatorial Africa.

Along the swampy shores of the Lower Congo, between the sea and Matadi, are occasional huts of fishermen, but to see the natives in numbers it is necessary to go inland to the hills and in the forests beyond. The Bakongo negroes, in Belgian and Portuguese territory, live on each side of the river. They were the first of the Congo tribes to come in contact with the white men. In some way they had acquired a crude knowledge of metal working and were slightly above the savage state when the Portuguese explorers and missionaries came to the Congo late in the fifteenth century.

The missionaries went among them and distributed religious medals, which they hung about their necks as evidence that they had become Christians. The native king of the Congo was



A Bakongo fisherman casting his net. The few natives inhabiting the swampy shores of this part of the Lower Congo, make their living by fishing.

under the impression that he had made an alliance with the king of Portugal. When he found the Portuguese claiming he had given them his country he declared war on the whites, including the missionaries, and his people deserted the church. However, they kept the crosses and medals as fetish charms, and so they are worn today by many natives who have no understanding of Christian religion.

Churches of various denominations now have missions in the Lower Congo and the Bakongo natives are friendly to the white teachers. But most of them, like the majority of African blacks, are pagans at heart and are still under the power of their fetish men and witch doctors.

As you see the Bakongo women going to work in the garden plots you observe them carrying their babies on their backs. This is because they serve the meals en route. So far as known the Bakongo have never been cannibals. They have lived in constant fear of their cannibal neighbors up the river and back in the interior. The women do the gardening, the carrying of wood and water and all heavy work. The more wives a man has, the easier his life. But the high cost of living

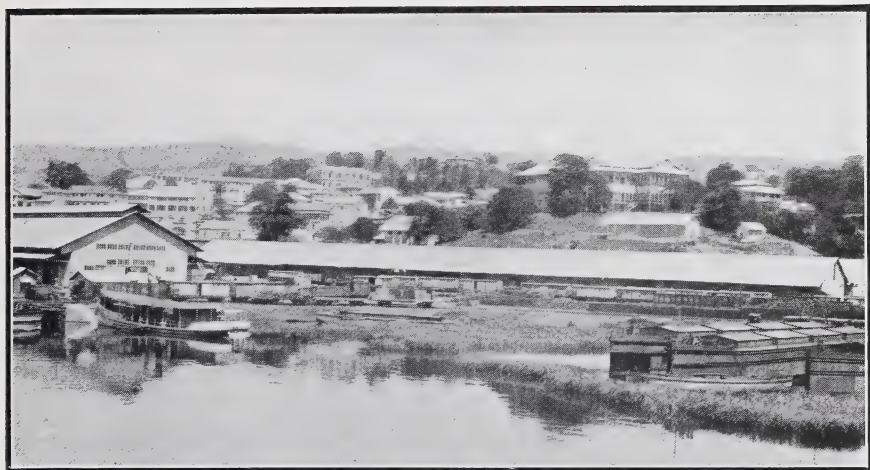
is affecting the wife market. The women are becoming civilized and want clothes. When one shows up in an attractive piece of cotton the others are envious. The upkeep of wives is growing more and more expensive, particularly in the vicinity of trading posts.

Away from the trading posts, government stations and missions, the Bakongo live as they always have, making their homes in windowless huts of mud and thatch, growing vegetables on a small scale in a primitive way, making and selling crude pottery, cloth and baskets of grass and palm fiber and carving ivory and wood. The men fish for food and take part in the lighter industries; some of them hire out as laborers for the whites, but they are not disposed to do regular work.

The negroes who are employed by the Belgians as labor bosses, clerks and flunkies are imported; they come from British Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast and from French Senegal, in West Africa. The native troops who police Belgian



This hut, belonging to a Bakongo chief, is made of sun-baked mud with a grass roof and a porch where he can loaf in the shade. He shares the hut with his favorite wife, the other wives having separate quarters.



The waterfront at Matadi.

Lower Congo are principally Bangalas, from the Upper Congo. You rarely see a Bakongo on a job involving responsibility.

Missionaries always have more success with the young than with old natives. The Lower Congo missionaries report the Bakongo as above the average natives in intelligence. However, it is found that few boys make any mental progress after reaching the age of 14, and few girls after 10. After childhood their bodies grow, but their minds do not. The boys become the same kind of men their fathers were, and the girls, sold as wives, begin bearing children and working for their husbands.

Despite the law forbidding the sale of strong drink to natives, many manage to get it, and for those who cannot buy imported stuff there is palm wine and other home-made alcohol. We were told that there is much smuggling of liquor to natives thru the port of Matadi.

Matadi is ninety feet above sea level. From here the narrow-gauge, single-track railroad skirting the Congo cataracts winds 260 miles around mountains and up and down hills to Stanley Pool. Until it was built the Upper Congo could only be reached by a long caravan route, all freight being

carried on the heads of porters. The capacity of the line now is insufficient for the volume of freight.

It is said that one Chinese coolie died for each of the steel ties that were laid on this line thirty years ago, and one white man died for every kilometer of track (five-eighths of a mile). Coolies were used for the construction work because the natives did not know the difference between a pick and a shovel. The cannibal tribes of the hill country developed a taste for Chinese meat. Malarial fever and cannibals also got many of the white engineers and supervisors.

From Matadi the railroad climbs to Thysville, at an altitude of 2,400 feet, then descends to Kinshasa, at Stanley Pool, 950 feet above sea level. The railroad journey requires two days on account of operating the trains with native crews and also because of the nature of the country. But it is a fast trip compared to the old days. When Stanley went up the first time it took him several months, as he was establishing stations for the Congo Free State Company and palavering with the native chiefs. On his second trip, several years later, in 1887, he left Matadi March 25, and, altho he made all possible speed,



Palm oil is the main export from tropical Congoland. Boma, on the Lower Congo, is an important shipping station and the waterfront always is lined with casks of palm oil awaiting shipment by steamer to Europe.



The train from Matadi to Kinshasa which travels the 260 miles around the Lower Congo cataracts in two days. The crew is made up of Senegalese negroes.

he did not reach Stanley Pool until April 21. That was when he crossed Africa with eleven British officers and 400 negro troops and porters to rescue Emil Pasha, the governor of the Equatorial province of Egypt. The railroad to Stanley Pool was built six years afterward.

Descending the rapids on his first expedition thru the Congo from the east, in 1877, Stanley lost many of his canoes and nine of his men. He named the

cataracts Livingstone Falls in honor of the missionary-explorer, whom he found, in 1871, at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. The cataracts are not very imposing or picturesque, for the Congo's drop is a gradual one, extending over 200 miles. But there is no doubt about the violence of the rapids.

Twisting all the way the little railroad train crawls around precipices, puffs up long steep grades and coasts into valleys, stopping every few miles at a village, where natives swarm around the third-class cars to trade with the passengers. The third-class cars in which natives ride have no side walls and the benches are arranged lengthwise in order to accommodate a large number of passengers.

Negroes love to travel, and next to that they like to trade. The railroad gives them a chance to enjoy both pleasures at the same time. All bring something along—fruit, vegetables, goats or mangy dogs—piling off and on with these at nearly every stop, yelling, bantering, bargaining with each other, with the shrill whistle of the engine adding to the din. The engine crew and trainmen are black Senegalese.

As important as the driver and fireman is a boy who has a special seat at the top of the engine cab, where he toots the whistle, warning goats to get off the track and saluting all natives the train passes.

There are two or three third-class cars, one second-class and one first-class. The seats in the first-class car were upholstered when new, but now there is little difference between this and the second-class; both are for white passengers. There are two passenger trains each week, each way. Leaving Matadi at 6:30 in the morning you arrive at Thysville at dark and spend the night at this town. At 7 o'clock the next morning the train starts the last half of the trip, arriving late in the afternoon at Kinshasa, on Stanley Pool.

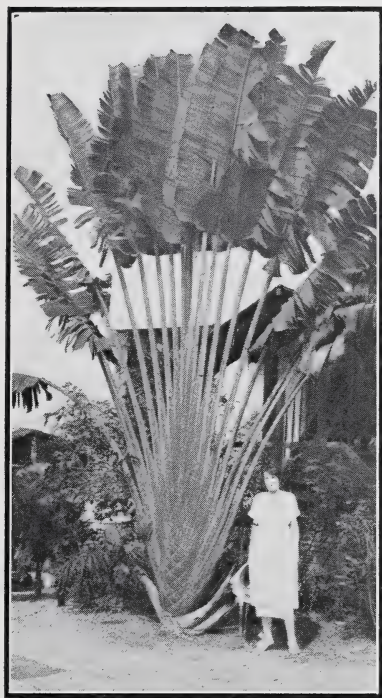


A native hairdresser at work.

CHAPTER IX

STANLEY POOL

ON THE map of Equatorial Africa the Congo River forms a great arch in its 3,000-mile course thru the continent. Near the western foot of the arch—above Livingstone Falls and 350 miles from the mouth of the Congo—the river broadens into a lake three to five miles wide and twenty miles long, known as Stanley Pool.



The "Traveler Palm" which provides water and points to the south.

Rivers are the only highways of Congoland and "all roads lead to Stanley Pool." To the Pool from the Upper Congo River and from its tributaries, shallow-draft steamboats and dugout canoes bring the palm oil, copal, rubber, coffee, cocoa, ivory and other products of the Congo Basin. By the same routes come natives of hundreds of different tribes, tongues and breeds to work at the wharves and bask in the white man's civilization at Kinshasa and Leopoldville, on the Belgian side of the Pool, and Brazzaville, on the French side.

Kinshasa, or "Kin," as everybody calls it, is the metropolis of Belgian Congo and the jumping-off place for the interior. Here we stopped to lay in a stock of supplies. When you travel thru

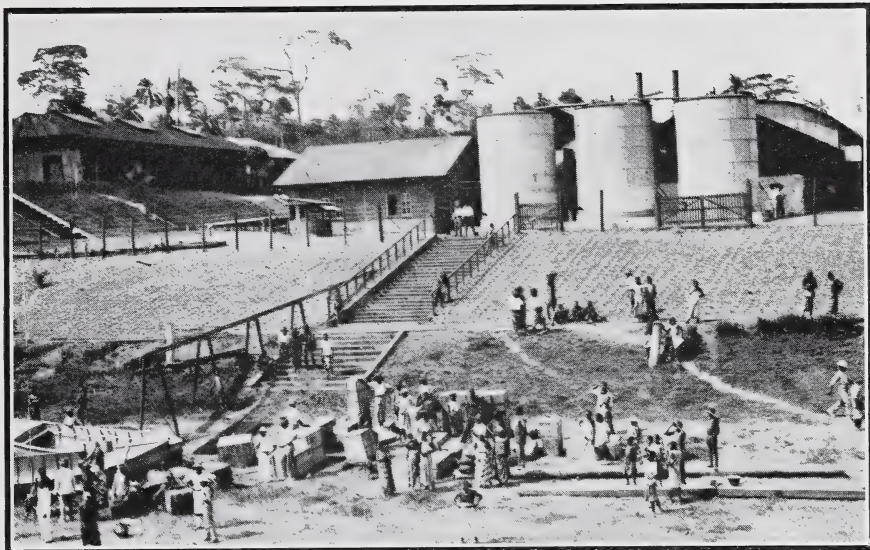
the Congo country you must take your own food, cooking

outfit, medicines, bedding and servant boys, and be prepared to hire new boys every few hundred miles, as they soon become tired of work.

Kinshasa has a white population of one thousand, several miles of paved roads, nearly one hundred automobiles, one of the few ice plants in the Congo, a moving picture theater and several hotels. The hotels do a good business because the average Belgian government official remains in the Congo only for his contract term of three years, and all who come or go must wait here for a boat up the Congo or a train to Matadi.

The moving picture theater has been a source of trouble because the natives insisted on being admitted, and after some American burglary films were shown the stores and homes of the whites were looted. The ice plant gives the officials and traders something to look forward to when they start back to Kinshasa from their posts in the interior, where they have to drink warm beer. One of the big imports of the Congo colony is beer from Germany. The only other town with as many white people and automobiles as Kinshasa is Elisabethville, in the far southeastern corner of Belgian Congo, and it takes two months to get there by the fastest route. Seven hundred Belgians, two to three hundred Portuguese traders, twenty British and five Americans make up the white population of Kinshasa. The British are connected with large trading corporations having their headquarters here. The Americans are employed by the only "Yankee" firm in the Congo, L. C. Gillespie & Sons, selling automobiles, gasoline and oil and buying palm oil, copal and ivory for export. Nobody knows how long this firm's concession will continue.

In the Congo all big trade is in the hands of concessions, and this is also true of plantations and mines. As long as your friends in the Belgian government remain in power you are all right; if there is a political shake-up in Belgium you are liable to lose, unless you are fortunate enough to have one of the long-time concessions granted in the old days of the Congo Free State, when the country was held by a chartered



These tanks are used for the storage of palm oil at Kinshasa. The oil is brought here on Congo River boats and put into casts for shipment by rail to the Lower Congo, where it is loaded on steamers for Europe.

company. Some of these concessions gave exclusive trading rights in large areas and their owners have grown rich selling cheap goods at high prices and buying native produce at low cost. Others had tracts of land set aside for development, as rubber, cocoa and coffee plantations, and in a number of cases the holders have done nothing.

On account of the demand for labor on the wharves at Kinshasa and in the large trading establishments, the native population is comparatively prosperous and the majority of men and women wear clothes. The white section and business district extend along the flat shore of Stanley Pool, with the native quarter at the rear. Each of the negro groups of the Pool region has a separate village; there is one for the Bakongos from the Lower Congo, one for the Batekes, a large tribe occupying each side of the Pool, and another for Bangalas, from up the Congo.

In a miscellaneous village for visiting natives may be found samples of the tribes of various parts of the country, long-armed, short-legged negroes from the forests; well-built, muscular canoemen of the river tribes; and crafty-looking traders from the far north and east, the descendants of the Arab slave traffickers and negro women. In a separate community are Senegalese and other blacks imported from West Africa, who are employed on the Stanley Pool-Matadi Railroad and as clerks and bosses of the Congo laborers. This mixed population frequently makes trouble for the Kinshasa authorities thru drunken brawls or fights over the racial question. No natives except house servants are allowed to remain in the business district or white section after 9 P. M.

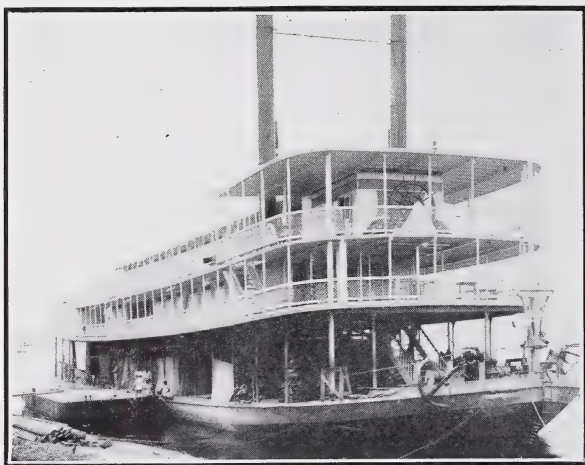
Leopoldville, at the southern end of the Pool, four miles from Kinshasa, is an older town, but not so well located for wharves, and in recent years has been only the seat of government for the province. The new capital of Belgian Congo is midway between the two towns. When we were there the government buildings were not completed, but this made little difference to M. Maurice Lippens, then governor general, as he was away most of the time. Lippens was a business man, and while he was governor, violated precedent by securing first-hand information on conditions, traveling about the country unannounced. He was unpopular with the class of government officials who took no interest in their jobs and lived with negro women. While we were in the Congo the vice-governor of one of the provinces suddenly left for Belgium, and two negresses who had been living with this vice-governor were chased out of the mansion. Lippens was too thoro and too business-like to last long, but he will be remembered as the governor who tried to do something. M. Rutten is the present governor general.

Belgian Congo, with an area of nearly one million square miles and a population of twenty million negroes, has been a colony since 1908. For twenty-five years before that time it was an independent state ruled by King Leopold of Belgium under his flag but not a crown colony of the Belgian kingdom.



Oil palms are used as shade trees in Kinshasa, and, at a distance, give the place an inviting appearance which is not borne out by the reality.

Stanley's articles in the "New York Herald" and "London Telegram," describing his travels across Congoland from the east, were read by King Leopold, who was the most enterprising of the European monarchs at that time, and when Stanley returned to Europe in 1878 he was met at the dock by representatives of Leopold, who invited him to Brussels. The king asked Stanley to tell him about the Congo, and the more he heard the more interested he became. After vainly trying to secure the consent of France, Germany, England and Holland to take over what is now the Belgian Congo as a Belgian colony,



The steamboat "Kigoma," "Pride of the Congo."
This boat once was in service on the Mississippi
River in the United States.

Leopold did what the other countries were then doing and what England had been doing for four hundred years. He organized a chartered company to do business and to sell government to the natives in the Congo country. Thru agreements with the majority of the native chiefs he gath-

ered in the whole territory. Everybody thought he was doing this for himself, but discovered, when he turned the Congo State over to Belgium shortly before his death, that he had been working all the time for his country, building up a colony eighty times the size of the little kingdom of Belgium.

I have not believed, since I had some inside information, that Léopold was as bad as he was painted. By grabbing off this immense territory he brought down on his head the hatred of France, Germany, England and Holland, each of which had tried to "get there first," but failed. It is very easy to tell stories about people you do not like and have them believed by your friends. I remember when the newspapers and magazines were filled with articles about atrocities in Belgian Congo, where Leopold's company, controlling this enormous territory, was accused of cutting one hand off each negro who did not bring in a specified quantity of rubber a year. Prof. Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, the great ethnologist, was sent to investigate this story. He told me personally that during fifteen months' investigation he found but one negro with his

hand cut off and he had lost the hand in battle with other natives. I always had a great admiration for King Leopold because he did not care what was said about him as long as he could save this rich country for Belgium.

If there is criticism today, it is that the Belgians do not govern the natives strictly enough. The negroes do about as they please. They work only when they feel like it, except for the domestic slaves, whose labor is sold by their chief. The poll tax is only a few francs a year and those who do not want to pay it can hide in the jungle.

The minister of colonies at Brussels, who administers the colony, is appointed by the king and is responsible to the Parliament. The minister is at the head of a colonial council of fifteen members, of whom the king appoints eight, seven being elected by the Belgian Senate and Chamber of Representatives. The governor general of the colony is appointed by the king. Under the governor general are four vice-governors, one for each of the provinces of the colony.

Leopoldville, on Stanley Pool, is the seat of government of the Congo-Kasai province, the center of Belgian Congo. In the north is the Equatorial province, with its capital at



Native canoes along the Congo River are but hollowed logs. They range in size from the small, one-man canoe to the long ones which will accommodate from twelve to twenty natives.



The postal and telegraph office at Kinshasa.

Coquilhatville, on the Equator. The capital of the eastern province is Stanleyville, at Stanley Falls, 1,100 miles from Stanley Pool, on the Congo River. In the south is the Katanga province, whose capital is Elisabethville. This is all tropical country, the northern boundary being 5 degrees north of the Equator and the southern 12 degrees south of the Equator. The elevation above sea level ranges from 950 feet at Kinshasa to 5,000 feet on the plateau in the Katanga, where there are rich deposits of copper and other minerals. Much of the country is dense jungle, with two rainy seasons, a long one in autumn and a short one in spring. The climate is unhealthy for white men, more on account of the damp atmosphere than the heat. Of the total white population of 9,000, 30 per cent are in the mining regions of the high Katanga. The others are officials, traders and missionaries.

Native chiefs are permitted to rule in tribal matters and to administer native law in their communities under the supervision of Belgian administrators. The colony is divided into twenty-two administrative districts, subdivided into 176 territories, under district and territorial administrators. There is an elaborate judicial system, consisting of seven high courts

in the Congo which act as circuit courts, and two courts of appeal, with a supreme court in Belgium. There are seventy-five Belgian magistrates in the Congo and the administrators also have judicial powers.

Under the governor general, as commander-in-chief, are 20,000 native troops, with 375 white officers, and 6,000 native police. These forces are enlisted for seven years' active service and seven years additional, as reserves. They are selected in equal numbers, so far as possible, from each district, and do not serve in their home districts. The native troops are maintained in camps and the police selected from them are formed into detachments under the orders of the administrative officers. There is a rule that no armed detachments of natives are to go about except under command of a white officer. Native candidates for non-commissioned ranks are required to learn how to read and write.

We mentioned that the only natives who have to work are the domestic slaves. On the steamboat that took us on the first stage of our travels to the interior of Congoland all the



Barracks for the native troops at Leopoldville.

laborers were slaves or ex-slaves. The slaves belonged to native chiefs, who sold their labor. The others had been slaves and ran away from home. The slave trade that took so many negroes from the Congo has been suppressed, but domestic slavery continues.

From the early days of the Free State until recently the Congo government operated freight and passenger steamboats on the Congo and its tributaries. All traffic now is in the hands of private companies, which have a total of a hundred steamboats. The Congo is navigable in portions amounting to 1,750 miles of its total length of 3,000 miles. Adding the other rivers on which steamboat services are run the total waterways navigated amount to 7,000 miles. The 100 steamboats range from fifty to five hundred tons and average one hundred tons, giving the Congo and its tributaries in Belgian territory a steamer service equal to only a single 10,000-ton ocean vessel.



Natives carrying mud bricks to the oven or kiln in which they are seasoned before being used in hut construction.

CHAPTER X

THE UPPER CONGO AND THE KASAI

OUR skipper pulls the whistle rope and the steamboat "Escaut" gives the town of Kinshasa a farewell salute of three hoots; the negroes on the wharf shout a chorus of mingled cheers and jeers, the fifty black passengers traveling with us respond in the same fashion and we head north in Stanley Pool to the Upper Congo River, the highway to the interior of Congoland. The "Escaut" is a 200-ton stern-wheeler, with a 60-ton freight barge lashed to her side, and makes an average of fifty miles a day against the strong current of the Congo. In two days we shall reach Kwamouth, the entrance to the Kasai River, the Congo's principal tributary.



A chief of the N'Gombes, wearing a leopard skin cap and a necklace of leopards' teeth.

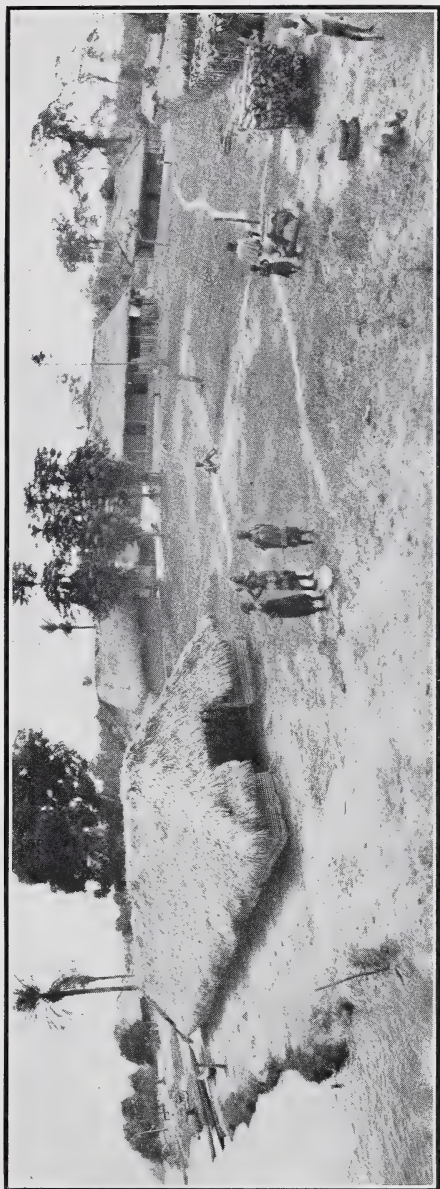
On the "Escaut" white passengers live on the upper deck, forward of the dining-room and galley. The crew has quarters on the first deck between the engine-room and the wood-pile; the crew consists of twenty negroes in breech-clouts, who work the cargo and carry wood. All Congo boats are wood-burners, and as this is the most-traveled part of the river there is a wood-pile at every village on the shore. We stop two or three times a day for fuel. The black passengers, with their goats, dogs and chickens, spend the day on the lower deck and on the freight barge alongside. At night we tie up to the river bank and the natives sleep ashore. Boats are not allowed to travel at night because of dangerous bars and islands.

At the bow of the boat a native makes soundings with a pole where the river is shallow, singing out the depth as shown.

Another negro performs the same operation at the bow of the barge. This part of the Congo River has only a few shallow places, so they do not have to sound all the time. On most of the Kasai River they have an all-day job, and the same is true farther up the Congo. The boats draw no more than five feet of water, but frequently get stuck. All hulls must be of steel and these have a life of only five years.

When the negroes are not working the captain lets them beat their tom-toms, which consist of pieces of goat-skin stretched over small hollow logs. Nearing a village they are answered by the pounding of larger drums on shore. The captain has spent thirteen years on the Congo and Kasai Rivers and knows how to handle the natives. He says they are the same as children and treats them accordingly. Now and then he has to "spank" them. Steamboat captains have the right to administer five lashes with the chicotte as punishment for disobedience. The chicotte is a long strip of hippo hide, flexible but tough, and hard as wood, with sharp edges. The Belgian government does not permit the chicotte to be used except on orders of government officials, native chiefs or steamboat captains. A government administrator can order as many as twenty-five lashes.

While the Congo River has a width of from five to twenty miles for most of the distance between Stanley Pool and Stanley Falls, 1,100 miles, islands are so numerous that the full width is rarely seen. The steamboats use different channels, depending on whether it is the wet or dry season and also on the posts to be visited. Some of these channels are so narrow that the branches of trees scrape the side of the boat. Once when we tied up to an island we bumped into a nest of driver ants, which promptly came on board and furnished excitement for several hours. Millions of mosquitoes and a great variety of other winged insects arrived each evening at mealtime, with the goat meat, but this was not the first appearance of the goat, as we had also had it for breakfast and for lunch. Now and then we had chicken instead, but Congo chickens have to forage for their food in competition with



A typical trading post on the Upper Congo River. Boats stop here for wood and food supplies. The big hut is the "magasin" or general store where natives trade local products for salt, cloth and trinkets.

the natives and are so ill-nourished that they yield little meat.

Captains of the boats plying the Kasai River are envied by all the others. The Kasai is more difficult to navigate, but the country is more fertile than that along the Congo, foodstuffs are more plentiful, villages and trading posts are larger and more prosperous, and at the end of the boat run, 400 miles up the river, is an American colony, living on imported luxuries, such as milk, fish, beef, vegetables and fruits which come in tins from the United States; riding in "tin lizzies" on roads planned by American engineers and built by convict labor, and welcoming all white visitors with American hospitality. These far-away nephews of Uncle Sam are working as engineers, pros-

pectors and supervisors in the alluvial diamond fields of the Société Internationale Forestière Minière du Congo, commonly called the "Forminière" to save breath or ink, a company incorporated and controlled in Belgium and financed by Americans.

In the early days of the Congo Free State, King Leopold of Belgium needed money to carry out his plan of building up a great African colony for his country. He got in touch with Thomas F. Ryan, American capitalist, and his associates, and the Forminière was organized. The Americans put up the money and Leopold granted a concession for mining and timber rights covering several million acres in the central part of what is now Belgian Congo.

Gold and other minerals are reported to have been found in the area of the concession, but so far nothing has been done except to mine diamonds in a small way, the value of the annual production of the fields in Belgian territory of the Kasai Valley being two million dollars. It was found that the fields extended up the Kasai, in Portuguese Angola, and a concession was obtained there. The Angola diamonds are larger than those from the Belgian fields and are found in quantities. In order to keep up the price of diamonds the various mining companies have made an agreement to limit production. Indications are that this agreement will not last much longer. Owners of the big mines in South Africa are now charging bad faith in the Congo and Angola, saying more diamonds from these fields are getting on the market than agreed upon. When the supply is no longer restricted diamonds may be bought at half the present price. Any one who buys now is paying a trust price.

In the Congo diamond diggings it is not necessary to take elaborate precautions against theft of diamonds. The Kasai natives are not so civilized as those at Kimberley, in South Africa, where they work and live behind guarded walls and are stripped and searched before being permitted to leave. As one of the Americans explained to us: "These chaps haven't any idea of the value of diamonds. They think we are fetish



Along the Upper Congo, the river banks are frequently high and there are numerous shipping stations and trading posts. Most of them are scarcely more than a clearing with a few tanks for the storage of palm oil with a small tram track connecting the storehouse with the steamboat landing.

men and that we take glass out of the ground and by some mysterious magic make windows, dishes and spectacles out of it. If they ever find out that diamonds are ornaments we'll have to watch out for stealing. Just now the most fashionable articles of dress in this part of the world are brass rings and strings of colored beads."

The Kasai Valley is the most thickly populated part of Belgian Congo. The leading tribe is the Bashongos of the central region. They had a crude civilization when found by the first white explorers and are believed to have acquired this in East Africa thru contact with people from Asia. The Bashongos are pagans, but have a religion in which they worship gods instead of fetishes. Another large tribe, the Babundas, are better farmers than the average negroes. These

groups occupy the best land. Farther south and east are some of the most primitive negroes—cannibals and dog eaters.

Palm oil is the great product of the Kasai Valley, coming from land occupied by natives and from large plantations cultivated by Belgian corporations financed by British capital. A number of big trading companies also have valuable concessions here. One company had an arrangement with a powerful chief under which he supplied laborers and carriers whenever and wherever required by the company, and in return he got all the whisky and wine he wanted. The chief died happy, a victim of alcoholism, leaving a large stock of liquor and a supply of cigarettes of which he was very proud, because he thought his name was printed on them. He could not read and did not know the difference between his name and the printed signature of the cigarette manufacturers.

A chief's village usually is the largest, as it is tribal headquarters. Villages range in size from ten to fifty huts. Throughout Congoland the huts are square or rectangular, made of mud plastered on a framework of poles or reeds and thatched with palm leaves or grass, except in the hills and swamps, where



This grass-thatched hangar, at Gombe, and two aviators' graves are monuments to the Belgians' attempt to establish an airplane service between Stanley Pool and Stanley Falls. The planes are relics of the late war.



A ferry boat on the Kasai River. The dugout canoe is flat and narrow, and the paddlers stand up, but spills are rare.

they are circular, made of grass without mud. The chief's house is surrounded by the huts of his wives. Other villages are governed by subordinate chiefs or headmen.

Each village is self-supporting, producing its food in "community gardens." In regions where the soil is most fertile and where there is a large native population, as in the best parts of the Kasai Valley, the wild game has been run out and the tribes live principally on yams, Indian corn, sugar cane, rice and wild fruits, especially the banana, and manioc flour. Manioc or cassava is a starch root similar to our arrowroot, and the native women make this into flour by drying and pounding in pestles. The Congo negro, who subsists on a vegetable diet, is strong and healthy, and, except for his filthy habits, would live to a good old age.

Traveling in the Kasai Valley is comparatively easy. You need to carry with you from place to place by boat only a small organization, because for safari in the interior you can pick up the porters you require at nearly any village, as that is about all the work the men do. In the large plantations and the diamond fields are short motor roads. Elsewhere travel

is by foot and dugout canoes. Our headman in charge of porters has a great contempt for any one using a teapoy, or machilla, as it is called in different parts of Congoland. This is a hammock, or chair suspended from a pole, which is carried by six or eight natives. Our headman says it is only for women or government officials. He considers himself an authority on traveling in the jungle, claiming his father was with Stanley—of what color or in what capacity we never inquired, but we have our doubts. His home was at Stanleyville, on the Congo. Having priced wives in the Kasai country, he says he is going to buy one when he gets sufficient money. The price of Kasai wives averages ten pieces of cloth, sold at \$2.00 per piece of seven yards, or a total of \$20.00, while at Stanleyville a wife may cost as much as \$125.00 to \$200.00, for a young one.

From the mouth of the Kasai River, up the Congo River to Coquilhatville, on the Equator, is a week's trip by steamboat, if the boat pulls a heavy freight barge, as ours did. The scenery changes constantly. First, we are picking our way cautiously between islands, then coming to an expanse so broad that we seem to be on a lake. In the distance, under the bright sun, the water glistens like silver; alongside the boat, in its true color, it is a dirty brown, heavily laden with debris from shores and swamps. On each side is a dense jungle of palms and other tropical trees, festooned with vines—dark, gloomy and lifeless except where a band of monkeys may be seen moving thru the treetops or a "hippo" or crocodile splashes from the river bank into the water as the boat approaches. In lagoons and creeks along the river more hippos are seen and crocodiles sunning themselves on the shore at a safe distance from boats.

At the village of Chumberi, where the boat stops to take on wood, was a large sign nailed to a tree: "American Congo Company." This was a concession sold in the time of the Congo Free State to a company in which some Americans invested money. Cocoa and palm oil plantations were to be started, but they have never materialized. However, there was an American here to greet us—the Rev. P. C. Metzger, a

missionary supported by the Second Baptist Church of Chicago. He and his wife came to the Congo from Chicago in 1905, shortly after their wedding. There is much sickness in this swampy region and the missionary and his wife have a dispensary, where they spent much of their time treating the natives. They have American neighbors 100 miles up the Congo, at Bolengi, where a large mission is maintained by the Christian Church, in charge of Dr. G. J. P. Barger. Dr.



Bashongos of the Kasai River Valley. The chief may be distinguished by the medal he is wearing.

Barger and his wife are from Iowa. One of their three children was born at the mission. There are seven American couples at Bolengi. The mission has a small river steamer, a sawmill and a large printing plant, which turns out religious tracts, books and dictionaries in the native language.

Our stopping-place was Coquilhatville, on the Equator, the seat of government of the large Equatorial province which extends to the far northern boundary of Belgian Congo. A few miles west of Coquilhatville is the boundary line between Belgian Congo and French Equatorial Africa.



A street scene in Coquilhatville.

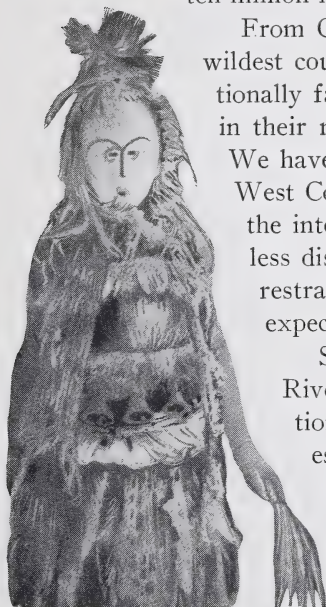


A native village on the swampy shore of the Upper Congo. The wood will be used for fuel by the steamboats.

CHAPTER XI

WITCHCRAFT AND CANNIBALISM

WE ARE now in the center of Congoland, the great region of Equatorial Africa in which thirty million black savages and semi-savages live under Belgian and French control. Twenty million of these are in Belgian territory and ten million in French territory.



A fetish man ready for a funeral ceremony. The whip he carries is used to drive away the evil spirits.

From Coquilhatville we travel thru some of the wildest country of the Dark Continent with exceptionally favorable opportunity to study the natives in their natural environments and tribal customs. We have already commented on the ju-ju of the West Coast. That the fetishism and savagery of the interior natives should be more intense and less disturbed by the duress of the white man's restraining hands than along the coast is to be expected.

Stanley, when he came up the Congo River in 1879, establishing government stations for King Leopold's Congo Free State, established Equatorville, exactly on the Equator. Several years later the name was changed to Coquilhatville, and now it is known as "Coq." The equatorial province of Belgian Congo, of which this town is the capital and trade center, extends 400 miles east, 300 miles south and 350 miles north. Twenty miles west of Coquilhatville is the

Ubangi River, the eastern boundary of French territory.

In the south are the cannibal Bayanzis, in the east and north the N'Gombes of similar reputation, farther north the

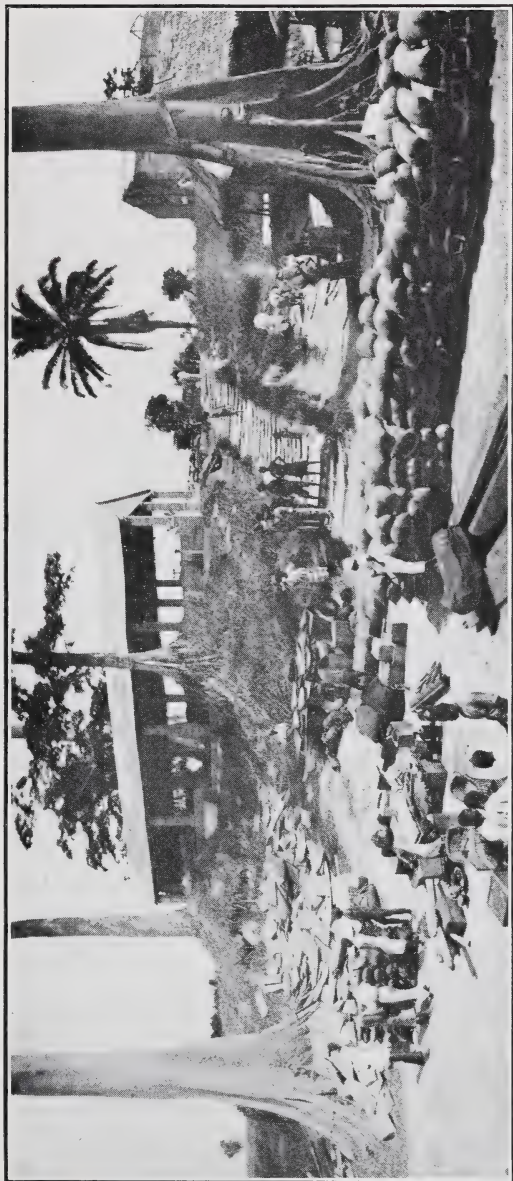
warlike Bolokis and the Bangalas; in the west the Mongos and numerous other groups, a total of more than one hundred tribes with as many different dialects, but all Bantu negroes and all speaking the one language of trade, which is Bangala.

All the river tribes are traders, but the Bangalas, who live on the Congo River north of Coquilhatville, are the best of the lot. They are prepared to sell you anything, from a banana to a wife. As soon as a Bangala succeeds in accumulating 50 francs (\$3.00), he becomes a big trader and goes into the jungle to buy from and sell to the natives there. The largest part of the native products shipped from Coquilhatville and other Upper Congo stations is brought in by Bangala "capitas." A "capita" is a negro employed by white men to trade in the bush country. He takes \$200.00 or \$300.00 in goods or money, or both, and goes on a journey of three or four weeks from headquarters, selling cotton cloth, cheap jewelry and other goods to the natives, and buying palm oil, palm kernels, manioc flour, gum copal (resin) and ivory.

Bangala capas are largely employed by the Belgian and British corporations controlling the big trade. The small business not handled by natives is in the hands of the Portuguese, known in the Congo country as "P. G.'s." The Belgians dislike the Portuguese, but have to concede their ability as traders. As a Belgian told us: "A P. G. trader can go in the bush with a gun and only such supplies as he can carry himself, and stay for months, where anybody but a P. G. or a native would require a ton of supplies and a small army of porters."

There are only a few Belgian trading posts in the bush. All the large stations are on the Congo River and its navigable tributaries. At Ukaturaka, north of Coquilhatville, we were guests of two Englishmen who represent one of the big trading firms. This is a particularly unhealthy place because it is surrounded by swampy country. We were told that only one white man remained here for a full term of three years, and he died of fever on the voyage home.

Despite all efforts of missionaries and the white man's government, the Ngangas still hold their spell over countless



The steamboat landing at Coquilhatville. From here palm oil, palm nuts and gum copal (resin) are shipped down the Congo to Stanley Pool, a distance of 450 miles.

Congo tribes. That they must be reckoned with by the government was shown not long ago in the central part of Belgian Congo, where witch doctors started a revolt by proclaiming they had rendered the white men's guns harmless and there was no need to pay taxes or obey the government. A Belgian officer seeking to stop a native demonstration and wishing to avoid bloodshed, instructed his troops to fire blank cartridges. When no bullets came from the rifles the natives were convinced of the power of the witch doctors. The rebellion spread

over an extended area and was only ended with difficulty.

Kilbango, a negro "prophet," started a revolt and was captured. A court-martial sentenced him to death, but the Belgian cabinet commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. When he was taken to a distant prison in the southern part of the colony natives gathered in large numbers on the river bank at Coquilhatville and cheered him as the boat passed. Kibango's cry was "Africa for the Africans." He had promised to make a wealthy black trader at Kinshasa governor general of the Congo.

With some missionaries the natives are quite frank. Dr. Joseph Clark of the American Baptist Church, who has been in Belgian Congo forty-two years and now has a station in cannibal country near Lake Tumba, south of Coquilhatville, was scheduled to be the meat for a tribal banquet. The natives told him about it after they changed their minds and decided to let him live. Perhaps they liked him because of his own frankness. "I have no patience with people who say missionaries are martyrs," he told us. "I am here because I like it. I have grown to understand the natives and I am fond of them, as I believe they are of me. Here my wife and I have a good home, good food from our own garden, and pleasant work. And as long as any one lives sensibly and deals fairly with the natives, he is in no danger from the climate or the people."

When Dr. Clark came to this country there were only two Protestant missionaries in all Belgian Congo; now there are eighty, American, British and Swedish. Mrs. Clark has been with him in the Congo thirty-eight years. They have seen some cannibal orgies that they will never forget. The practice is dying out in their district, which they say is due to the fact that cannibals are executed by the Belgian authorities when caught, and also to the stopping of tribal warfare.

The Mongos are one of the lowest tribes in Congoland. They used to eat their slaves as well as all prisoners they took in war, and today have no friends among their neighbors. Canoeing up a creek one rainy afternoon—standard weather—

we came upon the funeral of a Mongo chief. His body was being put in a large dugout canoe, in one end of which sat six women who were wailing and daubing themselves with mud. These were his widows. Evidently he was not an important chief or he would have had more. We did not learn what disposition would be made of the remains. It was formerly the custom to kill all a chief's widows when he died, on the theory that their souls would serve his soul in the hereafter. There was also the idea that a chief stood a better chance of

having good food and a long life if his wives were in dread of his death.

The Mongos, in common with many other Congo tribes, believe in a hereafter where the souls of the dead have a good time feasting, drinking and dancing. However, an evil spirit can prevent a soul from reaching there. Unless the



Crossing the Equator is considered a novelty except in Coquilhatville, where they do it every time they travel this road. The "line" crosses the road just beyond the bungalow.

evil spirit is bought off thru the aid of the witch doctor or defeated by a more powerful spirit, the unhappy soul will stay on earth and take revenge on former friends and neighbors. This gives an idea of the importance of the witch doctor. The Mongos used to "send messages" to the souls of departed chiefs by cutting off the heads of slaves or prisoners. A special knife was used, a curved blade decorated with carving and small fetish images. The victim sat on a stool, his head held back by an assistant of the witch doctor, and the witch doctor himself wielded the knife. The Belgian



A Nganga, or witch doctor, who wields a terrible power over the superstitious natives.

authorities have suppressed this practice, where known.

White people will never understand the negro mind, just as the negro is unable to comprehend the white man's reasoning. To the negro, illness and death are not natural, but the work of evil spirits directed by an enemy. When any one dies the Nganga fixes the responsibility. The business of a witch doctor is to detect and combat evil spirits. Any one else dealing with spirits is a menace to the community. Ngangas good at hypnotism have often accused innocent persons and obtained confessions from them. To accuse a native of witchcraft is the same as charging him with murder, and usually the same as sentencing him to death. In Congoland thousands are secretly executed every year. When the white govern-

ment authorities hear of these cases and attempt to investigate they run into a mystery—the man or woman disappears and nothing else can be learned.

Tornadoes are frequent in the rainy season in this part of Congoland. Arriving at night at a native village we found the natives in great excitement. A canoe had been overturned in a storm that afternoon and several men drowned. The survivors immediately put the blame on a man with whom they had quarreled several days before. He had used evil spirits against them and was responsible for the drownings. The guilty man had gone away, they said, just before we came. From the looks they exchanged when they made the report we inferred there would be no inquest.

Witch doctors also practice medicine. Some know how to make decoctions of herbs that have medicinal value, but as a rule they rely on "magic." A missionary doctor told us of a witch doctor who became a church member. The witch doctor's favorite wife was seriously ill, and, being unable to cure her,

he brought her to the missionary, who saved her life by a surgical operation. But all the tribe knew that the witch doctor had failed and he lost his job. So there was nothing for him to do but to join the church. The missionary did not say that he became a witch doctor of the tribe, but such was probably the case. The negroes believe that a doctor who can cure illness or disease also has the ability to produce it. They can never understand why the white man, who has so many kinds of magic, is unable to prevent himself from dying.

Almost every village has its fetish maker, who is in partnership with the Nganga. There are large images and small, to be stood in front of a hut or hung on the person. They are carved of wood, stone or ivory, principally representing the human figure and often obscene. They are not worshiped as idols, but are valued only for the spirit that is in them, put there by the Nganga. Images are only one kind of fetish. Anything may be one—strands of hair, leopards' teeth, a fingernail that has been endowed with spirit qualities, some berries over which the witch doctor has pronounced incantations, a brass bell, a piece of leather or a metal medal—but the fetish most highly prized is a piece of a human skull. The desire to obtain such fetish has been responsible for many a death. This no doubt explains the holes in skulls that have been found in prehistoric graves. Scientists thought the holes indicated an ancient knowledge of trepanning.

In fetish huts in villages and on the jungle trails are dishes in which the natives place food for spirits, in the belief that if they have something to eat they will not make trouble. The food is



This chief has a special decoration, a metal disk imbedded in his lower lip. He is of a river tribe in which there is a branch of the "Human Crocodiles," a cannibal cult.



A Baluba drummer.

eaten by rats and other animals, or if it appeals to the witch doctor, he takes it.

White men, going into the country of the Topoke tribe, in the middle of Belgian Congo, north of the Equator, have a care. A few years ago the Topokes killed two white men, dividing their bodies among several chiefs. One chief was unable to be present at the feast, but he was promised a leg. When he arrived for his share the cupboard was bare, and he went his way vowing that he would have that leg or one just as good. There is a possibility that before he dies his appetite will get the better of his judgment.

At Bumba, a Belgian military post in the north, a photograph was brought out showing the hanging of three cannibals who had recently been executed. Whenever a case of cannibalism is brought to the attention of the government, and the murderers captured, there is a public execution. Consequently, cannibalism has about disappeared from the vicinity of government centers, missions and other white settlements.

The three negroes hanged at Bumba were members of a "Human Leopard" society, a cannibal cult, existing under this and other names in many parts of Black Africa. They were caught in the act. Two who were hanged recently at Basoko, another military post, evidently belonged to the "Human Crocodiles." One of them had a crude diving helmet, fitted with a piece of bamboo thru which he breathed while under water. His confederate lured the victim into the river for a swim, and the diver, hiding in the water, pulled him under. There are many crocodiles in the river and they frequently get a swimmer or a fisherman. But the maker of the diving helmet made the mistake of proudly exhibiting his invention in the village, which led to an investigation by the authorities, and, finally, to the execution of the cannibals.

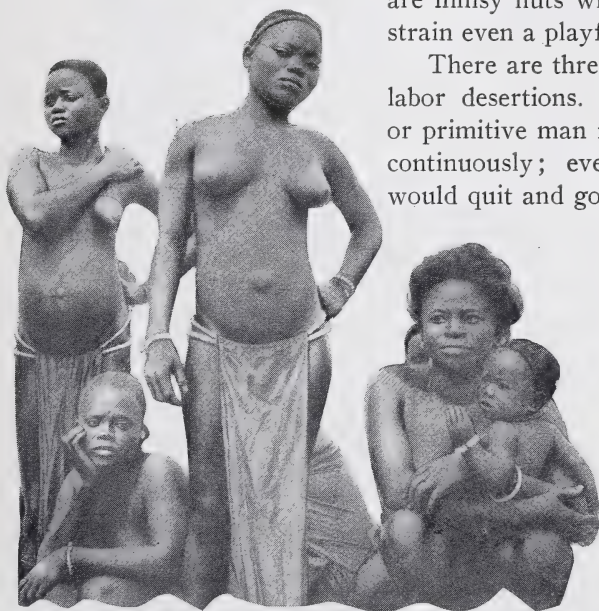
Considering the extent of the districts, the small number of white officials supervising them, and the fact that cannibalism was a time-honored custom in nearly all the Congo tribes, it is not surprising that it persists in the wild country. In many parts of Congoland cannibals may be met in two or three days' traveling from the river settlements.

Labor is the great problem here as thruout Congoland. Desertion is so common that those who manage the industrial undertakings assert that the government will have to permit flogging of natives who break their contracts. Employers, at present, are forbidden to flog. A magistrate may fine a native for violating his labor contract and if the native does not pay he may be sent to jail, but he doesn't consider this as a punishment. He is more comfortable in jail than he would be at home, and can easily break out if he wants to, as the jails are flimsy huts which would not restrain even a playful calf.

There are three chief reasons for labor desertions. First, the savage or primitive man never did anything continuously; even if fighting he would quit and go home for a while.

Second, the natives, because of the food they eat and the lives they live, are not strong enough to stand up against sustained effort. Third, is the woman question.

Women are chattels in Congoland. When sold as girls their parents and the



Wives of the chief of a jungle tribe. Until recently, it was the custom in this tribe to kill all the chief's wives when he died so their souls could serve his soul in the hereafter.

mother's brother get the proceeds. The reason that the maternal uncle comes into the transaction is that there is no certainty as to who the father may have been, and should a man desert his family the mother's brother must look after them. This was the basis of the custom of children taking the mother's name instead of that of her husband.

A man buys wives to work for him and bear children, preferably daughters, because there is profit in the female. Adultery is not considered a crime except with a chief's wife. The ordinary native does not expect constancy from his wives and is seldom subjected to disappointment. If he catches a "co-respondent" he collects a consideration if he can, but keeps the wife as long as she is a good worker and can bear children. There is no word for virtue in the native language of the Congoland—and none is required.

Girls reach marriageable age at 9 or 10, and the deal for their sale often is made when they are infants. In some of the Congo tribes the word for woman means "hoe," and well describes their married life in which hard drudgery soon ages them. They do the planting and hoeing of the garden, the pounding of manioc or cassava into flour, the carrying of wood and water, from dawn to dusk, when they return to their master's hut to prepare the evening meal, which is the chief one of the day.

Men never eat with their women. The principal food, manioc dough with occasionally some goat meat, chicken, game, rat, dog or fish, is served in a large pot from which the mess is taken by hand. Caterpillars, locusts and lizards are popular side dishes. Where there are more than two or three wives in a family it is customary for the women to have separate huts. Generally these are one-room hovels of mud and thatch, with a low door and no ventilation, filthy and overrun with vermin.

Brass anklets and neck rings are fashionable for wives of chiefs and other influential natives, altho the brass rods from which they were made are no longer used as currency in any except the most remote regions. The farther you go into the

interior the less clothing you see, until finally the style is but a piece of string. In many of the tribes the women plug their noses with metal or ivory. It is the general practice to smear the hair with palm oil and mud and to decorate the body with flesh scars. Some women are covered from head to feet with complicated designs. The carving is done when they are young, juice and dirt being rubbed into the gashes in the flesh to create sores, which, when healed, leave little bumps. Filing the front teeth to sharp points is another "aid to beauty."

In every village are drums of wood and hide, large ones



A native chief and his wives. That his household might the better pose for the camera, the chief insisted that the drums be brought into action.

made of logs, four to five feet in length, for communicating with other villages, and small ones for dancing and ceremonies. There are, also, horns, bells and crude "pianos." The natives are poor singers, but when they are participating in a fetish ceremony, a wedding or a funeral, they make up in noise what they may lack in melody. Another occasion of celebration is when the native boy arrives at man's estate. The boy, who has been living at a "bachelor's club," is now encouraged to get

beastly drunk in public and the whole tribe joins in the revels.

Formerly the French and Belgium governments got big revenues from duties and licenses on whisky and gin. Drinking resulted in so much crime and rendered the natives so unfit for work that both governments now have laws forbidding the sale of imported liquor to natives. However, palm wine and beer made from sugar cane are exceedingly potent and are consumed in great quantities.

Tribal law is on the basis of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." The chief imposes the penalty and deducts the court costs. The accused denies everything, swearing up and down that the charge is false, and, sometimes, the accusing and denying goes on for several days, it being understood that the loser must pay for the wine and beer drunk by both sides. Once adjudged guilty, the defendant takes his punishment with good grace. The penalty usually is a payment in cash or goods, and, if he cannot make the payment, the loser will pawn himself to the winner as a slave to work out the amount of the damages. The chief has authority to inflict a flogging for law violation, but this is rarely done, as it is not remunerative. The chief always tries to get something for himself out of the "fine" and no chief would care to collect part of a flogging.

A man stepped on a pointed stick that had been thrust into the ground at the entrance of his hut. His foot was pierced. Loudly yelling, he was taken before the chief, who examined the injury and decreed: "The one who did that must pay." The culprit was found and the chief fined him ten francs, giving the injured man six and putting four in his own pocket, with the remark that these were for his trouble in trying the case. A flogging can't be profitably divided that way, hence it isn't popular as a court sentence.

CHAPTER XII

FROM THE LAKE REGION TO KATANGA

ACROSS the Congo River from the palm oil station of Elisabetha is the military post and trading settlement of Basoko. The army camp is behind walls of stone and battlements, built by the Belgians as a protection from the



The home and store of a white trader on the Lualaba River. The traders are broke and hopeless. Most of them have negro women living with them.

Arabs when Basoko was a frontier post of the Congo Free State.

When Stanley opened Congoland for King Leopold of Belgium it looked as if the Arab slave traders would reap the major benefits. They followed Stanley on his first expedition to the Congo from East Africa in 1874-78, and when he came up the Congo River from the west coast later, as business agent for King Leopold, selling white government to the negro tribes, he found Arabs swarming in from Tanganyika on the east and from the Sudan on the north.

Tippu Tib, Arab chief, bandit and slave trader, claimed all to the south and east of Stanley Falls, which is 150 miles southeast of Basoko. Stanley established a station at the Falls

for the Free State, but the Belgians sent there were killed or run out, and in 1887 he had to recognize the power of Tippu Tib by appointing him governor of Stanley Falls, paying him a salary in return for which Tippu promised to keep peace and abstain from slave traffic below the Falls.

On account of Tippu Tib's reputation for treachery, Basoko was made a strong post, and subsequent events proved the prudence of this precaution. It was the custom of the Arabs in their raids on the negro tribes to kill the old people and sell the young ones as slaves, but they kept some of the girls for their harems and trained negro boys to become warriors, giving them women from the harems. Thus they built up a large fighting force, which they armed with guns. The Belgians managed to hold them back at Basoko, but realized that they must drive out the Arabs or give up the entire country. In 1894, the Belgian Baron Dhanis, with native troops, succeeded in breaking up the Arab kingdom, and the country beyond Stanley Falls came into the possession of the Free State.

At Basoko the Congo River receives a great branch from the east, the Aruwimi River, the source of which is near Lake Albert on the northeastern boundary of Belgian Congo. By going east instead of continuing up the Congo to Stanley Falls, we penetrate some of the most interesting country in Central Africa and come back to the Falls thru the recently discovered gold fields.

Northeastern Congoland is now the largest tree-clad region in the world. The first white man to penetrate this wilderness was Stanley on his expedition to rescue Emin Pasha, in 1887.

Stanley passed thru as many as a hundred villages inhabited by pygmies but they were dying out, and today there are only a few left. The pygmies were in this country long before the Bantu negroes. Those who live near negro villages act as scouts for their taller neighbors. They rarely come out of the forest. The average height of the men is four feet, for the women slightly less, and they are not black, but brown.

Near Lake Albert the country becomes more open, with



Yambuga, up the Aruwimi River 100 miles from the Congo, where Stanley began his march thru the equatorial forests to rescue Emin Pasha. At this station Stanley left part of his supplies and porters, to follow with additional porters to be supplied by Tippu Tib. The crafty old chief failed to keep his word and the white officers and most of the porters died before Stanley returned.

grassy plains; the White Nile flows into and out of this lake and thru northwest Uganda to the Sudan.

This is the northernmost of the string of lakes on the western side of the Great Rift Valley, extending 1,700 miles thru the Central African plateau, from the Zambesi River north to the head waters of the Nile. In the south, the sides of the Great Rift are 4,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level, rising in the north to more than 8,000 feet, with individual peaks more than twice that height. In the middle of the Rift is Lake Victoria, 150 miles southeast of Lake Albert, at an elevation of 4,000 feet. This is the great reservoir of the White Nile, and, after Lake Superior, in North America, the largest body of fresh water in the world.

Going from Lake Edward to Kivu, fifty miles south, you pass the snow-capped "Mountains of the Moon," which early geographers regarded as the region where the Nile had its source—and they were off only a few miles.

Kivu is the highest lake in Africa, 5,000 feet above sea level,

surrounded by active volcanic mountains that reach a height of more than 12,000 feet. Evidently the lake once was a valley, as it is 2,000 feet deep in places. No river flows into it. East of Kivu are the native kingdoms of Ruanda and Urundi, formerly districts of German East Africa, but now attached to Belgian Congo by action of the League of Nations.

From the eastern border of Congoland the route leads back to the Congo River by way of the Kilo-Moto gold fields, supposedly rich alluvial deposits discovered in the forest a few years ago and now worked by the Belgian government. Several thousand natives are employed in the washing processes.

Motor roads are being built between the gold fields and Stanleyville, a distance of 350 miles. Stanleyville, on the Congo below Stanley Falls, is the capital and trade center of the Eastern province. At the time these observations were made the road could not accommodate wheel traffic and the gold and supplies were transported by porters.

Stanleyville is the most attractive-looking town on the



Women and babies of the Babua tribe on the Uele River in Northeast Congoland. Their appearance and mode of living bespeak the presence of Asiatic blood in their veins.

Congo River. With its palm-lined roads, bungalows amid tropical gardens and a hotel of imposing appearance, it is particularly attractive to one when he has been, for months, subjected to the vicissitudes of African travel. The hotel had been completed only six months and did not have a bathtub. There are 350 whites in Stanleyville, representing twenty-two nationalities. Here we saw the last of the Portuguese in Belgian Congo. From Stanleyville, to the southern boundary of the colony, Greeks have the small trade that is handled elsewhere in Congoland by the Portuguese. The trade language of the natives also changes at Stanleyville. Here it is Ki-Swahili, a mixture of the Bantu dialects of the negroes and the Swahili language brought by the Arabs from East Africa. The blood of many of the natives in this part of Congoland is the same mixture. There is a large Catholic Church at Stanleyville and a number of missions in the vicinity, but Mohammedanism has the big following.

Stanleyville's main street is the Congo River. The residence district, retail stores and most of the government offices are on one side, the railroad that gropes around Stanley Falls is on the other, and on both banks of the river are wharves and warehouses of the trading companies where steamboats from Stanley Pool, 1,200 miles down the river, discharge their cargoes of imports. From early morning until noon and from 2 P. M. until dark the native ferrymen paddle their long dug-out canoes across the wide stream. The foot of Stanley Falls is a mile up the river, the seven cataracts extending over a distance of fifty miles. The narrow-gauge railroad skirting the Falls ends at Ponthierville, eighty-five miles south of Stanleyville, connecting with steamboat on the upper river.

Stanleyville is the principal ivory market on the Congo River. There are more elephants in the Lake Albert region than in any other part of Congoland, but they are found thruout the bush country north of the Equator and the eastern region far down into the province of Katanga. When we were at Stanleyville tusks were being bought by dealers at \$2.00 a pound. The Belgian government charges \$150.00



Native fishermen and their fish-nets in the Congo River below Stanley Falls.

for a hunting license, permitting the killing of two elephants a year. The average elephant killed yields sixty pounds of ivory to a pair of tusks. If the hunter got only two elephants a year he would not make expenses. Many of the men we met were making a good living. At Bumba, 175 miles from Stanleyville, there was a hunter from Venezuela, South America, who had killed fifteen elephants in twelve days. He was fined \$20.00. Another hunter said that he had killed ten elephants in a week and had given two large tusks to the territorial administrator to help him "forget it."

Natives are not required to take out hunting licenses, but they are poor shots. The Belgian government permits natives to have only muzzle-loading, flintlock muskets. These are easily modernized by putting on percussion caps. It is against the law to sell caps to the negroes.

At Ponthierville the river is known as the Lualaba, the name which Livingstone heard the natives use when he first explored the headwaters. He did not know it was the Congo and thought it was the source of the Nile.

To the south of Ponthierville is the poorest part of Congo-land—swamps, desolate hills, unhealthful valleys. Farther south is the richest part, the mineral areas of the high Katanga. To the southeast is Lake Tanganyika, longest in the world.

Ponthierville was an important military post in the campaign against the Arabs; now it is only a small shipping center, lonely and hot, a few miles south of the Equator. After a wait of four days a little steamer takes us up the Lualaba. Our destination is Kabalo, 460 miles south, and the journey takes three weeks, including waits. The Lualaba is navigable for 200 miles, to Kindu, where it is obstructed by rapids and sandbars which continue for 220 miles. We ride two days in a mixed train pulled by a wood-burning engine, with a negro crew, at a speed of twelve miles an hour. At Kasongo we see negroes picking cotton on plantations established by Belgian companies, which have hopes of developing a big industry in this locality. At Kongolo, the end of the rail line, we are on the Lualaba again, and go by boat forty miles south to Kabalo.

From there we ride east by railroad 170 miles, to Lake Tanganyika, 2,550 feet above the sea.

Albertville, the terminus of the railroad line and principal Belgian port on Tanganyika, is half way up the lake, which is 450 miles in length and has a breadth of from thirty to forty-five miles. Steamboats cross from here to Kigoma, connecting with a railroad to Dar-es-Salaam, on the Indian Ocean, 780 miles east, the capital of what was German East Africa, now Tanganyika territory, awarded to Great Britain by the League of Nations. Four miles south of Kigoma is the native town of Ujiji, once an Arab trade center, where Livingstone was found by Stanley in 1871.

Steamers also ply up and down the lake, and as we are going to return to Congo we board one of these. The green water of Tanganyika gives it the appearance of the sea, which reminds us that naval battles were fought here in the late war. When the war broke out the Germans held command of the lake. In 1915, the British admiralty sent two large motor boats in the knock-down to Cape Town, at the southern end of Africa, where they were shipped by rail to the Katanga, in



Basoko, 150 miles down the Congo from Stanley Falls, was a frontier post of the Congo Free State, and these walls were built as protection from the Arabs. The Aruwimi River flows into the Congo from the east at this point.



A Lualaba River chief poses with his favorite pipe and two of his wives, for a photograph.

Belgian Congo, and then floated down the Lualaba. They dragged the motors over the rough country to the lake. The British boats were small, but they carried guns of longer range than the three enemy boats, and sunk the entire German "navy."

Back on the Lualaba River, we head for Bukama, 350 miles south, where river navigation ends. This is a week's journey. The river shrinks to the width of a barge canal, with many twists and turns, and we go aground several times a day. Day after day the scene is the same—plains and swamps, grass and stunted trees. There are only a half dozen trading

posts in the 350 miles. Around the river villages the natives grow manioc, but the soil is thin and the food supply scanty. The natives of the interior are Balubas, meat eaters with a preference for human flesh. The few white men are small traders and hunters. Game is plentiful, especially antelope and buffalo. Elephants are found a short distance from the river. This thinly settled, little-known country is a refuge for men who, for various reasons, wish to get away from the world. They come here from the settlements in the north and from the cities of South Africa and "lose themselves." At the village of Mulanga we saw the black widow of the white chief of the Balubas, and heard the story of the chief,

who was John Dobbin. We had been told something about Dobbin's history, and so looked up his best friend, a trader and hunter.

"Dobbin would be running this country now if drink had not got him," said this man. "Anybody will tell you that he ran it when he was here. I suppose I was responsible for his coming. He had been a trader in Natal, in South Africa, and went broke. Once when I was down there I told him about this country; he remembered it and headed this way. When he got to Elisabethville, over three hundred miles south of here, he drank up what was left of his money and nearly starved to death. But he happened to meet a Baluba woman, who took a liking to him—he was a big, powerful fellow, good-looking, and had been used to dealing with the blacks. She helped him get up here, foraging for food and cooking it for him, and making camp for him on the way. This woman also helped him get some ivory from the natives, and Dobbin went back to Elisabethville to sell the ivory. He was a good talker, and one of the merchants there advanced him some



A Baluba village in the bush country. The Balubas were, and some of them still are, cannibals. There are many villages where white traders dare not venture.

money so he could go into the trading business here. That gave Dobbin his start.

"As I said, he knew how to handle the natives. He began making money and at the same time worked his way into favor with the various chiefs, until he became so rich and influential that the Balubas were all working for him. Then they made him their head chief.

"*'Mafuta,'* they called him—that means big man. I've often heard the shout in a village, *'Mafuta is coming.'* And when Dobbin showed up they paid attention to him. He got their ivory and manioc flour for little or nothing and made a fortune out of it. The Belgian government had never been able to keep a white man among these Balubas. They heard about Dobbin, and informally recognized him as the Balubas' chief, because he could keep the natives from making trouble. He had a personal bodyguard and they were good fighters. If any village disputed his authority he soon settled any doubts about it. He also had two negro boys with him everywhere, one carrying water, the other whisky. During the war Dobbin got the contract for supplying manioc from this country to the native troops, and this made him more powerful than ever. The steamboats always gave him three toots in passing. Sometimes he would ride up and down the river on a boat, and he would not sit on the deck, but on top of the wheelhouse, with the whisky on one side of him and the water on the other.

"I was talking with him just before he went south the last time. He said he had a premonition that something was going to happen to him, and before leaving he gave his woman five thousand francs and a big case of cotton cloth. He never came back. Some time later we got word he had died in Durban, after a big drunk. His relatives got his fortune, but I was glad he thought about the woman and left her that money and cloth, because she was always devoted to him."

"You know her well?" we asked.

"Very well," was the answer. "I had her for a while after

Dobbin died, but I went away and now she is living with another chap."

Steamboats cannot go farther up the Lualaba than Bukama, so a railroad has been built from there to Elisabethville, 265 miles south. There are two trains a week, but a wait of three days in Bukama is viewed with concern by travelers, on account of the reputation of the place. It is considered a favorite haunt of the tsetse fly, carrier of sleeping sickness. However, we encountered only house flies; there were plenty of them, tho Bukama has few houses.

Elisabethville is the capital of the Katanga province,



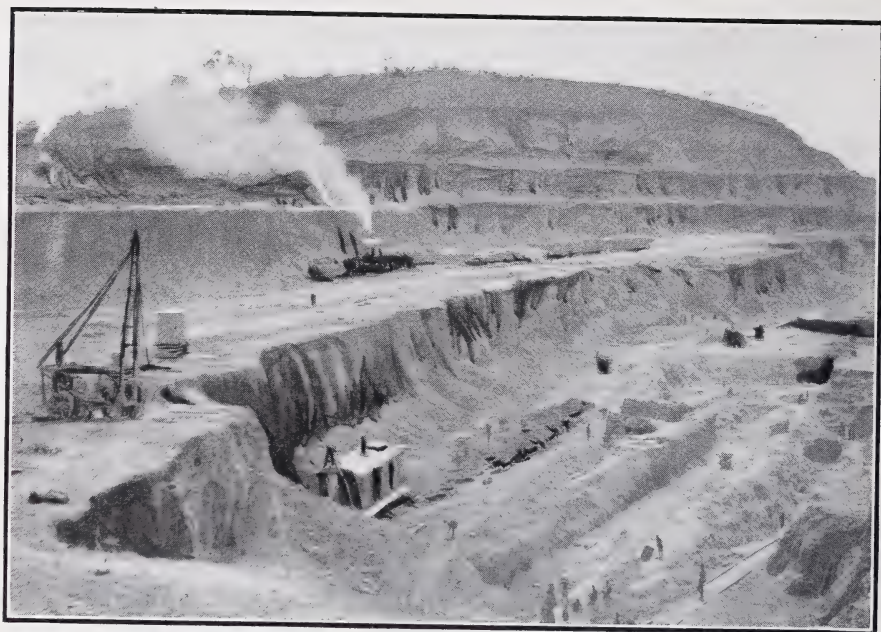
Main street in Elisabethville, business and government center of the Katanga mineral area.

which covers about one-fourth of Belgian Congo, and is situated near the southern boundary on the plateau known as the High Katanga. The elevation of this region is 4,000 to 5,000 feet, while Kongolo, near the northern boundary of the Katanga province, is only 1,800 feet above sea level.

Coming from Bukama to Elisabethville we enter another world. This is the largest town in Belgian Congo, with a white population of over 2,000, modern shops, many automobiles on its wide, paved streets, three or four hotels, a moving picture theater, and neither the atmosphere nor the appearance of the tropical towns of the Congo. Before 1910 the site of Elisabethville was occupied by native huts and ant hills. The transformation is due to copper.

The Belgians, like the Japanese, are imitators. When they want anything done they secure the services of some other nationality with experience. King Leopold of Belgium engaged the Welsh-American, Stanley, to open Congoland by going thru and selling his government to native chiefs. Later came Robert Williams, Englishman, connected with the British South Africa Company in Rhodesia, who was confident that the west side of the Great Rift Valley, in Central Africa, was rich in gold, copper and other minerals—which has since proved to be true. In 1900 Williams, thru his prospectors, discovered the first of the great deposits of copper around Elisabethville, in the southeastern corner of Belgian Congo. This, of course, was after he had made a trade with the Belgian government to give him 40 per cent of any mineral wealth he might find, he bearing the expense of the prospecting.

In successful operation of copper property, cheap transportation is absolutely necessary. There was no transportation, for hundreds of miles, to any railhead, and there was no water transportation. Finally a deal was made with the Rhodesian Railroad to build north from Broken Hill to the Congo frontier, 140 miles. The Belgian government and copper properties built an extension of 250 miles to Elisabethville and the mines. Mining began on a small scale in 1912, and in 1916, when the great war created not only an immense demand, but the highest



Kambove, north of Elisabethville, is one of the principal copper mines of the Katanga area. The ore runs more than 50 per cent pure copper and is worked in open mines.

price ever paid for copper, the Katanga began to supply a large part of this war material. It paid better than any gold mine. The Katanga ore runs more than 50 per cent pure copper and the deposits are said to be the most extensive in the world.

Copper is being produced from Kambove, north of Elisabethville, and the Congo Star and Elisabethville mines, near by, totaling more than twenty million dollars a year. At Panda the big concentration works are located. Five hundred white men and ten thousand blacks are employed in the mines and works, the majority of the negroes being from Rhodesia, as the Katanga has only a small native population, and they are less efficient workers than the outside negroes.

Valuable deposits of uranium (radium) have been opened near Elisabethville. Gold, coal, iron, manganese and tin have

been discovered. The mining company, the Union Minière de Haut Katanga, formed in 1916, is controlled in Belgium, a large part of the stock being held by the Katanga Special Committee, a branch of the Belgian colonial office.

Outside of the mineralized parts of the Congo, the balance of the one million square miles of territory is a millstone around Belgium's neck, costing her millions of dollars every year to administer. Being a very small country in Europe, Belgium was hungry for a big slice of the earth's surface, and got it, but it is worth little except for the minerals, which in the course of time will be taken out. Her first balloon to explode was the one of rubber, since wild rubber has become unprofitable. The second source of income to disappear will be ivory, as the elephants are rapidly being killed off. The third will be valuable timber, when cut away from the waterways where transportation is possible. With the disappearance of these three natural products, it will not pay to keep the country open and govern it so that palm oil and palm nuts can be taken out. The minerals will likely last for some time, but the cost of transportation, with the one line of freight located more than 1,600 miles from the nearest available seaport, will become prohibitive. Then the heart of Africa will return to its primeval condition, the happy home of the naked negro.



Women and children working in a maize patch in Tanganyika where the "man" of the family puts in most of his time loafing. This was German territory before the late war. It is now under British mandate.

CHAPTER XIII

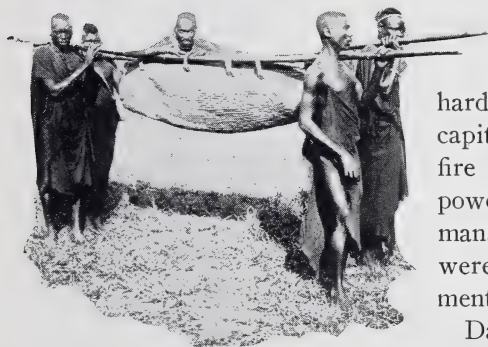
TANGANYIKA AND NYASALAND

DAR-ES-SALAAM, on the East African coast, 6 degrees south of the Equator, is the capital of the territory of Tanganyika, now British, but before the late war Germany's most important possession in Africa. Dar-es-Salaam means

"Place of Peace," but it

was not peaceful in 1914-15. The Germans fought

hard to hold their colony, and the capital carries the scars of shell fire from British warships. A powerful wireless station and the mansion of the German governor were destroyed in the bombardment.



Sultan Kiegoma of Usumburo, travels in his royal hamper.

Dar-es-Salaam is a picturesque place, with buildings of German, British and East Indian archi-

itecture. Three hundred whites, two thousand Arabs and East Indians and thirty thousand natives live here. The town was founded by one of the Arab Sultans of Zanzibar, fifty miles up the coast, but abandoned by the Arabs in 1871. Thirteen years later several agents of the German government, disguised as travelers, came from Zanzibar and made treaties with the native chiefs for land and trading concessions. A trading post was located at Dar-es-Salaam by Dr. Carl Peters, agent of the German government. He successfully stood off attacks by the Arabs and natives until 1889, when an Imperial German garrison was established here. The Sultan of Zanzibar claimed the coast belonged to him, but he yielded it to Germany after a naval squadron called on him.

So many traders and explorers were arriving in East Africa at that time that the native chiefs were doing a land-office business, selling concessions to all comers. The mix-up was settled between 1890 and 1891 by treaties between Germany and Great Britain. Germany's claims to what is now Tanganyika territory were acknowledged by Great Britain. The British established a protectorate over the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, which was acknowledged by Germany, and England ceded to Germany the island of Helgoland, in the North Sea off the coast of Germany, which later, as a German stronghold in the war, caused the Allies much trouble and protected Germany from sea invasion.

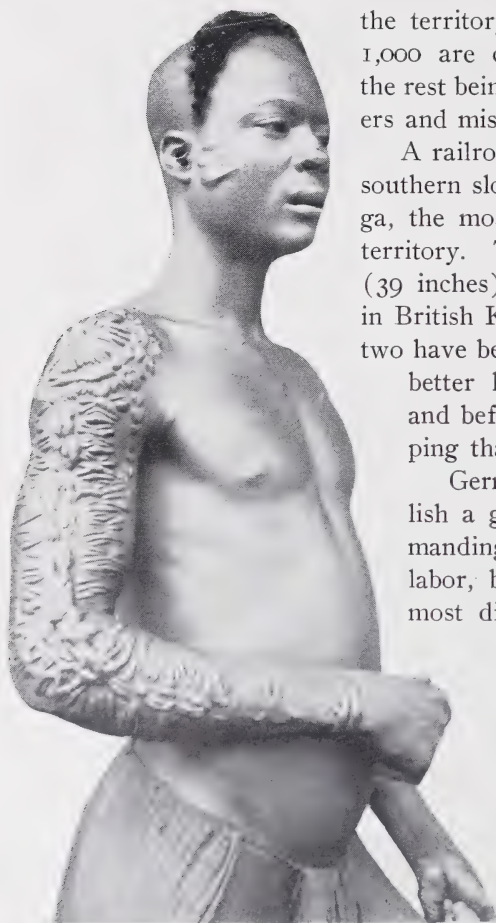
Looking over this great area of Equatorial Africa—a total of 384,000 square miles of tropical territory—it is hard to understand why Germany went to such effort and expense to get it and hold it. The only explanation is that she



Dar-es-Salaam, "Place of Peace," the chief seaport and administrative center of Tanganyika Territory.

expected in time to develop a paying trade with the natives, to obtain tropical products for her home industries, and, by building railroads from the seacoast to Central Africa, to gain control of all that region. Tanganyika is of no value as a country for white settlement. Much of it is barren. Malaria and other tropical diseases prevail in the high districts of the interior as well as in the swamp belt on the coast. The land rises from the coastal region to a plateau 3,000 to 4,000 feet above sea level, large tracts of which are dry, covered with thorn scrub. In the more fertile districts there is a large native population. On the south, near the frontier of Portuguese East Africa, the country consists of small plateaus, badly watered and covered with dense bush. On the west is the Great Rift Valley, containing, on the border of the territory, Lakes Nyasa, Tanganyika and Kivu. On the north are the British protectorate of Uganda, Lake Victoria and the British colony of Kenya. Near the northern boundary line and 200 miles from the sea is Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa, consisting of two volcanic peaks united by a "saddle-back," the whole forming a mountain mass sixty miles long. Kibo, the highest of the peaks, rises to 19,391 feet. North of Kilimanjaro, in the colony of Kenya, is Mount Kenya, 18,630 feet high, and forty miles southeast of Kilimanjaro is Mount Meru, which has an altitude of 14,960 feet.

This mountain region embraces every degree of climate from tropical to arctic. The dense tropical rain forest reaches up to a height of 6,500 to 9,500 feet, the forest belt on Meru being of unusually fine quality. Between the high mountains and the lowlands of the coast, to the southeast, is the Usambara-Pare range of mountains and plateaus, 1,500 to 7,500 feet above sea level. Most of the European plantations are in this region, the best part of the territory. Coffee is successfully grown on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. Cocoa does well. Sisal hemp is grown at elevations up to 4,500 feet and this is the principal export of Tanganyika. However, the fertile highlands are of limited extent. The total white population of



This Tanganyika native is especially proud of his decorations, as they are unusually elaborate. His hair-cut, too, is in keeping with the customs of his tribe.

the territory is 3,500, and fewer than 1,000 are connected with plantations, the rest being government officials, traders and missionaries.

A railroad runs from Moshī, on the southern slope of Kilimanjaro, to Tanga, the most northerly seaport of the territory. The line is of meter gauge (39 inches), the same as the railroad in British Kenya on the north, and the two have been connected. Tanga has a better harbor than Dar-es-Salaam and before the war had more shipping than the other port.

Germany endeavored to establish a great plantation system, demanding large supplies of native labor, but the soil and climate in most districts were not favorable,

and neither were the natives. When the Germans tried to make them work they rebelled. One outbreak lasted two years. As the men live on the labor of their wives, they are not inclined to toil on plantations. The native method of farming is to clear the land by burning the trees and brush, the ashes rendering the soil

fertile for about five years, after which another patch is cleared and the old one abandoned or planted with bananas or cocoanut palms. The women tend the crops. They grow sorghum, particularly on the coast; manioc or cassava, which is ground into flour; Indian corn, sweet potatoes, peanuts

and sesame, a seed yielding oil. Oil palms grow near Lake Tanganyika, but not in such profusion as in Belgian Congo and West Africa.

Cattle raising is the main occupation in the northwest districts, which are free of the tsetse fly. The cattle are of the zebu type. The best cattle breeders are the Masai, now mostly living in a reserve in the fertile region near Mount Meru. The Masai were a strong, warlike tribe, a cross between the Hamites and the negroes whom they conquered. They are lighter in color than the negroes and are tall and slender. They live on milk and blood. In the old days the men were fighters and hunters, their women and slaves doing all the work. Their war dress, which is still worn on occasions, consists of ostrich feathers and many shiny or colored decorations, while the body is ornamented with patterns drawn in yellow ochre. They carry an oval shield made of hide, a leaf-shaped sword and a stabbing spear. Spearing lions is a Masai accomplishment. They have a vague belief in a sky god and regard grass as sacred because cattle feed on it. The women do not ornament themselves as much as the men, but many wear heavy earrings and brass collars.

Also of Hamitic origin are the Watusis, who live in the northwest of Tanganyika territory and are the ruling caste in Ruanda, now attached to Belgian Congo on the west. Two other tribes of Hamitic stock, the Wanderobbos and the Wakwafis, closely allied with the Masai, are hunters, living in the northeastern part of Tanganyika. In the western region are the Wasandawis and Wakindigas, half-breeds descended from the Bushmen, who first inhabited this country, and the negro tribes who absorbed them. The rest of the native population are Bantu negroes. The total native population of Tanganyika is estimated at eight million.

On the coast and in the center of the territory are many Arab Swahilis. Arab colonies have been established on the coast for many centuries. Swahili was originally the name given to descendants of Arab settlers in the islands off the coast, but was finally extended to all natives having Arab



Tanganyika natives extracting sisal hemp fibre by the washing process. Rope is made from the long fibre, while the short lengths or "tow" is used in upholstery.

blood or professing the Mohammedan religion. Swahili is the trade language in parts of Tanganyika. Tabora, midway between the sea and Lake Tanganyika, is the great Swahili town of the interior. Another important center is Ujiji, on the lake shore.

Immediately upon taking possession of the country the Germans began modernizing the port of Dar-es-Salaam, putting up substantial buildings, constructing roads and surveying a route for a railway to Lake Tanganyika. The railway, 780 miles long, of meter gauge (39 inches), was begun in 1905, when Prince Adalbert of Prussia turned the first sod, and was completed two years ahead of time, in 1914, just before the war, at a cost of twenty-nine million dollars.

At the outbreak of the war the Germans took the offensive,



Kigoma, on a beautiful bay of Lake Tanganyika, is the terminus of the railroad from Dar-es-Salaam. There is regular steamer service on the lake between Kigoma and Albertville, the Belgian Congo lake port.

attacking the British on the north and the Belgians on the west. Lieut.-Gen. J. C. Smuts, a South African officer, formerly a Boer leader, was in command of the Allied troops in East Africa during most of the campaign, and he estimated the German forces at 2,000 white officers and soldiers, and 16,000 well-trained native troops, with sixty pieces of artillery and eighty machine guns. Fighting lasted thruout the war, Belgian troops from the Congo coöperating with the British.

German forces, surrendered in the British territory of Northern Rhodesia after the armistice, consisted of 30 white officers, 125 other white men, 1,165 native troops, 2,300 native carriers and 819 native women. The League of Nations awarded Great Britain the mandate to administer the former German colony,

except the provinces of Ruanda and Urundi, on the northwest, which were transferred to Belgium and are now part of Belgian Congo. The Belgians were also granted the lowest rate in force on the railway connecting Lake Tanganyika with Dar-es-Salaam.

The East African Central Railway, as it was named, was expected to carry the products of Belgian Congo east to the sea. However, that part of the Belgian territory near the line is not very productive and the railway is too far north to serve as a route from the rich Katanga mineral district of the Congo. It runs for the most part thru arid plains, with scanty native and no white population, and its great length, compared with the traffic it carries, is a big burden on the territory. The loss on this railroad is given as the main reason why Tanganyika now requires an annual grant of \$1,250,000 from the Imperial British government.

The journey from Dar-es-Salaam to Kigoma, on Lake Tanganyika, takes forty-four hours. A hundred and fifty miles from the sea the line reaches the central plateau, passing thru a district where cotton is grown on a small scale. Tabora, at an altitude of 3,700 feet, was a center of trade in slaves and ivory when the Arabs controlled the commerce of this country. Kigoma, the end of the railway, is the principal port on Lake Tanganyika.

Livingstone explored all this part of Africa, but Nyasaland was the country he loved most. After he had traced the course of the Zambesi River and discovered Victoria Falls, in 1855, he was appointed Great Britain's consul for Zambesi, for the further exploration of that river basin. Coming north into Nyasaland by way of the River Shire, a tributary to the Zambesi, he discovered Lake Nyasa, in 1859. This huge fresh water lake, 360 miles long and from fifteen to fifty miles in breadth, is 220 miles southeast of Lake Tanganyika. The water of Nyasa is deep blue, while that of Tanganyika is green.

Nyasaland is a narrow strip of territory, 500 miles in length, with a total area of 39,000 square miles, between Rhodesia on the west and Portuguese East Africa on the east and

southeast. The greater part of the country is highlands, but owing to the prevalence of malarial fever it is not healthful for white people. Fifteen hundred whites live here among two million natives, the majority of the whites being missionaries and traders. British missionaries were at work in Nyasaland two years after Livingstone's first visit, and thirty years afterward it became a British protectorate.

On the Mlange plateau is an area of 200 square miles, 4,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level, fairly habitable by white people.



Angonis building a hut of poles. The sides will be plastered with clay and the roof thatched with grass. The men put up the poles and the women do the rest of the work.

The ground is level or slightly undulating and well watered. The planters grow tobacco, tea and coffee. The government some years ago encouraged the cultivation of upland cotton, but it was not profitable and has largely given place to tobacco. The natives grow Indian corn, rice, peanuts, yams and other vegetables.

Cattle are raised where the tsetse fly does not make it impossible. The tsetse is common up to an altitude of 4,000 feet.

Nyasaland has but one important river—the Shire—which issues from the south end of Lake Nyasa and has a total course of 275 miles, the last fifty miles in Portuguese East Africa. There is one railroad—the Shire Highlands line—running from the town of Chindio, in Portuguese territory on the Zambesi River, north 176 miles to Blantyre, the trade center

of Nyasaland. A Portuguese railroad, recently completed, connects Chindio with the seaport of Beira.

A railroad has been planned to connect Lake Tanganyika with Lake Nyasa. At present the only route between the lakes is the Stevenson road, which is mostly but a forest path, named for the chairman of the first commercial company in Nyasaland, which was associated with the Scottish missionary enterprise. Blantyre, in the Shire Highlands, 3,500 feet above sea level, was named for Livingstone's birthplace in Scotland. The administrative capital is Zomba, sixty miles from Blantyre, with which it is connected by a macadamized road. Surveys have been made for a railroad, which will open a large area to trade. There was a naval "battle" on the lake in the late war, when a German gunboat was sunk by a British craft. The Nyasaland government has three small steamers on the lake, there are two missionary steamers and a trading company has two. On the Island of Likoma is the headquarters of the Universities Mission, which has nine stations in Nyasaland, and on the shore near by is "Livingstonia," the mission headquarters of the United Free Church of Scotland.

Mohammedanism, introduced by Arab traders, is the big problem of the missionaries. This religion has a great attraction for the natives, who are of Bantu negro stock. Swahili is widely spoken as a trade language. Some of the natives professing Christianity have become troublemakers. In 1915, agitators of a native organization under the name of "the Ethiopian Church" incited their followers to an attack on the whites by preaching "Africa for the Africans." There was a serious uprising in which two white men were killed and their heads taken to the native church, where a thanksgiving service was held. The natives attacked Blantyre and it took the government two weeks to disperse them.

CHAPTER XIV

ZANZIBAR, KENYA AND UGANDA

THIRTY miles off the coast of Tanganyika territory, East Africa, is the coral island of Zanzibar, once the greatest slave market of the East. Today Zanzibar and its sister island of Pemba, forty miles north, produce 90 per cent of the world's supply of cloves. This is the most picturesque part of East Africa. Every seaport is rich in history, showing a curious compound of Asiatic

and European, ancient and modern civilization, with black, barbaric Africa in the background.

Thirty centuries ago the Phœnicians, of the Semitic race, closely allied with the Hebrews, came down the East Coast from Asia Minor and founded trading settlements, finally extending their sway far south in what is now Portuguese East Africa. The Romans conquered the Phœnicians two centuries before the birth of Christ and East Africa was allowed to pass to the Arabs. In the seventh century the Arabs, armed with their new faith, the Mohammedan religion, became conquerors as well as traders. Their East Coast settlements were soon converted to

Mohammedanism. The Island of Zanzibar became a busy commercial center, even trading with China. Late in the fifteenth century the Portuguese established posts on the coast and



This Swahili woman of Zanzibar is ready to invoke the power of her fetish against devils large and small.

occupied Zanzibar. For three hundred years they fought with the Arabs, Turks and natives. In 1784, Zanzibar and Mombasa, to the north, were captured by the Arabs. After that a large part of the mainland coast was controlled by the Imam ("Leader of Progress") of Muscat, in Arabia, whose viceroy ruled at Zanzibar. Seyyid Said, the ruler of Muscat, transferred his capital to Zanzibar in 1832, and in 1836, owing to the growth of Zanzibar as a trade center, the United States established a consul there, a course that was followed by Great Britain in 1840 and France in 1844.

We have told how Germany acquired the southern part of the sultan of Zanzibar's territory on the mainland and how a British protectorate was proclaimed over the remainder. Zanzibar (640 square miles) and Pemba (380 square miles) are administered by a British resident commissioner under the general control of the governor of Kenya Colony. The sultan, who is the nominal ruler, receives a salary from the British government and retains his private estates, but the public revenues are entirely administered by British officials. The population of the island includes 125,000 Swahilis, descended on one side from Arabs and on the other from negroes belonging to tribes of the mainland; 20,000 Asiatics, principally East Indian traders; 7,000 Arabs, and 300 white people, mainly British.

Like all Arab towns, Zanzibar is irregularly built, with square, flat-roofed, color-washed houses on narrow, winding streets. East Indians seem to have all the shops. We were told that they also control the money-lending business. There are British courts dealing with cases involving British or British-protected persons or the subjects of foreign powers. The sultan's courts deal with cases where subjects of the sultan alone are concerned, under Mohammedan law, supervised by a British judge who is the court of final appeal. The British settlement has its tennis courts and golf course in the most beautiful part of the town amid groves of palm and mango trees. The climate is hot, malaria prevails and white people have to go home every two or three years to recuperate.

A strip of the mainland coast, ten miles wide, which was

held by the sultan of Zanzibar, when he came under British protection, is known as the Kenya protectorate. The territory east and north of this strip was formerly the protectorate of British East Africa and in 1920 became the British crown colony of Kenya. The colony, with an area of 247,000 square



A street scene in Zanzibar.

miles, extends north to Abyssinia, south to Tanganyika territory, and west to Lake Victoria, Lake Rudolf and the British protectorate of Uganda.

Mombasa, the seaport of Kenya and Uganda, is 150 miles north of Zanzibar, on a small island of coral formation, close to the mainland. It has two harbors, one for small steamers and native dhows, the other, called Kilidini, "the deep place," used by larger vessels, is landlocked, over two miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. This is the terminus port of the Uganda Railway and in the last few years it has been necessary to enlarge the dock facilities because of increasing traffic. A bridge of seventeen spans connects the island with the mainland.

Mombasa is a historic town and has a cosmopolitan population, including 700 whites, 6,000 Arabs, 8,000 East Indians, several hundred other Asiatics of various races and 25,000 natives. The oldest building is a fort built by the Portuguese in 1573, when this was the capital of their East African territories. The fort was not strong enough to keep out the Arabs. In 1631 they massacred all the Portuguese at Mombasa. Portugal again took possession and rebuilt the fort;

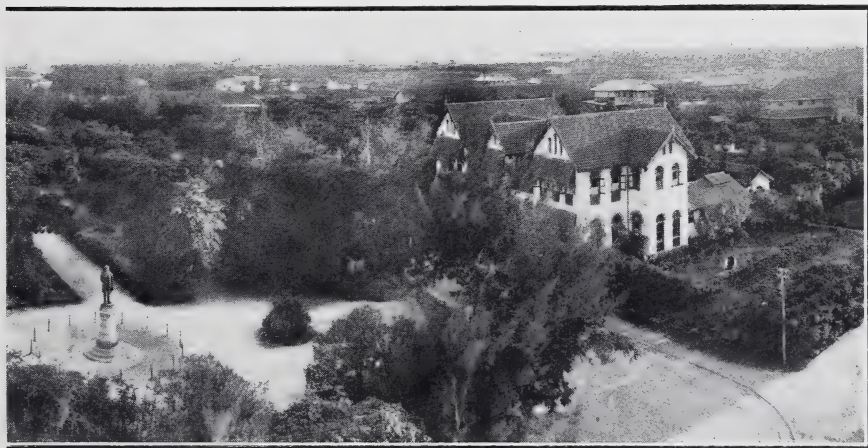


Mombasa is the seaport for Kenya and Uganda and the terminus picture is that of William Mackinnon.

the Arabs came again and killed the Portuguese. In 1784 the Portuguese lost Mombasa for all time, the Arab ruler of Muscat seizing the town and surrounding territory. The coast country became a British protectorate in 1890 and the interior was added thru the Imperial British East Africa Company, which had a charter to develop this territory, and in 1895 surrendered its charter to the British government.

The Uganda Railway, running from Mombasa northwest to Lake Victoria, 587 miles, with 200 miles of branch lines, was built to combat the slave trade which flourished in regions beyond the reach of the British navy. The railroad is well known to big game hunters, as it leads to the best shooting districts of East Africa. Two immense tracts, one between the railway and the southern boundary of Kenya, and the other in the northern part, are game reserves.

At Tsavo, 130 miles from Mombasa, we pass the southern boundary of the Ukamba game reserve, which extends to within a few miles of Nairobi, 330 miles from Mombasa. Nairobi is the principal outfitting center for safaris (expeditions), but big game is no longer found near the town, as it was when I put up my first balloon there in 1909.



of the Uganda Railway. The statue shown in the foreground of this first governor of old British East Africa.

Nairobi is now the largest settlement in East Africa, having a population of more than 2,000 whites, and five hotels, two movie theaters, five clubs, including a country club, a race course, a daily newspaper, three churches, a Mohammedan mosque and a Jewish synagogue. Many of the buildings and houses are of stone. The government of Kenya has its headquarters here. The governor is assisted by an executive council composed partly of officials and partly of citizens nominated by the British crown.

Fifty-five hundred feet above sea level, Nairobi is just inside the highlands of Kenya. On a clear day it is possible to see the snow-clad peak of Mount Kenya, seventy miles north of Nairobi. This mountain, which gives its name to the colony, rises 18,630 feet above sea level and its summit is only a few miles south of the Equator.

The railroad to Lake Victoria reaches an altitude of 8,000 feet thirty miles northwest of Nairobi, then descends 1,400 feet thru dense forest to the valley. Here we pass several extinct volcanoes, 8,000 to 9,000 feet high, and a few miles farther on we reach swampy Lake Naivasha, where hippos and wild fowl are numerous. East of Naivasha are the Setina Mountains, reaching a height of 13,000 feet. Nakuru, 6,000 feet above sea level, is on the shore of a salt lake, surrounded by extinct volcanoes and sloping pastures. West of Nakuru the line climbs out of the valley, goes thru the Mau forest, reaches an altitude of 8,320 feet at Mau Summit, then begins the descent to Lake Victoria. Kisumu, the end of the line, formerly known as Port Florence, is the main lake port.

Lake Victoria (Victoria Nyanza) the source of the White Nile, is 3,726 feet above the sea, lying in the Great Rift Valley. Next to Lake Superior it is the largest body of fresh water in the world, being 255 miles long by about 155 miles in breadth. Steamers go from Kisumu to the harbors of Uganda, on the west and northwest shore, and make trips around the lake by alternate routes, north and south. The voyage from Kisumu to Entebbe, on the northwestern corner of the lake, takes twenty-four hours.



Nairobi is the largest settlement in East Africa, and as it is the outfitting depot for hunters and settlers, it is a busy town.

Entebbe is the administrative center of Uganda, a pretty little town amid tropical trees and shrubs. Lemon grass was planted here to drive away the tsetse fly, carrier of sleeping sickness, and due to this or to the clearing of the bush, there is no more sleeping sickness. Entebbe is in the Baganda province of Uganda, nominally ruled by the Kabaka, or native king, under the supervision of a British commissioner. There are four other provinces, the total area of the protectorate being 110,000 square miles, or less than half the size of Kenya colony. Affairs pertaining to the military, police, etc., are administered in common with those of Kenya. The southern boundary of Uganda is one degree south of the Equator; the northern frontier, bordering Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, is four degrees north of the Equator. On the west are Lake Albert, Lake Edward and the territory of Belgian Congo. The greater part of the country lies at an altitude of 3,000 to 4,000 feet. Three great mountain regions, Mount Elgon, 14,197 feet above sea level, in the east, and Ruwenzori, 16,795 feet, and Mfumbiro, 14,500 feet, in the southwest, are all on the frontiers

Altho less than half the size of Kenya, Uganda has a larger native population, totaling about four million. Kenya has approximately three million. These are of Bantu negro, Nile negro and Hamitic stock. Starting in Uganda we find, near Entebbe, the Bagandas, who are of Bantu origin. Their king lives at Kampala, on the northwest shore of Lake Victoria. The Bagandas are divided into clans, each named for some animal. They have a belief that the spirit of a deceased king resides in his lower jaw, which is kept in a special hut. Under their great king, Mutesa, fifty years ago, the Bagandas are said to have numbered three million, but civil war, famine, syphilis and sleeping sickness have reduced them to less than one million. The Banyoro, of the western province, are of similar stock but are less intelligent. They have a habit of removing the four lower teeth, so that the upper ones grow long and slant forward.

One of the most interesting tribes is the Bahimas. They were originally Hamites, their ancestors having come from Asia to North Africa. The Bahimas, also known as the Watusi, enslaved the Bantu negro population in the highlands east of Lake Victoria and are still found as a ruling caste in Ankole, Uganda and in the Ruanda district of Belgian Congo. They are pastoral people and keep aloof from the despised Bantus, who cultivate the soil. The color of the Bahimas is much lighter than that of the average negro. Their food is almost entirely milk, and they drink large quantities of native beer. They believe in spirits. Each village has its fetish hut. As a rule they do not bury their dead, the bodies being exposed to be eaten by hyenas. The purchase price of a wife is seven cows. Several brothers will share one wife if they cannot afford more.

In the north are the Nilotics, or Nile negroes, blackest of all, with ugly features. Their feet and hands are small, their arms long, their head hair thick and woolly, growing to the length of nearly a foot. Both sexes go entirely naked. Their morals are very low and they are not a brave race. They bury their male dead, but usually throw their female dead

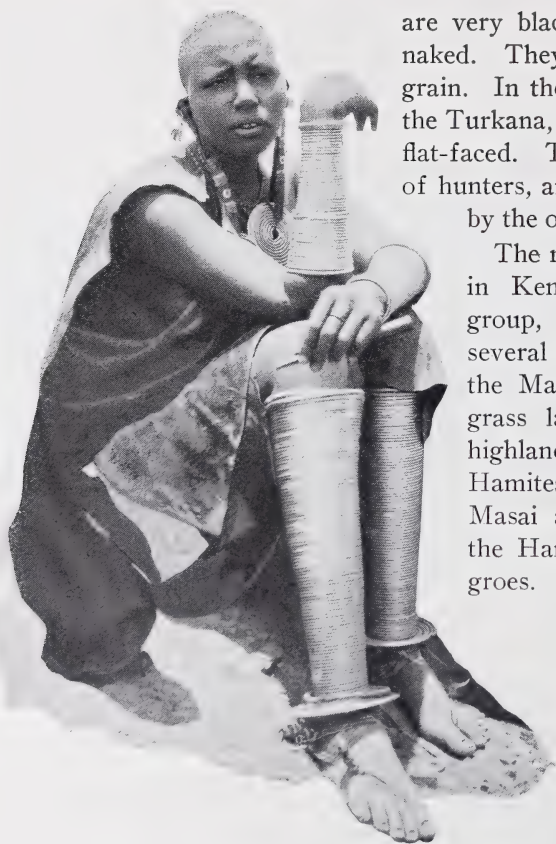


This picture of Mount Kenya was taken by Mr. Boyce's Balloongraph Expedition and the photographer was 175 miles away from the mountain. The picture was taken with a camera equipped with a telephoto lens, exposed for two hours. Toward the summit snow patches are visible, evidence that there is snow near the Equator

to the hyenas. Stiff knee is a common ailment, due to the low entrances of their huts and the necessity of entering them on hands and knees. They are ruled by witchcraft, their fetish men usually being their chiefs. Polygamy is general. The women care for the crops and do the rest of the work. They build domelike huts, with mud walls, thatched in flounces.

In the extreme west of Uganda, also on the slopes of Mount Elgon, in the east, are pygmies and half-breed descendants of pygmy and Hamitic tribes. The pygmies have small bodies, long arms and short legs, live on raw flesh of birds, beasts and reptiles, and build small one-man huts. Even in families, each child has its hut. Dogs are their only animals. The half-breeds are conspicuous for their short legs. The men wear a small piece of bark cloth, the women are naked. They bury their dead in huts, which are then abandoned.

The Kavirondo, who occupy the eastern shore of Lake Victoria, in Kenya, are both Bantu and Nile negroes. They



A Masai belle wearing about twenty pounds of wire jewelry and showing the style of "shingle" prevailing among the Masai women.

are very black and are generally naked. They grow quantities of grain. In the northern plains are the Turkana, a large tribe, tall and flat-faced. The Dorobbo, a tribe of hunters, are looked down upon by the other tribes.

The most important tribes in Kenya are the Somali group, in the north, under several different names, and the Masai, who occupy the grass lands of the central highlands. The Somalis are Hamites and the warlike Masai are a cross between the Hamites and Bantu negroes. The Somali are of

above average intelligence. We have described the Masai in a previous chapter. In Kenya, the Masai have been removed to a reserve in the southern part of the territory to

leave room for European settlement of the highlands.

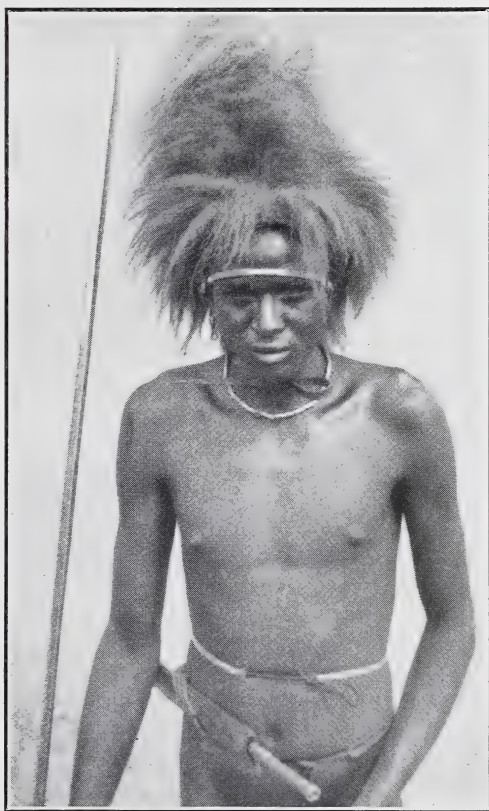
Uganda's climate renders it unsuitable for white settlement, and the number of European planters is small. The total white population is less than a thousand, counting the government officials. The plantations produce cotton, coffee and rubber. The natives grow Indian corn, sugar cane, peppers, peanuts and sesame seed. Bananas are the staple food of many tribes. Quantities of hides are exported.

In Kenya the last agricultural census gave the total of land

suitable for white occupation as 6,000,000 acres. Of this 3,150,000 acres have already been alienated and 500,000 acres were reserved for discharged British soldiers. Of this alienated land only 6 per cent was under cultivation. The central highlands, where this land is situated, are at an altitude of over five thousand feet, and therefore the climate is temperate. Tho close to the Equator, blankets are necessary at night, even in midsummer. This region is more healthful than other parts of Equatorial Africa, but malaria is very prevalent.

Cattle and sheep do well in the highlands. Coffee is successfully grown near Nairobi, also near Lake Victoria. There are numerous sisal plantations. Indian corn is grown by white settlers and is also a staple crop of natives.

There are 6,000 white people in Kenya and 18,000 East Indians. On account of the limited area of desirable land, the white men have viewed the increase in Indian population with great concern. Many of the Indians have settled on the land, tho not in the best part of the highlands. As British subjects the Indians have been making a great agitation for equality with the white, insisting that they be allowed to vote on public questions and that they be permitted to settle on the highlands. In the Union



A Masai warrior from the Kenya country.

of South Africa, a self-governing dominion, it has been possible to stop immigration from East India, but Kenya is a crown colony and the demand of the Indians that they be accorded their rights as British subjects has put the government in an awkward position.



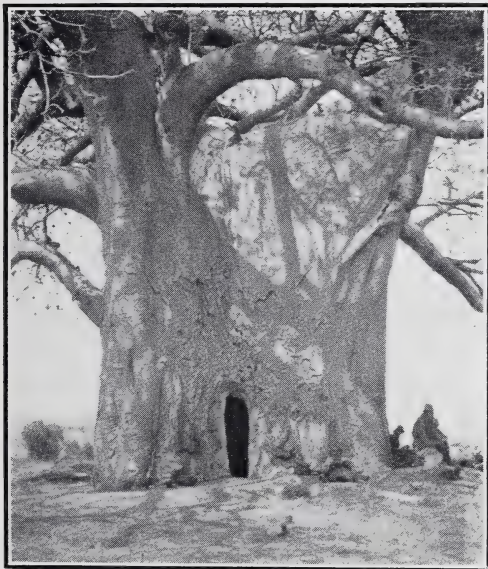
Thruout Africa, in the unhealthy West Coast country, and along the swampy, jungle-ridden course of the Congo, in East Africa, are hundreds of missionaries doing what they can to enlighten the native blacks. Whatever may be one's notion regarding the value of this work, he must do homage to the fortitude and courage of these men and women who are making a sincere and courageous battle against great odds. This picture was taken at the Bolengi mission, near Coquilhatville, during a missionary conference. The bearded man near the center of the front row is Dr. Joseph Clark, of the American Baptist Church, chairman of the conference. To his right is Mrs. Clark. When he first came to Africa there were but two Protestant missionaries in all the Belgian Congo country. Today there are eighty and about half of them are Americans.

CHAPTER XV

THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN

ABOUT the most interesting thing that I saw in the Sudan was the tree which serves as a water tank. Down in Mexico and in some Central American countries, they "dig for wood and climb for water." In the Sudan they get wood and water

from the same source—the Tebeldi tree. I have seen thousands of trees and plants in the tropics and in all parts of the world, but the Tebeldi tree is the most interesting and useful tree I have encountered. It is literally a life-saver for thousands of people in the Sudan, and in the Blue Nile Province they would no more think of establishing a village where there were no Tebeldi trees than we would of establishing a town *without* a water works of some sort.



The Tebeldi or "Baobab" tree, found in many localities in Africa. It plays a most important part in the life of the natives of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

asserted on good authority that individuals live to the age of 2,000 years. It is sometimes called the "Baobab," or monkey bread tree. Botanists have a name for it—*Adansonia digitata*—but it seems a shame to call a perfectly nice and use-

This tree is one of the oldest trees in the world, if not the oldest. It is as-

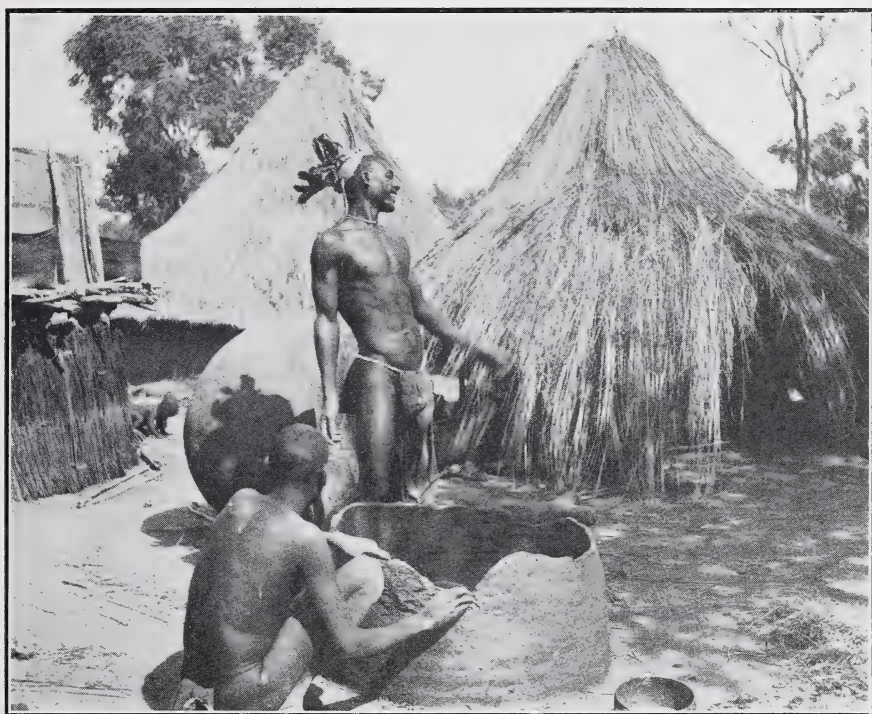
ful tree such a name. The natives think so well of these trees that they have names for each of them. Invariably, the name begins with "Um" which means mother. One tree they will call "mother of honey," another will be "mother of glories." Other names one hears are "the home of birds," "the spreading," "the upright," "the tearful," etc., each name being of feminine gender.

The bark of this tree yields a strong fibre which is used for rope and basket making; its fruit contains seeds covered with a pleasant sub-acid, farinaceous pulp that has cooling properties, and which the natives make into a drink as a preventive against malaria. The seeds yield a valuable oil. The flowers are large, measuring six inches, with a massive staminal column, and the white male and the yellow female flowers appear side by side on the same tree. The fruit is pendulous, and from 8 to 12 inches long.

But it is as a water supply that the tree was most interesting to me. In Western Kordofan they really form the chief source of the water supply for the inhabitants. It is estimated that there are 30,000 *Tebeldi* trees in Western Kordofan, holding water. The water is contained in the hollow trunk of the tree, where it is stored by nature during the rainy season. These tree trunks frequently are thirty to forty feet in circumference. The capacity of the tree usually is about 250 gallons of water and some villages are entirely dependent upon these trees for their water supply.

Its administrative value is no less than its economic value. It forms the basis of village life to a far greater extent than do the crops. No boundary can be fixed, no site for a village established, no transfer of individuals be considered, without reference to the *Tebeldi* tree. It is, indeed, a wonder!

The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, which is one-third the size of the United States, has an area of 1,014,600 square miles and, in 1922, its population was estimated to be 5,850,000. It lies wholly within the tropics, bounded on the north by Egypt, on the east by the Red Sea, the Italian colony of Eritrea, and Abyssinia, on the south by Uganda, on the southwest by the



Natives and native village in the Bahr el Ghazal district of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

Belgian Congo, and on the west by the French Congo and the Sahara Desert. From Wadi Halfa, on the Egyptian frontier, to Uganda and the Belgian Congo is about 1,650 miles; the north boundary being 22 degrees north latitude and the south boundary being approximately 5 degrees north latitude. The greatest distance from east to west is 1,200 miles. In this district you can find every shade of color known to paint and dye makers, and some shades which they haven't been able to duplicate. For thousands of years it has been a melting pot for all races and bloods. It is well located as a melting pot and the Arabs have good reason for saying, "the soil is like fire and the wind like a flame." It is a wonder that even

the melting pot itself doesn't melt, because most of the rivers do before they get very far.

In ancient Egyptian records, even as far back as the Fourth Dynasty, mention is made of the "Land of the Blacks" and there is no doubt that expeditions, both military and trading, were sent to the Sudan to obtain slaves, ivory, ebony, frankincense, gold, etc. Monuments erected in Egypt during the time of Seneferu, 3766 B. C., tell of an expedition into the Sudan and the bringing back by the royal raider of 7,000 men and 200,000 animals. In 1500 B. C., the first mention is made of



Old houses in Suakin, one of the chief cities on the Red Sea coast of the Sudan. The atmosphere is decidedly Arabic.

the city of Napata, near Merowi, in Dongola Province, which seemed to have prospered for more than a thousand years. Today, most of us think of the Sudan as the tail to the Egyptian dog, but when the kings of Napata were in their prime, the tail certainly wagged the dog, for these kings annexed Egypt and were in possession of Memphis for about 90 years.

The population of the Sudan is a mixture of many bloods but there are three chief strains: the pure Arab, the Negroid, and the Black. The Arabs had been in the Sudan long before the coming of Mohammed, but until the advent of the latter had never been united. Probably the first Arabs to enter the country came from Arabia to escape persecution in their own country, advancing westward, trading on the way and employing themselves in the breeding and tending of cattle. Gradually, they established themselves on the Blue Nile and later moved westward to Darfur and Wadai, joining with the Berber race which had come into the country from Egypt on the north.

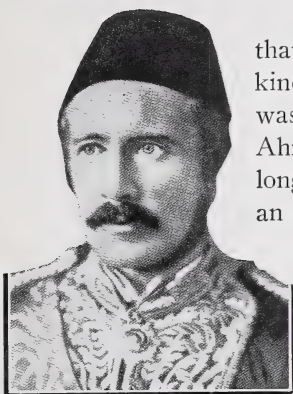
In the thirteenth century this Arabic tide met the Arabs who, on their way from Egypt, had destroyed the Christian kingdoms of Nubia and Dongola, and the combined Arabic force shattered the Christian kingdom which had its seat of government at Soba on the Blue Nile, about 20 miles from Khartoum.

Prior to the Christian order which these Arabs broke up, there was what is known as the Meroitic Empire. While the three-cornered conflict between Christian, Moslem and pagan influences went on, the Arabs settling in the Blue Nile country made their conquest complete by intermarrying with the Negroids, and on the foundation of this admixture was built the powerful Fung or Funj empire which succeeded the Christian empire of Soba between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. At about the same time the Shilluks, starting from the region of the great equatorial lakes, followed the Nile to the north and for the next four centuries the history of the Sudan is but a jumble of tribal wars and feuds, marked by the cruelty

of barbarous pagans and fanatic disciples of Moslem and other shades of religious belief.

Mohammed Ali, as pasha of Egypt, put an end to the dark ages of anarchy in the Sudan and introduced the darker ages of Egyptian domination. In 1820, Mohammed Ali sent an expedition into Nubia and in two years had subdued that district. The expedition was led by Ismail, Mohammed Ali's son, and it penetrated to the Sennar district and beyond to the mountains, where the negroes put up such a resistance that the advance was held up. Ismail's soldiers marked their progress with murder, rape, fire and devastation, and Nair Mimr, the mek of Shendi, who was taken as a hostage when Ismail's forces went beyond Shendi, took a revenge in kind. Having been ordered to produce 1,000 slaves, when the invaders had returned to Shendi, Nair Mimr agreed and invited Ismail and all his chief officers to a feast in his house. While the Egyptians were enjoying themselves, the Mek fired the straw that he had placed about the house and Ismail and his officers were burned to death.

Of course, Mohammed Ali had to have his revenge. A second force of the invaders turned aside from their field of activity long enough to defeat the forces of the Mek near Shendi and to burn that town and Metemma, taking particular pains to see that the women and children were burned alive. When Mohammed Ali had established Egyptian authority in the Sudan it turned out that the government was so corrupt that it cost Egypt money to dominate the district. The officials got rich but the government got poor. The slave trade grew to alarming proportions in the central and southern provinces and in 1869 Great Britain and other powers took a hand in the suppression of the traffic. The khedive Ismail Pasha and Sir Samuel Baker established military posts almost as far south as the Equator, and punitive expeditions were sent against the slave traders along the Abyssinian border and in the Bahr el Ghazal. It is worthy of note that when the Egyptian forces came up against the Abyssinians, the latter, as a rule, came out ahead in the fighting.



General Gordon, who lost his life in the Mahdist rebellion in the Sudan.

When conditions in any country get so bad that they can't be worse, a revolution of some kind generally shows up. The Sudan revolution was the Mahdist movement, led by Mahommed Ahmend, a fanatic who proclaimed himself the long-expected guide or Mahdi of Islam. With an army of desperate, fanatic people behind him, he completely shattered the Egyptian authority. The annihilation of Col. William Hicks and his army of 10,000 men was one of the tragic episodes of this period, and the capture of Khartoum by the Mahdi forces, Jan. 2, 1885, and the killing of General Gordon was the dramatic climax of the Mahdi fiasco.

If the Sudan population had known anything about British history they would have realized that a day of reckoning would surely come and that the British would return ready for business. That day came in 1896, when General Kitchener, at the head of the Anglo-Egyptian army, started to reestablish order in the Sudan. Two years later, with the battle of Omdurman, the Mahdi *régime* was crushed, and Kitchener was in Khartoum. From that day on "Khartoum" became a part of his name. He was made "Baron Kitchener of Khartoum" and until he lost his life in the World War when the cruiser "Hampshire" struck a German mine, tho he had almost every honor and title the British government could give him, his popular name was just "Kitchener of Khartoum."

The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan is the only country which flies two flags—the British and the Egyptian. It is better to have two flags than none, and, I imagine, the Sudan would now have none if it had not been for Kitchener who was "sirdar" at the time of the Fashoda incident. In 1898, Marchand, a French adventurer, got the notion that France ought to have a slice of the Sudan. He marched his followers to Fashoda, on the White Nile, and hoisted the French flag. Kitchener called

on him with a small force and when Marchand discovered that Kitchener's force was flying two flags, the British and the Egyptian, he realized that he did not dare to offer resistance as such action was bound to involve France and Great Britain. He agreed to "talk things over" and Kitchener seems to have been the better talker. At any rate, the French withdrew. Ever since that incident, the British flag has divided honors with the Egyptian flag in the Sudan.

If the French had established themselves on the upper reaches of the Nile and, as they intended, gone on to the Red Sea, they would have been in a position to dominate Egypt, because both the Sudan and Egypt are dependent on the Nile.

My first introduction to the Nile was at Ripon Falls, the outlet of Victoria Nyanza, headwaters of the White Nile. At that time I was impressed with the fact that the White and Blue Nile rivers were the vital keys to the vast area stretching north to the Mediterranean Sea, but it was only when I had traveled up the Nile to Assuan, that I realized how an inch, one way or the other, in the water might mean life or death. When the maximum rise of the river at Assuan is 21 feet or less, they know that there will be famine in parts of the country; when the water registers between 21 and 23 feet it means that parts of Egypt will not get enough water and crops will be curtailed; when the rise is between 25 and 26½ feet the whole country can be watered, and if the maximum rise is more than 26½, everybody gets nervous because it means a flood.

The Nile, from Ripon Falls to Damietta, is 3,526 miles long; 2,138 of those miles are within the Sudan. The Nile



The government palace at Khartoum.

receives no tributaries below the Atbara, which is 1,700 miles from its mouth, and the amount of rain is negligible. In spite of this, its annual flood is of such volume as to raise its discharge into the sea from nothing during the summer, when both mouths are entirely closed by earth dams at Damietta and Rosetta, to 10,000 cubic metres per second when the river is at flood, generally in September. This great volume of water is brought together by the Blue and White Niles and their tributaries in the Sudan. At Khartoum, the White Nile, which comes from Lake Victoria Nyanza, is joined by the Blue Nile, which comes from Lake Tsana in Abyssinia. The Blue Nile is about 1,000 miles long and 400 miles of its course is in the Sudan. The Blue Nile attains its maximum discharge early in September. It forces back the more sluggish waters of the White Nile which furnishes only one-tenth of the flood water, a great deal of the White Nile waters being lost by evaporation in the swamps of the Bahr el Ghazal.

In eastern Sudan the torrential rains, and the Baraka and Gash rivers, in Kassala Province, are of considerable agricultural importance. The two rivers run for part of the year but do not reach the sea. A dam is now being built at Makwar, on the Blue Nile, which will bring under irrigation 100,000 acres in the Gezira district—the land lying between the two Niles. The soil in this district has proved to be suitable for cotton.

There is a bi-monthly service of so-called express steamers maintained between Khartoum and Rejaf, the most southern portion of the Nile in Sudan territory that is navigable. During the summer, from June until September, the river Sobat is navigable to Gambela, and from June to November there is boat service on the Blue Nile from Sennar to Roseires. Between Khartoum and Wady Halfa are located five of the six cataracts, and steamer navigation is possible only on short reaches between rapids.

Gum arabic and ivory are the chief exports from the Sudan. Most of the gum arabic imported into the United States comes from there. Other products are Senna leaves, ground-nuts, dates, hides and gold. Dura is the chief grain crop. It is a variety



Graceful as swans these native craft move on the Nile, the chief factor in river transportation.

of millet used by the natives for making bread. Experts say that it compares favorably with maize as a cattle food. Other crops are sesame, shura, lentils and lubya.

It is, however, in cotton that the future of the Sudan seems to lie. Experts say that the country is capable of growing the finest cotton in the world. Perhaps the less you know about experts the more impressive that statement will be. At present the area under cotton is only 84,273 acres. The Makwar dam, now being completed, will increase this acreage considerably. It is estimated that a further 100,000 acres in the Gezira district can be made cotton bearing. I do not share the opinion of these "experts" that the Sudan ever will be a real factor in the cotton market. We have no fewer than 32,000,000 acres of good cotton land in the United States, and at least 5,000,000 acres not so good, but our 5,000,000 acres which we look on as inferior cotton land will, I suspect, produce more cotton than ever will be produced in the Sudan. Most of the Egyptian and Sudan cotton goes direct to England.

The Sudan livestock trade may be regarded as one of its most promising industries. There are millions of livestock in the Sudan, the nomadic tribes and a large part of the settled population being interested in raising cattle, sheep, goats and camels. At present the cattle and sheep trade is with Egypt chiefly. Of course, all the animals exported to Egypt are sent in "on the hoof" so that they may be slaughtered in accordance with Mohammedan ritual.

Most of the cattle come from Kordofan and Dongola provinces, but as soon as the Kassala Railway is completed, Kassala Province and eastern Sudan will get in on this trade.

There are very few cities of any size in the Sudan. During the Mahdist *régime* the population fell as low as 2,500,000 and

many towns and villages were burned. Under the present administration the population is increasing. Omdurman is the largest city in the Sudan. It has a population of about 79,000. Khartoum, re-planned by Kitchener on a design like the British Union Jack, has 31,000, and Khartoum North, across the river, has about 14,500. Other cities of importance are, El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan; Wad Medani in the Blue Nile Province; Port Sudan on the Red Sea; Atbara, which is headquarters for the Sudan Government Railways, and Kassala.

In the Northern Sudan most of the inhabitants are Mohammedans. Even in the south, Islam has a large following, this religion having been introduced in the south by the slave traders. In the north, there is a sprinkling of Copts and a slowly increasing number of Christians, both Catholic and Protestant.

The policy of the present government is non-interference in religion, but it encourages the work of missions among the uncivilized tribes of the southern provinces as these missions always become a center of educational, medical and agricultural work. The American Mission (Protestant) has schools in Khartoum and mission stations on the river Sobat near Lake No in the Upper Nile Province. The Italian Catholic Mission,



In the Nile region of the Sudan the natives make their canoes from reeds. They look like "suicide boats," but the natives handle them skilfully and safely.

the pioneer in the religious work of the Sudan, has schools in Khartoum and works in Bahr el Ghazal Province. The Church Missionary Society, British, has schools at Khartoum, Atbara and Wad Medani and a hospital at Omdurman.

The Sudan, especially in the southern districts, reflects nothing of modern progress. Most of the natives are not far removed from savagery and some of them still are in that state. It is one of the most easily accessible countries in which big game still abounds. In Kordofan are elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, ostriches, giraffes, a great variety of antelopes, lions, leopards, zebras—in fact, almost all the game known to Africa. You can find even the rather rare colobus monkey in the southern part of Sudan. In 1909 when I was hunting big game, I got a very fair specimen of the colobus monkey and later presented it to the Adventurers' Club of Chicago. The Sudan government has a game preservation department and game laws, and is endeavoring to prevent the extermination of these original monarchs of the African wilds.



A native village in the Sudd region of the Sudan.

CHAPTER XVI

ABYSSINIA, SOMALILAND AND ERITREA

BOTH in physical aspects and history, Abyssinia is suggestive of Switzerland. It is a rugged, mountainous country without a port, and the one country in Africa which has maintained its independence. It has an area of 432,432 square miles, a little more than one and one-half times the size of Texas. In these countries where government organizations are inefficient and the population will not stand still long enough to be counted, it is impossible to get reliable census figures. Estimates on Abyssinian population vary from 8,000,000 to 12,000,000.

If the black race had an inherent capacity for self-improvement and social progress, one might confidently expect to find in Abyssinia an advanced civilization. By virtue of its location, it was in touch with the oldest civilizations known to history. When Egypt was in its prime there were times when these two countries had the same ruler and yet none of the culture which distinguished ancient Egypt appears to have taken root in Abyssinia. In very early times the Hebrews had commercial intercourse with this country, many Jews settling in it, affording the contact with another great civilization. Later both Greeks and Romans penetrated to this forbidding district, both by way of the Nile and thru the Red Sea. The classical civilization from southern Europe made no lasting impression on the black and hybrid population. No desire for social betterment and intellectual attainment was aroused, and the absence of evidence indicative of political



When the "bob" and the "shingle" are *passee*, there still will remain the "berry coiffure."

sagacity suggests that the physical aspects of the country, its impenetrable mountains and canyon-walled rivers, were the chief factors in its defense.

Such progress as has been made in Abyssinia must be attributed to the Hamitic and Semitic stocks which filtered into the country at a very early period and coalesced with the indigenous blacks. Those who are interested in racial questions will find in the history of this country a striking example of how an inferior race corrupts and finally dominates a superior race when intermarriage is practiced over an extended period. There was a time when the Hamitic stock, the same strain as is found in the Berber population of the Barbary Coast and the underlying stock of ancient Egypt, dominated much of this area. These filled their harems with black women until today the negroid strain predominates. You can find every shade of complexion in this country, from coal black to pale olive, and the one complexion looked on with suspicion and contempt is that of the true white.

According to Abyssinian tradition, the Biblical personage, Sheba, was queen of their country, and her visit to and relations with King Solomon of the Hebrews resulted in the birth of Menelek. Abyssinian rulers claim descent from Menelek, the son of Solomon and Sheba.

It is a singular fact that while the Arab and Mohammedan influence has touched this country from the north, east and south, it remains a Christian nation, altho its "Christianity" is difficult of recognition, and it is decidedly hostile to the missionaries from modern Christian countries. In no place in Africa does the missionary labor under more difficult conditions.

There are at least seventy different languages or dialects spoken in the country, an almost insuperable obstacle to the development of national consciousness. Inter-tribal wars seem to be perpetual and the one reason why the racial conglomeration holds together was probably correctly stated by a fellow passenger on an Indian Ocean boat when he said, "The mountains won't let the bloomin' beggars fall apart."



Gold braid, fuss and feathers are conspicuous in the court of Abyssinia. The negro's love of ostentation marks the hybrid people of this African state. In the upper picture is shown an Abyssinian empress attended by two of her court attaches. At the left in the lower picture is the Prime Minister, while the figure at the right is that of a court page.

At one time there was considerable rivalry for concessions in Abyssinia. Great Britain, France and Italy were especially active, the chief question then being who should control the railroad development. This question was settled amicably by giving each of the three governments a slice of the concession. It isn't much of a railroad, but it connects Addis Ababa, the capital, with the port of Jibuti, on the Gulf of Aden. Jibuti is in French Somaliland.

The greater part of the country is a plateau from five to eight thousand feet above sea level; many of the mountains rising from this plateau attain a height of more than thirteen thousand feet above sea level. While the Blue Nile has its source in Abyssinia, none of the rivers within the boundaries of the country are important as transportation factors.

While Abyssinia lies within the tropics, its southern boundary being less than 5 degrees north of the Equator, because of its elevation it offers a great variety in climatic conditions. In the lowlands one encounters tropical heat and semi-desert conditions; on the plateaus a more temperate climate prevails, and on the high mountains there is the chill of winter. Because of this diversity in climate there is a great variety of native products. Figs, oranges, pomegranates, peaches, apricots, bananas, blackberries, raspberries, cotton, indigo, coffee, grain, and many kinds of lumber, including the magnificent Natal yellow pine, which resists the attacks of the white ant, are included in the list of products.

Teff is one of the bread grains. It is like millet, with a grain about the size of a pin-head. On the lowlands is grown another grain which is called tacussa, and from this is made the black bread. Agricultural methods are very primitive, the plow commonly used being nothing more than a long pole with a couple of spikes in it to scratch the soil. The men do the plowing, but they permit the women to do the reaping. The ancient "treading-out" method of thrashing prevails.

Domestic animals include the humped Galla ox, with horns often three or four feet long; small sheep which are not wool-bearing; goats, small horses and mules.

There has been no systematic exploitation of the mineral wealth of the country. Gold is found mostly in placer mines along the river. Silver, coal, iron and rock salt, the latter sometimes passing as currency, are found in quantities. Among the exports are skins, most of which go to the United States, coffee, ivory, ostrich feathers, pepper, livestock and small quantities of gold. The United States sends into the country considerable cotton goods.

As in all hybrid nations, there is the utmost confusion in social customs, political ideals and religious beliefs. Dreams play an important part in the solving of crimes and other difficulties, and justice, therefore, may be said to depend a good deal on what the judge eats before he goes to bed. Fortunately, perhaps, mince pie is unknown in Abyssinia. If a murder is committed and no one knows who did it, a priest is called, and, after praying, he drugs a boy and keeps him drugged until he dreams who perpetrated the crime. When a man is convicted of murder he is delivered to the relatives of the victim and they can put him to death or call it square if the murderer or his friends can pay a satisfactory ransom.

Marriage responsibilities are taken lightly, it being a very simple matter for husband or wife to get his or her liberty. Polygamy is common and there appears to be no family affections such as known in white nations. Children of the same father and mother generally live in peace and show some consideration for each other, but children of the same father but different mothers are proverbial enemies.

The Abyssinian does show some improvement on other African countries in that the men and women wear clothes. The prevailing styles are pronouncedly Arabic. The women go in for all sort of ornamentation, wearing rings on their fingers and toes, bracelets on wrists and ankles, and, often, elaborate rosettes in their ears.

The basic laws of the country are an adaptation of the Mosaic law—a life is demanded for a life, and an eye for an eye. Sentences frequently call for the amputation of a hand or a foot. Common prisoners are chained together and

compelled to work on the roads, and, except in the larger national prisons, no food is furnished, the culprit being forced to depend entirely on the charity of relations and friends.

It takes an active imagination to find anything in the way of popular education, literature or art in Abyssinia. The historic emperor, Menelek, who was of a progressive turn of mind, issued an edict of compulsory education, but failed to provide for schools and teachers. There is one half-finished school building in Addis Ababa, with an Egyptian serving as director of education. While he is an intelligent and hard-working director his efforts accomplish little because he has nothing much to direct. The official language is Amharic. There is no doubt that in the monasteries of the country are many manuscripts of historical value, but until the attitude



The vegetable market in one of the streets of Addis Ababa, the capital of Abyssinia. Like the Mexican, the Abyssinian buys in small quantities. Often he pays with a piece of rock salt.

toward investigators becomes more friendly scholars will have to get along without these valuable documents, which may throw some light on the ancient history of Ethiopia.

The present Empress is Waizeru Zauditu. Her power is shared with Ras Tafari, whose official standing seems to be that of a national administrator. He is a fluent French scholar, an able business man and fairly progressive. One of the recent war ministers of the country, however, was firmly convinced that epidemics and airplanes were kindred evils, and that foreigners were responsible for both of them.

To the southeast, Abyssinia is blocked from the Indian Ocean by Italian Somaliland. The Somaliland British protectorate lies between Abyssinia and the Gulf of Aden, and the French slice of Somaliland lies between the Abyssinian border and the Strait of Bab el Mandeb, the narrow causeway between the African mainland and the southern tip of the Arabian peninsula. French Somaliland looks too small to be important, but it takes on dignity when one reflects on the fact that it serves as a checkmate for Great Britain. The Suez Canal, northern entrance to an exit from the Red Sea, is British. The French in Somaliland are in position to control the southern entrance to and exit from the Red Sea. The fact is that Eritrea, which is Italian territory, and Somaliland are important only in their strategic relation to the all-water route to the Orient. The Suez Canal connects the Mediterranean Sea with the Red Sea. At Gibraltar, the British dominate the strait connecting the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea. In Egypt, the British retain control of the Suez Canal. British influence is supreme in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, which has a coast line on the Red Sea between Egypt and Eritrea. Then comes French Somaliland to dominate the narrow strait between the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden, which opens into the Indian Ocean. Then comes another stretch of British territory in the British protectorate of Somaliland, and, finally, in the extreme eastern coast of Africa, Italian influence dominates in Italian Somaliland. The arrangement of these holdings was not an accident, for

accidents play no part in the foreign policy of Great Britain.

Eritrea is a narrow strip along the coast of the Red Sea, between Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and French Somaliland, 650 miles long and varying in width from more than 200 miles in the northern part to about 60 miles in the southern section. Its total area is approximately 60,000 square miles, and the population is estimated at 450,000, of which 3,000 are Europeans. At present the commerce of the country is comparatively unimportant. Massawa, with a population of 10,000, is the chief city, and a railroad runs inland from here thru Asmara. Camels and mules are the chief reliance in transportation, however, and several important caravan routes come to the Red Sea coast thru this territory. Such a diversion of trade from the Sudan and British influence gives the Italian territory a potential importance. There is a telegraph line connecting Massawa and Addis Ababa, capital of Abyssinia.

The coastal regions of Eritrea are very hot and unhealthful. One hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit often is registered in Massawa. In the plateau country the temperature is more moderate. The natives are, for the most part, semi-nomadic herdsmen. The Italian government has to put up about three dollars for every dollar that comes in from taxes and tariffs, so the country to date has been a liability rather than an asset.

Somaliland, sometimes referred to as the "Eastern Horn of Africa," because it thrusts sharply to the east into the Indian Ocean, lies along the west and southern shore of the Gulf of Aden, and then breaks abruptly to the southwest for more than 1,000 miles of sea coast on the Indian Ocean. Kenya, British territory, is the country bounding Somaliland on the southwest. French Somaliland, the most northern division, has an area of 12,000 square miles and a population of 50,000. British Somaliland, next to the south and west, has 68,000 square miles and a population of 300,000. Italian Somaliland, extending from Cape Guardafui to the Juba River, has an area of 146,000 square miles and a population of 400,000.

French Somaliland, for the most part, is a rather elevated,



The chief of the Abyssinian Royal Guard accompanied by his orderly. In some parts of the country the soldiers get their wages by turning robber whenever occasion offers.

barren plain. Jibuti is the only port of importance. The country has several salt lakes which undoubtedly were at a remote time a part of the Red Sea. Assal Lake, near Gubbetkharab, is almost 500 feet below sea level. The salt industry is of some importance and the turtle and mother-of-pearl fisheries along the coast are well known.

British Somaliland is 400 miles from east to west and varies in its width from 80 to 220 miles. In the main, it is rough,

broken country, from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above sea level, breaking sharply down to a very narrow coastal belt. Berbera is the capital and principal seaport. Considerable export business is done in hides, ivory, ostrich feathers, coffee, gold and mother-of-pearl. The first treaty between the British and the Somali people was in 1827, and, with varying fortunes, the British have been in the country ever since. It has not been a profitable venture, and from 1899 to 1905 there was almost continuous warfare between the British and disaffected

tribes in the interior. These were led by Mohammed bin Abdullah, who had great influence in the Dolbahanta country. This mullah showed a good deal of military skill and made as much trouble in British Somaliland as did Poncho Villa in Mexico. On one occasion his forces ambuscaded the British at Enrigo and inflicted heavy losses. In 1903, a detachment of Yaos and Sikhs under Lieut.-Colonel Plunket was annihilated and the record of these small but deadly, desperate battles would fill a volume with thrilling stories such as are the bulwark of the traditions of the British foreign service. The British never caught the mullah.

Italian Somaliland extends a thousand miles from the Gulf of Aden to the southwest, the Juba River being the boundary between it and Kenya, which is British territory. The remarkable thing about this expanse of coast line is the absence of good harbors. Cape Guardafui, the eastern tip of the African continent, is a great stone headland which rises to a height of 900 feet above the sea on its northern face. It is the Rock of Gibraltar for the Gulf of Aden, and because of strong currents navigation is dangerous in its vicinity. There are no towns of commercial importance. Mogadishu, in the southern district on the coast, has a population of more than 5,000 people, and if the harbor were adapted to the accommodation of shipping it might some day amount to something.

We have now traveled from Cape Verde, the most western point of Africa, down the west coast to the Congo, thru the very heart of Tropical Africa. We have been to the southern tip of Africa and north again along the east coast and lake region to the most eastern point of the continent, Cape Guardafui. Perhaps the excitement incident to hunting big game will be restful, tho I must admit that I found it rather strenuous. At any rate, no comprehensive discussion of Africa would be complete if it did not include the big game and something about big game hunting. I digress, then, for a few chapters to give you the benefit of my own experiences and those of my friends and acquaintances in the jungles and plains of a hunter's paradise.

CHAPTER XVII

HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS AND HIPPOPOTAMUS

SOME years ago I made my first visit to Africa in search of pictures of wild animals and natives, and in that sense I have been described as a big game hunter. I have shot at least one of each wild animal in Africa, from the dik-dik—a

little antelope no larger than a jackrabbit—up to the three-ton elephant.

Big game hunting is no picnic. To be sure, modern inventions are changing its character, eliminating many of the hardships and hazards and destroying much of the romance. The safari is, in some districts, being replaced by the automobile, and the moving picture machine is making it possible for one to do his big game hunting in a theater. The world-renowned veterans of the jungle trails, with their experiences of unparalleled hardships and dangers,



Porters bringing into camp the hide and horns of Mr. Boyce's first rhinoceros.

are passing and I felt a very real and depressing regret when, on one of my recent trips to Africa, I found that many of the famous hunters with whom I had trekked and shared the thrills and discomforts of the trail, had been killed in the Great War or fallen victims to the animals which they had hunted for years.

One may do his big game hunting from Nairobi, Kenya, formerly British East Africa, in motor cars, but such a jaunt

gives no real knowledge of the animals or the pleasure, excitement and danger of living day after day in the environs where big game abounds, stalking the powerful brutes in their native haunts and challenging them to combat. That is real sport flavored with the spice of danger as is shown by the fact that many of the real hunters eventually fall victims to their intrepid and at times amazing courage. Near Nairobi, in a little graveyard on the edge of the plain where lions used to roar, to-day stand marble crosses marking the last resting place of men who paid the penalty of the challenge.

I count myself as fortunate to have been stalked and charged by lion, by elephant, rhinoceros and buffalo, and to have escaped injury. I know that I should "let well enough alone," but the lure of the African hunt is a strange, subtle thing and I have found it most difficult to resist the call even tho I realize that inevitably it comes once too often.

The most typical African animal is a subject that will start an argument among the big game hunters as quickly as will the question of which animal is the most dangerous. One must begin some place in the list and since the rhinoceros belongs to an old and distinguished family, as they say in New England, I prefer to begin with it.

The rhinoceros and the elephant are close rivals for the honor of being the most powerful mammal now living. The five species of rhinceros are found nowhere else outside the warm sections



The topmost head is that of the white rhinoceros. The center head is that of the black rhinoceros. These two are African species. The bottom head is that of the Indian rhinoceros.

of Africa, Asia and the Indian Archipelago, altho in very distant centuries, in what geologists term the Eocene and Miocene ages, the rhinoceros was native to Europe and North America, and fossil evidence of a great woolly species has been found in England, Europe and Siberia. These countries were, no doubt, tropical in prehistoric times. The two species of rhinoceroses found in Africa differ from the Asiatic animals chiefly in the absence of the incisor teeth and in the smoother and unfolded skin.

This great, stolid brute, I am sorry to say, is fast disappearing from the plains of Africa, and, like the elephant, is gradually retreating for protection against hunters, into the forests. A hunter is now permitted to kill but one rhino; formerly there was no limit.

This four-footed monster really is a giant pig with many of the habits of a pig; weighing from one to two and a half tons, he looks a most unwieldy animal, yet he can be as nimble as a cat and there are times when one suspects that he has the traditional nine lives of the cat. His food consists chiefly of roots, which he grubs up with his powerful nose upon which the horn, composed of hard skin and matted hair, grows bigger as he gets older. It is rather an interesting fact that the horn of the rhinoceros finds a ready market at two dollars a pound in China where it is ground into powder and sold, according to reports, for inhalation as a medicine.

In his native environment, the rhinoceros is almost as deceptive in appearance as is the African buffalo. Looking at him when he is standing in the grass staring at nothing in particular, seemingly thinking very hard, with a far-away look in his tiny wicked eye, one imagines that he thoroly enjoys the attention of his friends, the tick birds, which feed on the ticks infesting his hide. The tick bird not only keeps the rhinoceros moderately clean, but, also, acts as a guard and alarm clock for him. His eyesight is very poor. Loud squawks from the birds stir him into activity; up goes his nose, swinging from side to side, as he tries to get the wind of the danger which has alarmed his feathered sentinels.



Mr. Boyce using a rhino, which he brought down, for a rest while taking a long shot at an impalla.

On one occasion, I was looking at one of these giants three hundred yards away. The tick birds squawked and in a second the rhino had got my wind and I took the hint and cleared out, for I had no rifle with me that would have made even a dent in his hide and, like the cowboy riding the range looking for cattle when he suddenly came across a "grizzly" bear, "I hadn't lost no bar."

Two hunters, just recently, were killed by rhinos, and most hunters generally have a convenient tree spotted into which they can climb if occasion demands. Quickness in tree climbing, and discrimination in the choice of trees, has saved many a hunter's life.

One man, so I am told by a mutual friend whose veracity

I can vouch for, was so contemptuous of the powers of the rhino that he managed to get on the back of one when it had been wounded. The animal stood perfectly still for a moment, possibly suffering from shock, but before the bare-back rider was well seated, the rhino began to jump about. A friend, who was near, took a photograph of the man on the rhino's back and then with a well-aimed shot killed the animal.

Naturally, one never forgets his first rhino hunt. Mine had some comedy in it along with the excitement. We were camped at Currie Springs in British East Africa, now Kenya, and just at daybreak Masai boys came into camp with the report that a rhinoceros was loitering not far away. Salam, my black boy, could not have exercised more care in dressing me if he had been preparing me for a presidential ball. After doing justice to a breakfast of ostrich egg omelet, gazelle liver and bacon, hot bread and coffee, we were ready for the hunt. My syce brought up the horse, and the gun-bearers carried both a repeating and a heavy, double-barrel rifle.

About two miles from camp, on a hill-top, we looked over the country and sighted what might have passed for an ant hill if it had not been moving slowly to the west. For five miles it

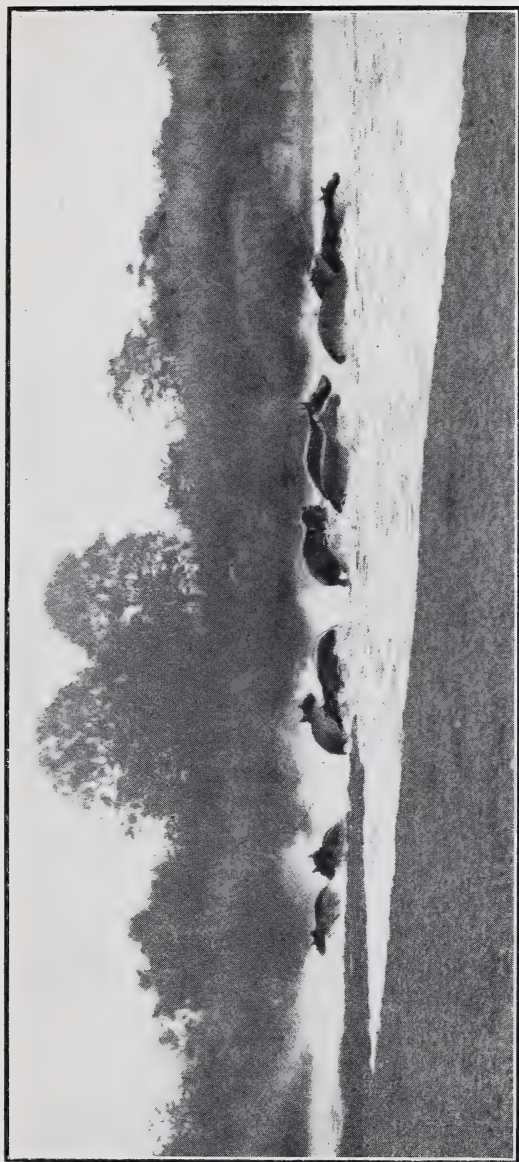


"Bringing home the bacon" isn't an easy matter when the "bacon" is a rhino. It takes a small army of porters to bring in the hide and the meat.

was a game of "hide-and-seek." William Judd, one of my guides, was with me. Several times we sighted our rhino in company with another one which seemed determined that our prospective victim should not travel with him. When we got within approximately three hundred yards of the rhino, we dismounted and crept under cover to within two hundred yards where we were sheltered by a tree. We waited until the rhino began to feed and made a crawl to bushes no more than fifty yards from him before the tick birds, which were having breakfast on his back, flew away, thereby warning him of danger.

His highness started on a run straight away from us. On Judd's suggestion, I put a ball from a repeating rifle into the rhino's rump. That turned him around and just then Judd's dog ran out from the bushes which concealed us and rushed at the rhino. I have not the least idea what the small dog thought he could do with that giant. The rhino rushed the dog and when his pursuer came too close for comfort, the dog ducked to one side and got behind the rhino which immediately turned to find the dog, thereby giving me a broadside shot. The dog and the rhino played "ring-around-a-rosy" and every time the rhino would get broadside to me I would put a bullet from the double-barrel .500 rifle into him, Judd with his rifle standing ready for a rush. The dog tired of the game and turned off into the thicket and the rhino followed on a slow run. We knew that he was as good as dead. We went back for our horses and found our syces perched in the same thorn tree, and the Swahili and English which Judd used on them would not look well in print tho it seemed to have the desired effect on the natives.

We did not have to ride far to find the big brute dead, as nine bullets were a few too many to carry any distance. Not one of these bullets, fired from the most powerful of rifles, went clear thru the rhinoceros. One we found just inside the hide, it having passed entirely thru his body but lacked the force to penetrate the last layer of a hide that was an inch and a half thick in places. He was a very old fellow and a splendid specimen, weighing approximately 2,700 pounds, with



The hippopotamus looks to be an awkward, slow-moving beast, but when a school of them are at play, they move with surprising agility and speed. It is seldom that one gets a picture of "hippos" at play.

exceptionally large and perfect horns.

The natives in my safari made short shift of Mr. Rhino when they came up, because the natives are very fond of rhino meat. I had the porters bring into camp for me the rhino's head and feet, and they helped themselves to what remained. After the natives finished with that carcass there was mighty little left for the lions and hyenas.

Obstinate and lumbering, but not exactly stupid, the rhinoceros, like the elephant, has a keen sense of smell, and he charges lumberingly at the scent and often goes

on for a couple of miles after he has passed his enemy. He can see only about fifty yards.

In spite of bulk and lumbering movement, these giants play with each other much like kittens, and enjoy a game of sliding down the bank of a pool into the water where they wallow. I watched a couple walking up a bank and then sliding down, a distance of a hundred feet. This amusement continued for some time, and so innocent was their enjoyment and so entertaining the performance, that I could not conceive of a sportsman having the heart to interrupt it with a bullet.

In bulky, awkward appearance and in the suggestion of stupidity, the hippopotamus resembles the rhinoceros, but right there the resemblance ceases. The sullen truculence of the rhino is a striking contrast to the timidity of the hippo, which in most instances will try to give the hunter the slip rather than enter into combat. It is, indeed, rather difficult to understand why any one wants to kill the hippopotamus, since he is rather an inoffensive dullard except when you invade waters which he considers his private preserves. In that event he may show his resentment by biting your boat in two, leaving you to drown unless you happen to be a particularly good swimmer.

There is not much danger in hunting the cumbersome fellow, altho one always must be on guard for his rush to capsize the boat. He seems to think that the boat is the enemy, rather than the men in it, and, except in very rare instances, when he has wrecked the boat he goes on about his business, which is living a peaceful, family life, in schools and among friends, because he and his neighbor, the crocodile, seem to get on very well together.

Colonel Roosevelt shot his first hippopotamus from the back porch of McMillan's Ju-Ju Farm, about forty miles from Nairobi. The hippo had come up from the Atha River, a short distance away, and was feeding in McMillan's garden. The Colonel was at lunch and just stepped out on the porch and put so much lead into the brute that it never reached the river again. Roosevelt reported it as very tame sport, but was highly pleased because it was his first hippo.

I heard of an incident on the Zambesi River, just above Victoria Falls, where a hippo rushed a boat, and snapped it in two between his huge jaws, drowning the wife of one of the men of the party, and the husband of another woman who was in the boat. It is, therefore, foolish to take chances with the hippo when one is in a frail boat:

I killed one hippopotamus while I was at Ripon Falls on the Nile, where the river leaves Victoria Nyanza. Every night the hippos would come up from the river to eat the grass near our camp. If you shot one, the chances were it would get



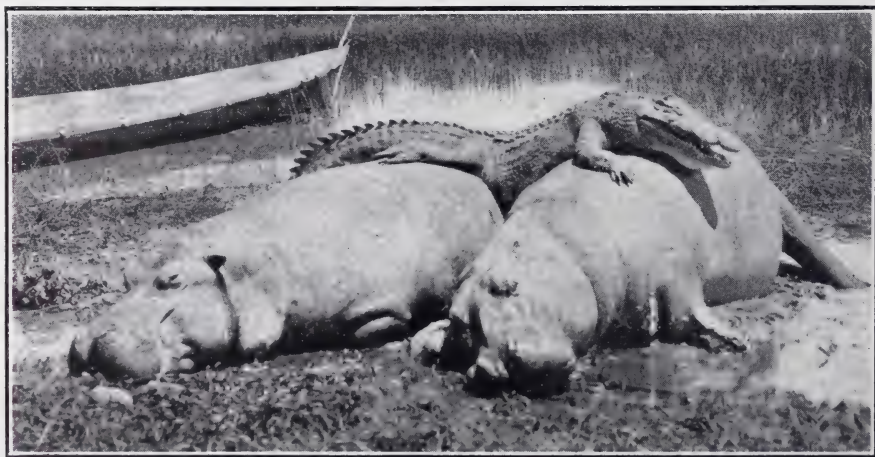
When a hippopotamus is shot it sinks, if the water is deep enough. In a few hours the body is inflated by the internal gases and rises to the surface. It is then up to the porters to tow the carcass ashore.

into the river and float away. However, I took a walk one evening and spotted a hippo in still water. Only its snout and the bump of its head were visible, and I took deliberate aim and fired. It sank from sight immediately and I thought that would be the last we would see of it. But Judd said I had killed the animal and we would come back to the spot in the morning. Back we came the next morning, and there was my hippo, dead in shallow water. I had hit it right between the eyes and the bullet had pierced the brain. Unless the bullet goes true to a vital spot, one might just as well shoot in

the air as to shoot at a hippo in the water. He can carry a lot of lead and make a get-away.

It was not long until a swarm of natives appeared on the scene. They are fond of hippo meat and, as our safari was running low on flour, we traded hippo meat for meal. It took eight natives to carry the hide and head skin back to camp, where we remained several days to permit the hide to dry. Judd said that it was one of the finest hippo hides he had seen and he had seen many of them.

While we were at Ripon Falls, where I made some computations on the possible waterpower development, for several British government officials, Theodore Roosevelt was in the vicinity, preparing for his trip down the Nile. Some of the professors in his party were saying that there was very little chance of Roosevelt being able to travel the 2,500 miles down the Nile to Khartoum, talking as if it were a dangerous and difficult undertaking. The very next day, one little, lone, red-headed British sportswoman appeared on the scene with her twenty porters. She had made the trip up the river alone, changing porters about every three hundred miles. The



An afternoon's bag, two "hippos" and a crocodile, shot along the marshy shores of the Congo River.

professors immediately had nothing more to say about the great dangers of the Colonel's forthcoming drift down the Nile. If a woman could come up the Nile, alone, they thought Roosevelt's chances of going down the river, with plenty of help, were promising. Of course, Roosevelt made the journey without serious hardship.

Observing hunters comment on the fact that the hippopotami will promptly desert a waterhole where several of their number have been killed. When the hippo is killed, its body sinks and remains submerged for a few hours. Then the dead body fills with gas and comes to the surface and the sportsman can get the ivories and the hide, and the huge carcass if he desires.

The young sleep a great deal during the day on the banks of the rivers, on rocks and in shallows. The female hippo rides the baby hippo on her back until the youngster is old enough to shift for itself. I know of one hunter who once found a baby hippo asleep under a bush. He thought he could lead the calf into camp, but the calf decided to lead the man to the water. The calf won, the man parting company with it when they got to the water's edge.

Hunting the hippo is, I believe, my idea of zero in sport. The only skill required is in locating the game. The negro natives believe that every hippo killed goes straight to heaven, even tho his remains are devoured by them.



An elephant looks big enough after it is down. When it is alive and charging thru the high grass onto the hunter, it looks like an infuriated mountain and is a superlative test of a hunter's nerves.

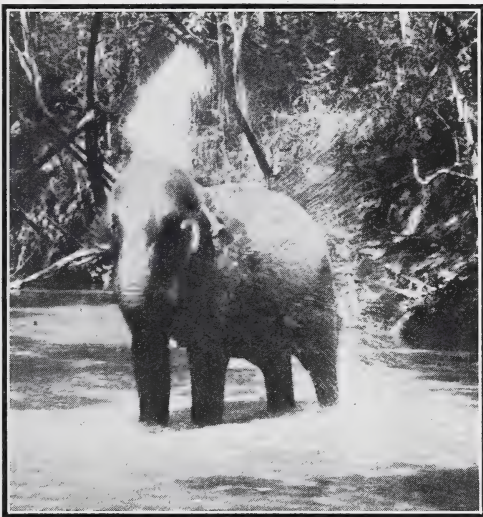
CHAPTER XVIII

ELEPHANT HUNTING

(E)LEPHANTS, like men, frequent those localities where food is to be had with the least exertion, and usually herd together for their own protection. Leaves, young shoots of bamboo, and tender, short grass make up the elephant's menu, with choice roots as desert. Altho he spends much of his time in the high grass, he doesn't eat it. He will feed, occasionally, upon the bark of the thorn tree.

Naturally, an animal so huge leaves a heavy trail. The track thru the bush country behind a herd of elephants is as clean as if a Kansas cyclone had swept it. When in good spirits and in need of a little exercise, an elephant will push down trees with his head. Elephants are rarely seen alone. The "loners" generally are the "throw outs," old and useless bulls which are expelled from the herd. Occasionally, cows are found by themselves and, invariably, these are vicious. Once exiled from the herd, the old bull never is taken back. He is turned out to die and becomes a disgruntled old malcontent, ready to fight any one or anything at any time or any place.)

Centuries of persecution by hunters seeking tusks, has



An elephant enjoying a self-administered shower-bath in a jungle stream.

made the African elephant wise and savage. For thirty or forty centuries, of which we have knowledge, he has been pursued by the ivory hunter who carried his tusks to Mediterranean ports where they were wrought into ornaments for the rich, furniture for palaces, and even thrones for Oriental potentates. The African elephant is the only one having large tusks. The Indian elephant, seen in circuses in this country, has such small tusks that they are nearly worthless for ivory.

Elephant hunting, once possible in all parts of the African continent, now is confined almost entirely to the central part, where, unless he knows the country and the habits of the great pachyderm, one may live for some time without seeing a sign of an elephant. Driven from the plains by settlers and hunters, the elephant is gradually being pushed off the rough ground and into the forests. But a few years ago, elephants were to be found on all the plains of British East Africa, now called Kenya Colony. They made annual treks from Kilimanjaro Mountain in what was then German East Africa, to British East Africa, and, judging from the skulls along the trail, many must have died during these annual expeditions.

Today, if it were not for game preserves, the hunter would have to look for elephants in the forests. Up near the Abyssinian border, the British have marked out a great reservation for the protection of big game. There, the elephant is found in the thorn brush. The reserve is as necessary for the protection of African wild life as are the reservations in the United States for the preservation of the buffalo. Even with protection, the big game of Africa moves toward extinction.

Persons have photographed the water-hole and the animals drinking at it in broad daylight, but few have seen the water-hole made. The elephant is the water-diviner for the animals and he goes at his work in a very methodical and scientific fashion. He will tramp up and down the dry river bed; coming suddenly to a stand, he will push his trunk into the sand, draw it up and spray the sand over his body. This dry-cleaning process is presently followed by a wet one. He keeps picking up and blowing sand until water takes the place of

sand. Always plunging his trunk to the bottom of the hole and using it as a suction pump, he digs a hole about two feet wide and three feet or more deep. The water seeps in and by the next day the hole is full.)

Other elephants come to the water-hole, get a drink and give themselves a shower bath and then, very likely, play like kittens until the sun comes up, when they make off for cover. It is, indeed, a strange sight to see these huge animals, in a romp.



Mr. Boyce (left), Mr. Judd (right), one of his guides, and their gun bearers leaving camp for an elephant hunt. The horses are left behind when the hunters get into the high grass.

The jungle denizen knows the value of play. They are as keen for their frolic as an American business man is for his golf.

There seems to be no doubt but that other animals can smell water, if, unlike the elephant, they cannot find it; for after an elephant has sunk a well, it is but a short time until other animals assemble, waiting for a turn to drink.

Climatic conditions and the vicissitudes of existence exercise upon the elephant much the same influence as on men. Well fed and undisturbed, the elephant is contented; harassed

by hunters and settlers and driven from one cover to another, the elephant is discontented and vicious. The latter class is overwhelmingly predominant. My notion is that their nature has changed thru the long years of irritation by both whites and blacks. They remember the report of the rifle, the sting of the bullet and the spear. That remembrance has become a part of blood and bone, working a change in the disposition of the animal. Hunters of the old days knew that the elephant and the lion would not charge until injured. Modern hunters will tell you that these animals will charge at the sound of a shot. There has been a profound change in their disposition within a comparatively few years.

While the saying is that you may never be sure what jungle game will do, you are not justified in entertaining as much as a shadow of a doubt about getting a battle when you start something with an elephant. Jack Richardson, a famous elephant hunter in his day, was once rushed by a fine old bull. A native was with Richardson when he caught up with the old "fire-eater." The second the elephant sighted them, the fight was on. Instead of putting the beast out of action, Richardson's first ball only wounded him. The bull got Richardson on the arm, knocking the rifle from his hands. The native had his black-powder gun and he fired. The elephant charged the smoke and Richardson recovered his rifle, but before he could shoot, the bull charged him again. With the elephant's trunk over his shoulder and hooked to take hold of him, Richardson tripped and fell. It was a lucky fall, because the momentum of the elephant carried him past his intended victim. Again, the native fired his old, black-powder gun, and again the elephant charged the smoke.

Richardson got to his feet, ready for action, when he observed that he was covered with blood. Altho he felt no pain, he naturally thought he had been wounded. However, with the native running for his life, dodging here and there, with an enraged bull at his heels, there was no time to look for wounds. Richardson raised his rifle and fired and the shot dropped the old bull. The blood on Richardson's body was from the trunk

of the elephant, wounded by the charges from the native's black-powder gun. Richardson said that he took more than thirty bullets from the bull's carcass, nearly all of them fired into him by natives who had tried to kill the marauder when he invaded their plantations. The death of that old reprobate spread like wild-fire and there was great rejoicing on the part of the blacks.

It is most astonishing how news travels in Africa. The drums of one tribe pass the news to another, and there again the drums carry on, but the rapidity with which news, such as the killing of this old, marauding elephant, carries thruout the country is almost unbelievable. It is a saying in Africa that no secrets are hidden from the animals and the natives—only from the white man.

And, too, news seems to spread among the animals. Cherry Kearton, who frequently hunts in Africa with rifle and camera, relates an interesting story of how the elephant gets the latest news in an astonishing short time. He says:

"Once while up near the Abyssinian border, I saw a lonely old bull elephant wandering up and down a dry river bed. On the second day, he brought a friend with him and the two tramped up and down, smelling, I think, for water. The next day, a hunter appeared and shot both of them. I never saw another elephant in that area during the daytime, altho I remained there many days. At night, elephants stood within a few yards of my hide-up, on the banks of the dry river, but not one would show himself during the day. The news of the day-light tragedy had spread thru elephant-land, and I find today, on visiting the spot, that day-light elephant parades have never been renewed."

My first trip to Africa yielded me two elephants. Only one was a bull, and his ivory weighed seventy pounds. I took my safari into the Kisii country lying east of Victoria Nyanza. It was then a most inaccessible district, with the thick, cane-like elephant-grass ranging from seven to fifteen feet in height. From the day I owned my first "bow gun," I wanted to kill an elephant, the largest animal in the world. I was nearly fifty



After the elephant is dead the native gun bearers are brave enough to mount the carcass and pose for a picture, but when the elephant is alive it is a different story. Invariably the natives show excitement when an elephant is killed. Hunters may not show excitement but most of them feel it.

years old before I realized that ambition. Judd, my guide, told me to rest a day and he would go out and locate elephants, and the next day would be "the one day of my life."

But I couldn't wait. Soon after Judd left camp, I took my two gun-bearers, my horse and horse-boy, and started out on my own hook. I rode about three miles from camp and found a patch of ground that had been cleared and planted by a native. Using my field glasses, I discovered what looked like the top of an ant hill in the high grass, but it seemed to me that it was moving. As I gave the glasses to my head gun-bearer, I thought he said, "rhino." I had had experience with the rhino and decided to tackle this one alone.

The height of the grass was from seven feet up and it was terribly hot work getting thru it. We were right on the Equator, altho 5,000 feet high. When we had covered what seemed to me considerable distance, I stood up on my horse. I could see the back of my "rhino" about three hundred yards off. As the wind was favorable, I left my horse with the boy and went on with my gun-bearers, taking the elephant gun in my own hands.

All that I know is that after we had gone some distance, I saw right in front of me and not ten yards away, a trunk wave in the air, two big ears flop, and an elephant looking at me as much surprised as I was. I threw up my double-barrel .500 rifle and pulled both triggers, tossed the gun away and ran back the way I had come. The three of us had beaten down the grass. My gun-bearers were in the lead. To use a slang expression, "we were going some." We missed my horse, but soon after we got back to the clearing my syce showed up with it. We then tried to locate the elephant in the grass but couldn't see it, so we returned to camp.

Judd came in later and gave me a "blowing up" for having gone out alone. He said that I might have been killed and that would have ruined his reputation as a guide. The gun-bearer told him that I had hit the elephant. Anyhow, the gun had to be recovered as it cost six hundred dollars, and they went out

the next day and found the gun, and two hundred yards from where it lay, a dead elephant.

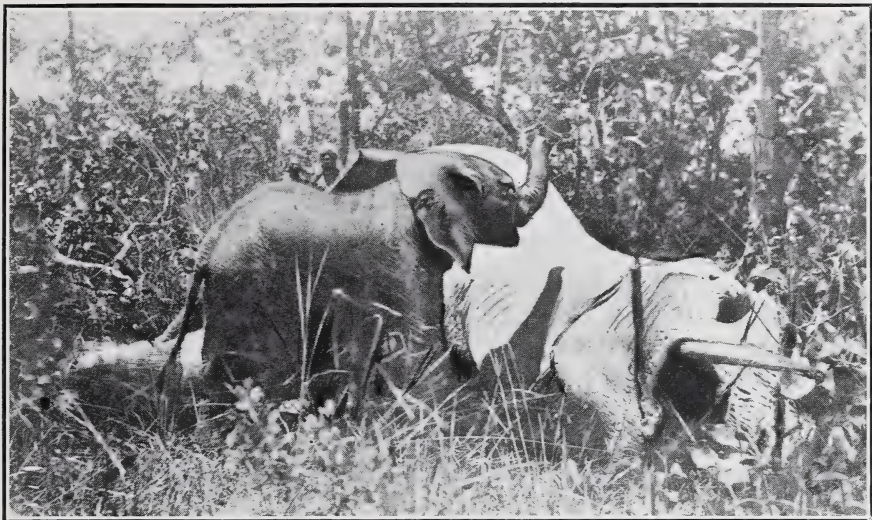
My greatest disappointment was that it was a cow, with only thirty pounds of ivory. As it was against the regulations to shoot cows and the ivory was under weight, I had to pay one hundred and twenty-five dollars for killing the elephant and was supposed to have my ivory confiscated. However, the governor of British East Africa, who was reared in New Orleans, permitted me to keep the ivory. Thus I got the first wild elephant I ever saw.

Judd would not permit me to go out alone again so we started one October morning from the old, abandoned, military post at Sotik. Two hours brought us into elephant spoor. Judd and I took turns raising our gun-bearers to our shoulders that they might see over the high grass and locate the herd. Judd would not take horses into the high grass. Finally, just as I was deciding that the boy was using me for a rest roost, he acted excitedly and I knew that he had sighted elephants. We discovered that there was not a bull elephant in that herd and the cows got our wind and made off.

Pressing farther into the grass, we encountered two more herds. There were fifteen elephants in one and about forty in the other. We came onto both herds in the high grass and on Judd's advice, and with no reluctance, I decided not to tackle them. We had to return to camp that night without a kill.

Next morning, we were off with high hopes because of an abundance of signs. We were out of luck and did not see an elephant all day. Altho we had taken with us only our gun-bearers and horse-boys, when we turned back to camp, we discovered that three hundred Kisii warriors, wearing a great deal of nothing, had followed us hoping to get elephant meat.

The following morning we were out early and went toward the hills which, from a distance, seemed to be clothed in meadows of short grass. When we reached them, we found they were covered with a coarse, cane-like mass, thru which it would have been impossible to travel if it had not been for the paths broken by elephants and natives. About noon I saw something



A baby elephant refuses to leave when its mother has been shot down by the hunter.

resembling a mud-covered hut. Remembering that an apparent ant-hill, a few days previously, had turned out to be an elephant, I looked at this hut carefully and finally observed an immense ear slowly fanning to and fro.

We were on one hilltop and the herd was on the crest of another hill. The only way to close up was to follow the elephant tracks. Finally, not sixty yards ahead of us, were several elephants contentedly fanning themselves with their immense ears, but the grass was too high to permit of our distinguishing between bulls and cows. The wind was right but we did not dare to move for fear of making a noise. We put our natives on guard and Judd and I got down in the deep grass to keep out of the unmerciful sun. When I was about convinced that the herd had a 99-year lease on that particular spot, my gun-bearer nudged me.

I jumped up and saw one back and one head move out in front of the others. I made out that there were but four elephants, but I could not see their ivory. As they passed to the

right of us, I caught a fleeting glimpse of the last one—a cow.

When they had gone, the wind still being favorable, Judd and I advanced to the spot the elephants had deserted. They had torn up the grass by the roots over an area ten by fifteen yards. Again we took up the trail and got near them when they moved off with us following closely. When they stopped I crawled ahead to an ant-hill and cautiously raised up. Not more than thirty yards from me were four huge foreheads turned in my direction and as immovable as so many bronze statues. Before I could shoot, a trunk shot into the air and in the same second, they had bolted. I returned to camp thoroly disgusted with my luck.

The last day of October, Judd and I started out again. Natives had reported seeing an elephant about six miles from our camp and we rode to that locality. By the time we had gone a quarter of a mile in the high grass, we were wet to the skin. We reached the place where this elephant was supposed to be but found no trace of him. Judd finally spotted two elephants half a mile away in the long grass.

Leaving horses and raincoats behind, we started to close on them. The same old heart-breaking grind thru the grass, unable to see ten yards ahead! We must have worked past them and given them our wind, for we heard a rush and a stampede of Kisii natives who, in spite of orders to the contrary, had trailed us. That seemed the limit of hard luck and we turned back to camp. As we stumbled along I looked across to a neighboring hilltop and I thought I saw elephants. The glasses revealed a herd of no fewer than fifty.

I made out three bulls bringing up the rear and quite a distance behind the herd. We got down the slope to some big bushes in front of which the elephants would pass if they continued in the direction they were traveling. In a short time one of the big brutes came out in a patch of short grass not thirty yards away. He loafed there, breaking off tufts of grass and with almost comical deliberation putting them in his mouth. No. 2 and No. 3 seemed in no hurry to appear and I was afraid that No. 1 would get so close that he would wind us. At last

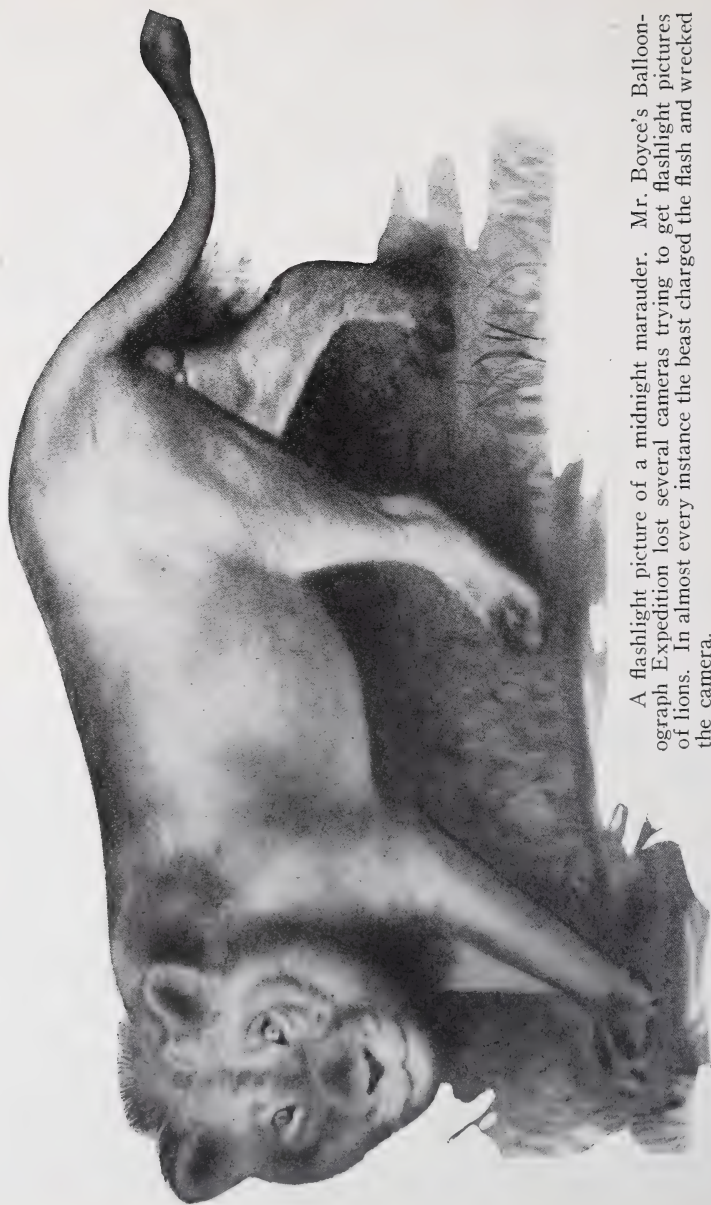
No. 2 lumbered into the opening, but I had the notion that No. 3 was the biggest, and I waited.

Suddenly No. 1 lifted his trunk. I knew that meant it was time for action. He gave a little squeal and, with No. 2, turned as if on a pivot and started pell-mell down hill. I let No. 2 have both barrels, both charges getting home near the heart. He made the brow of the hill, reaching the long grass, before I got another glimpse of him. I began to chase after him as fast as I could. Only his back was visible and the distance about two hundred yards. He slowed down and finally stopped and I crept up to within twenty yards of him.

He suddenly turned and faced me. I planted both loads from the double-barrel .500 in the base of his trunk. He hesitated, evidently trying to decide which way to go and I loaded again and gave him another dose of the same medicine. He buckled and went over like a brick wall falling in a fire. He was a huge brute, in the best of condition, but his tusks were not proportionate to his size, weighing only seventy pounds, but being in every respect No. 1 ivory. I have no ambition to hunt or shoot another elephant.



Elephants herding in the bush country.

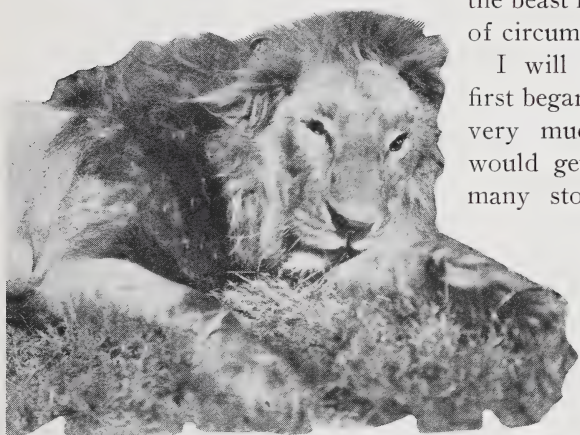


A flashlight picture of a midnight marauder. Mr. Boyce's Balloon-ograph Expedition lost several cameras trying to get flashlight pictures of lions. In almost every instance the beast charged the flash and wrecked the camera.

CHAPTER XIX

THE AFRICAN LION

A LION is a most uncertain quantity. Sometimes he is far from being the ferocious beast he is popularly supposed to be. There is no safe rule that can be applied to all lions; each lion is an individual animal and one can never tell what the beast may do in a given set of circumstances.



A fallen "jungle monarch" whose last charge was stopped by a bullet from a high-powered rifle.

I will admit that when I first began hunting lions I was very much afraid the lion would get me. I had heard many stories of the hunter proving the victim and I had seen a number of graves in which were the remains of white men who had been killed by the big cat. One of my first experiences

with the lion gave me a real thrill and demonstrated the uncertain temper of the beast.

We were hunting eland for meat. A big bull eland will weigh 1,500 pounds and its meat is as good as beef. A number of porters were following us to "bring home the bacon." Judd was with me when a porter came up and said that he had seen a lion at the foot of a hill behind us. We doubled back but could not find the animal. Judd climbed the hill, about two hundred feet high, to get a better view. We were in a district about 7,000 feet above sea level and my wind was not any too

good. I hadn't been on the trail long enough to harden. When Judd was about 300 yards away, my gun-bearer, who toted the big rifle, pointed to a bush not fifty yards away and exclaimed, "Simbo"—the Swahili word for lion.

At first I could see nothing, but he put the double .500 Cordite gun in my hand and pointed to the bush again. Finally, I saw thru the bushes something that looked just like a big cat's head. I didn't know what to do and Judd was too far away to advise me. There was a tree close and I thought that if I wounded the lion and he came for me, I could either climb or run around the tree until Judd got back. I took the chance and shot. Instead of charging me, the lion ran up the hill. I pulled down on him as I would on a duck flying away from me, and gave him the other barrel. He collapsed. I had hit him in the rear end and the ball was found in his shoulder. He was not waving his tail in the air because the bullet had passed thru it. After that I was not so afraid of lions, but you never can tell what a lion will do. According to all the rules of the game, he should have charged me because I had cut thru his cheek with the first shot.

An experience near Salt Marsh, on the Loita Plains in British East Africa, showed me that the same lion will evince cowardice and courage within the same hour. The first charge sent into this lion took him thru the hindquarters. Nine times out of ten, a lion, under those circumstances, would have rushed the hunter, but this one made off thru the thorn scrub. We took after him on our horses. He led us a merry chase at first, but we had him well located and when I discovered a Grant's gazelle staring at us from a distance of 250 yards, I could not resist the temptation to take a shot at the "grantie" because it was an exceptionally fine specimen. While my guide, Judd, stood guard, I settled with the gazelle. Again, instead of charging us at the sound of the rifle, as we rather expected him to do, the lion started off.

We got within range without much difficulty and as I wanted to end the chase with one shot I used the .500 express

rifle. The striking power of that rifle is 3,500 foot pounds and I thought one shot would be enough. At 125 yards I got a bead on the lion and knocked him down with a high shoulder shot. Also, I knocked all the cowardice out of him, for from that second on it was a case of the survival of the fittest. He came straight for us, with tremendous leaps, and at a speed which impressed me as a little faster than anything I had ever seen in a four-footed animal.

With Judd holding his fire for an emergency, I let the lion come for about thirty yards. His big chest was a fair mark and I hit it flush. He never lashed his tail after that. The big fellow went down like a crumbling wall and moved no more. The bullet had passed thru his heart and carried thru almost to his hindquarters. He measured ten feet six inches from tip to tip. I brought his hide home with me, altho it was not a fine specimen on account of the cuts and scars of many battles.

On my way to Mombasa, one of my fellow passengers on board ship was Captain G. H. Anderson, of the British army. He had hunted big game in Africa and one evening while the vessel was in the Red Sea, I managed to get from him the story of the closest call he had ever had. Getting a story out of the Captain was much like pulling a wisdom tooth.

The Captain was hunting in Somaliland and on this particular occasion was stalking a lioness. He had six natives with him and they finally got within range of their quarry. Anderson fired and wounded the lioness and immediately she rushed him. As the infuriated beast charged, the Captain fired again inflicting another wound which had but the effect of further enraging her, and in another instant he found himself in a hand-to-claw conflict.

The lioness seized Anderson and shook him as a cat would shake a rat. His two gun-bearers rushed to his assistance and succeeded in beating off the lioness, leaving Anderson an insensible, bloody mass on the ground. He was badly mauled, with twenty-five deep gashes on his legs and arms, and the nearest hospital was at Aden, 160 miles distant. How he stood

the trip is more than one can understand if he knows anything about what it means to be carried 160 miles in Africa. But somehow he stood it and recovered and when I met him he was going back to try his luck again, one stiff leg minus kneecap being his constant reminder of his former experience.

Judd had a most unusual experience a short time before



Often the hunted lion turns hunter and makes serious trouble. This big fellow thought he was stalking a victim when in reality he was flirting with death.

he joined my party. He and McMillan, the St. Louis sportsman, were riding in the tall grass after lion. Judd was riding a mule and suddenly and without the least warning, a lioness sprang at him from the grass. Judd fired while the animal was in the air. Having his arms occupied with his rifle, when the mule sprang to one side, Judd and the rifle went into the air. As he was falling he whipped out his revolver, believing that he would be, in the next second, in a hand-to-claw battle with

the lioness. He landed right beside the lioness. She was stone dead. That hastily fired bullet had gone thru one of its eyes into the brain, killing the animal instantly.

When my safari was passing from the Kedong Valley to Aggeton Drift, we made a temporary camp one night after a hard march. The camp was, of course, guarded by askari (native soldiers) and, if for no other reason, mere numbers seemed to preclude the possibility of an attack by any wild animal. The last thing we expected, under the circumstances, was a raid by a lion, and yet at 3 o'clock that morning the shrieks of a porter and the whistles of the askari roused us from heavy sleep to the realization that the unexpected had happened. A lion had come right into our camp and seized one of the boys. He was badly wounded but recovered, probably because of the prompt attention given him by Judd who quickly applied permanganate of potash, as an antidote to the fetid teeth and poisonous claws. That lion may have been following us during the latter stages of our journey, probably watched us make camp, and with patience and cunning worked his way to within striking distance without any of us suspecting his presence, altho all of us, especially the native soldiers, were doing our utmost to prevent just such an occurrence.

There are hunters who say that only when the lion is in the company of his kind is he "brave as a lion." My own observation is that while the lion seems to seek safety in numbers when he knows that hunters are near, he is just as apt to attack viciously when he is alone. He is by no means a "gang fighter." When stalking other animals, as a rule, he seems to work alone, and popular notions about the lion tearing and rending his kill are, in most instances, rather farfetched. Death comes quickly and almost painlessly to his victim. When the lion successfully executes his attack he lands with a mighty spring, his right claw in the shoulder of his victim, the teeth in the back of the neck and the left claw on the nose of the animal. A powerful jerk of the nose breaks the neck and the animal is dead.

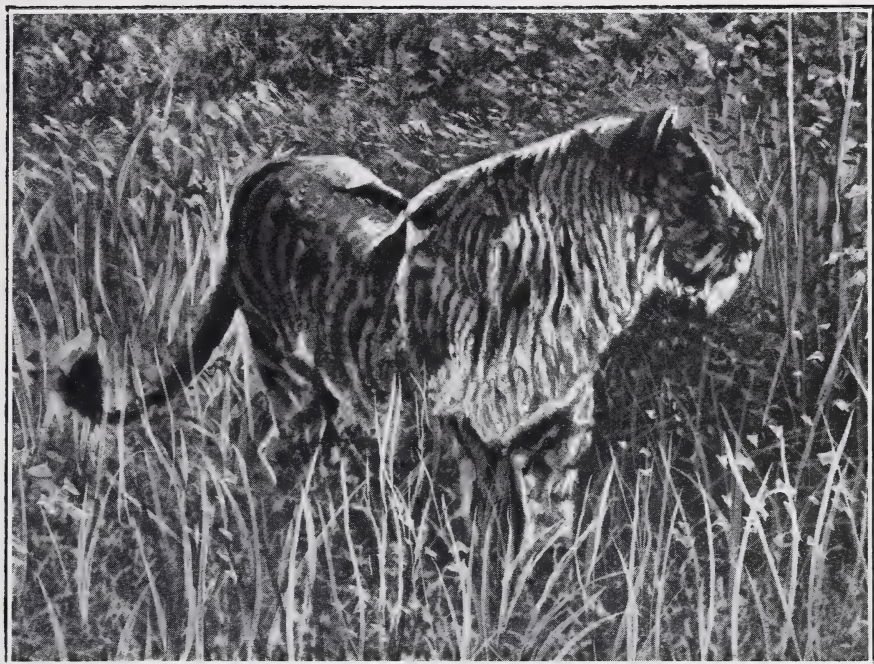
David Livingstone was one of the first to tell us that there

is very little pain incident to being shaken by a lion. Almost every hunter who has gone thru that unwelcomed experience testifies to the fact that the first shake seems to numb the sensibilities and while it does not render the victim unconscious it does kill the sense of pain. Usually, in the country where lions congregate, the most expert hunter among them seems to be delegated to pull down the victim. This conclusion seems justified because the moment the lion strikes his victim dead, he stands over the body and waits until his mate comes up, which she does very promptly if he happens to be mated, or until the other members of the pack arrive. It is when a number of lions come up to share in the kill that the fighting, snarling and tearing begins and often you are not sure whether the lions are eating the victim or each other.

On one of my hunting trips in East Africa we were camped at Agate's Drift, in the Masai country, with 90 miles of mostly desert between us and the railway station of Kijabe. We put up balloons and took photographs. Once a week I sent a porter with mail and cables to Kijabe. It took him three days from our camp to the station and after resting one day, he made the return to camp in three days. He started with a water bag full, three pounds of meal, a mail sack and a bayonet from an old musket to defend himself from lions. The negroes in British territory are not allowed to carry a gun unless they are part of the government military force.

By noon of the second day, a messenger I had not expected to see for a week was back in camp. He was minus everything, including the mail bag with all our letters, photos, articles and telegrams. He said that at the end of the first day, just at dusk, he built a fire at the foot of a dead tree in a desert country, and was cooking his meal, when five lions came up to him out of the dark. He ran his old bayonet into one lion and shinned up the dead tree. The lions disappeared in the night but the tree took fire from the fire he had built. He was forced to tumble out of the tree and run away and here he was at the camp, a tired and badly frightened negro.

Outram believed his story. I didn't. Anyhow, we wanted



Tired of retreating, this lion has turned for a charge. A charging lion shows remarkable speed and is a real test for the nerve of the man behind the gun.

to recover the mail and photographs, so we sent the tired messenger back over his route with our head man, David, and three guards. To make a long story short, they found the mail sack, the burned tree and a dead lion about 200 yards from the tree, with the old bayonet piercing his body. Truth is stranger than fiction.

When the lion gets old and experiences more difficulty in catching nimble game, he is apt to turn man-eater and his development in this career of crime is well known to those who have been long in lion country. The man-eater first begins to wander round the native kraals or enclosures. He grows bolder and more cunning and it is but a matter of time until he picks off his first victim, generally a child or a black woman. If he

is successful in these depredations he soon gathers courage to attack a black man and that settles his doom, for while a child or a woman may not matter much in a native village, when a man is the victim it is quite another matter. It means a great round-up by the men armed with their spears and, eventually, they get the marauding lion even if it takes months to land him.

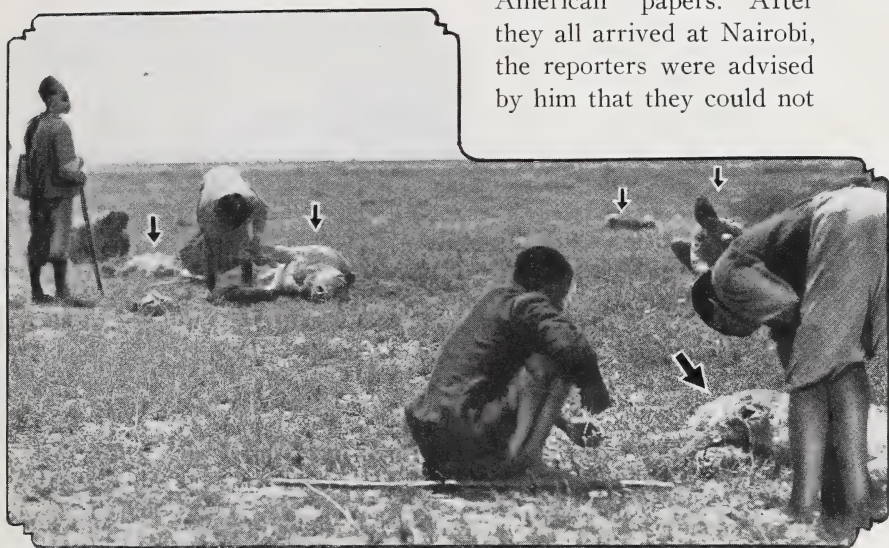
During the construction of the Uganda Railway from Mombasa to Lake Victoria, thru British East Africa, a distance of 600 miles, one laborers' camp alone lost 14 men to man-eating lions. It nearly broke up the work at this point, where they were building a bridge, and it required the best effort of the British East Africa police to kill the two old lions that made this place their hunting ground.

After the railroad was constructed and in operation, one man-eating lion interfered with its operation by loafing around a water tank in a desert part of the country. This lion, apparently, was after water more than food, but the station agent refused to stay on the ground-floor of the depot or go out to signal trains. The firemen and trainmen refused to stop and the question of taking water for the engine became serious as it was a long distance between water tanks. Ryal, the chief of the railway police, was ordered to "get" this particular lion. He was at Mombasa. He told two British sportsmen who were looking for lion, what he was going to do. They eagerly joined with him. His small private car was attached to the next train and side-tracked at the man-eating lion's station. This car was arranged with cooking and servants' quarters at one end and four berths, two of them being top berths. The door in the end of the car which opened into the compartment where the berths were, slid back instead of opening in on hinges. The car had been put in on the side track during the night. It was hot and moonlight. They looked around and seeing nothing Ryal and one of the sportsman turned in, Ryal in one of the lower berths. The third man was to keep awake and watch. He evidently went to sleep, for all that he remembered was suddenly he found himself on the floor of the car, a big, shaggy, ill-smelling animal standing over him, and the

piercing crys of Ryal who had been seized in his berth. The car rocked in the struggle. The door slid shut and the lion jumped thru the window, taking Ryal along with him. They immediately hunted for the lion and Ryal, but not until the next day did they find the man's half-eaten body.

When Roosevelt made his great shooting and scientific expedition thru Eastern Africa and down the Nile, he was accompanied from Naples, Italy, by several reporters for British and

American papers. After they all arrived at Nairobi, the reporters were advised by him that they could not



Each arrow in this picture points to a dead lion. The natives are getting the lion claws, which they value as ornaments and charms. In one day, the Boyce party got five lions. Later they passed the camp of Messrs. Segar and Wormald and learned that they had shot six lions in one hour.

go with him on safari, and their story ended there. It was two weeks before they could get a "home boat," and while waiting at Nairobi, Lord Delemar, who had a 70,000 acre farm and ranch 200 miles west, told them that if they came out to his place he would pull off a show for them—he would have naked negroes spear some lions, so that they could get a story with

a real thrill. He also advised them to bring their "camera" men along.

His place was on the Equator, but 6,000 feet high. The second morning found a bunch of "press men," as British reporters are called, at Delemar's ranch ready for business. He advised them that he would send out some boys to locate lions and keep them there. Not long after, they reported lions and the "press men" wanted to start out immediately, but Lord Delemar told them it was no use to try to take photographs after ten in the morning or before three in the afternoon. My photographers found this out after we had spoiled hundreds of exposures.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, they mounted ponies and rode out to where the naked "savages" were herding three lions in the grass. The "camera" men got in position, the negroes advanced, the lions tried to get away and were speared to death. Only one photograph showed plainly a lion receiving the spear—it also showed so much of the naked native that it was unfit for publication.

Lord Delemar made good—the reporters had a good story. Thus ended a perfect day!

CHAPTER XX

LEOPARD AND BUFFALO

EVERY big game hunter has his own notion as to the comparative ferocity of the various animals. The leopard and the buffalo are associated in my mind, the former as the most cunning of all the jungle beasts and the latter as

the most dangerous. The buffalo is a homely, powerful brute that will charge you, slam-bang, on the least provocation. The leopard is

a soft-footed strategist, more cunning than daring, a master of camouflage, and a plucky fighter when



The most cunning denizen of the jungle is the leopard.

brought to bay. Under no circumstances is he trustworthy.

It is common for a tenderfoot to travel a district known to be infested with leopards without seeing a sign of one. They will be about him, watching his every movement, but to discover them requires the keenest eye-sight and some experience in picking out the lines. Wooded country, where there is plenty of cover, is the favorite haunt of the leopard. He stalks his prey, often lying in wait for his prospective victim for hours; and springing like a flash on his unsuspecting and unprotected quarry. Nothing living—except the bigger animals—comes amiss to him, and he will enter a tent and literally take a dog from between the feet of its master. Bucks, baboons, pigs, dogs and children are all the same to him, his preference seeming to be for that which is nearest to him.

In the Sotik one day, I was out after impalla, hoping to get a rare specimen of this typically African antelope, when I saw three or four leopard cubs in fairly open grass. Of course, my first impulse was to take a shot at them, but my guide, Mr. Judd, suggested that I might get into more than a peck of trouble because the mother would be near the cubs and we suddenly would find her on our backs or at our throats. We waited for her to come to the cubs or the cubs to go to her. She appeared presently and I shot her. She wobbled off a little ways but we paid no attention to the cubs until we knew the mother leopard was dead. Then the cubs came up. They were about one-third grown and we got three of them, the other three getting away. I can easily see how in that situation an inexperienced hunter would have made a mistake that would have cost him his life. Going after the cubs, he would not have realized his danger until the mother leopard had him. Sotik leopards run from seven to eight feet in length.

Attacking a man, the leopard aims at his throat, and if he reaches it with his terrible teeth, death is certain. There is one instance, however, where a man choked a leopard to death in a hand-to-claw battle. The man was Carl Akeley of Chicago, easily the best posted authority in the United States on African game. He was once in charge of the Field Museum in Chicago and many of the specimens in that institution were obtained in Africa by him.

Akeley had shot this leopard, wounding it in one front and one hind paw. It immediately charged, springing on him as he tried to dodge it. Akeley got a grip on the animal's throat with one hand while with the other hand and arm he twisted the animal's body into such a position that he could fall on it. He fell forward with it, bringing his knees down on the animal's chest and crushing the bones. With his hands and knees he choked and crushed the life out of it, but not until the animal had bitten him several times in one arm. This happened in Somaliland where the leopards are small—about six feet from tip to tip.



A fine specimen of the African leopard. Out west in the United States they used to say a "good Indian is a dead Indian." Applied to Indians there may be exaggeration in the saying, but it is true when applied to leopards.

Every hunter who has spent some time in Africa testifies to the daring cunning of the leopard. He works his way unseen until he is in striking distance, and he strikes with a suddenness and is gone so quickly that he has disappeared and is out of range before the astonished natives or hunters have time to retaliate.

Much like the leopard in appearance but altogether unlike it in disposition, is the cheetah, common to many districts in Africa. It can be domesticated and many of the African settlers have a cheetah about the place. Real sportsmen seldom kill the cheetah except when one is wanted for a museum collection. Occasionally a hunter will kill one, mistaking it for a leopard. The two animals look so much alike that in case of doubt the hunter plays safe, going on the theory that it is better to kill a leopard and find that it is a cheetah, than to let a cheetah turn out to be a leopard.

The cheetah preys on smaller animals: he is keen on vermin, but I have never heard of him attacking a human being, man or child, or doing anything which, by any stretch

of the imagination, would classify him as dangerous to men. He is a beautiful creature to look at, the very embodiment of graceful, swift movement, and an animal that has enough to do to keep out of the way of the bigger cats which would make a meal of him, without dodging the hunter.

Leopard motor coats, the spotted fur coats so popular in Europe and the United States a few years ago, were made from cheetah skins which were worth about one dollar each at the time when I was in British East Africa.

For a short distance, the cheetah can run faster than any of the larger animals known in Africa. Its claws are short and blunt and it depends on its speed in catching its prey where the leopard depends more on cunning and stalking. The cheetah is about the length of the leopard but often it is taller and its color generally is tawny with solid black spots.

While I never observed nor heard of the cheetah being used for hunting purposes in Africa, I have seen the trained cheetahs in India. In Southern India, the cheetah is common as a pet and is used to run down game much as we use the greyhound in the United States. In such hunting the animal is taken afield on a cart. It is kept blindfolded until the game is sighted and then the hoodwink is taken off and the cheetah released. Immediately it dashes off after the quarry and it then is a case of following it and



The cheetah looks much like a leopard, but it is smaller and much less dangerous. Its prey is small game and, like the leopard, its favorite hold is on the neck.

catching it when it drags down the game. If you get to the game before the cheetah eats it, you win; if you don't, the cheetah wins. This form of sport is very ancient, having been known to the Assyrians and the Egyptians.

The African buffalo looks so uncommonly like an ox that men who do not know him are apt to under-rate his dangerousness. A mere sight of him gives no indication of his power. You can not read his character in his eyes, his massive head, or formidable horns. His quickness is altogether unlike that of any other wild animal I have ever observed. He never gives you time to think. To deal successfully with an African buffalo, you must know something of his habits and be prepared for any emergency.

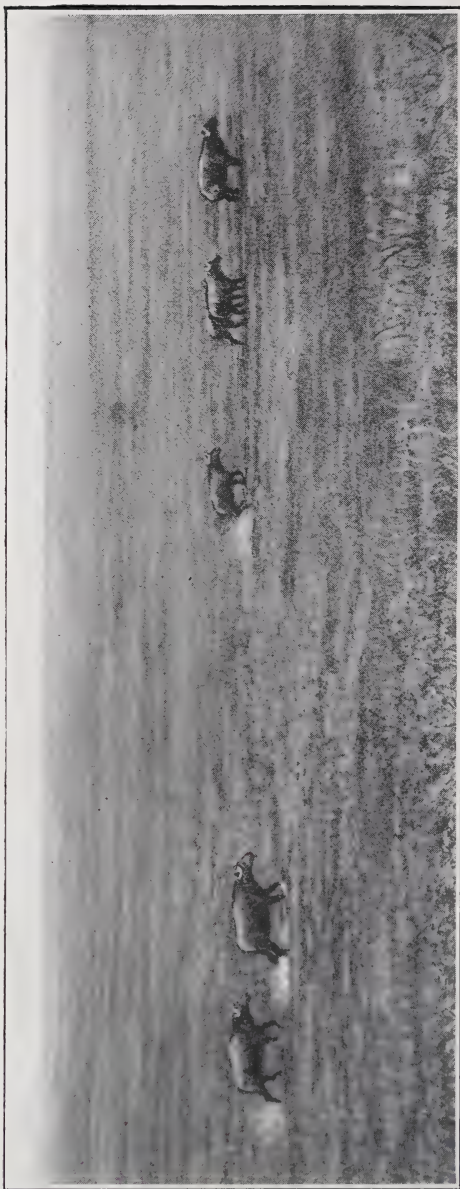
The uncertainty of a buffalo's temper makes him a decidedly difficult subject for a photographer to deal with. On my Balloonograph Expedition of 1909 in what was then British East Africa, we repeatedly tried to get pictures of the buffalo, but always some unexpected turn of events cheated us of complete success.

Theodore Roosevelt did his buffalo hunting on the famous Heatley Ranch. He and his party came very near being charged by a large herd in an open field where cover would have been impossible and where such a charge would have been fatal to some if not all the hunters and natives. There were seventy or eighty animals in that herd and they turned and faced the hunters who refrained from firing. Finally the animals decided to bolt for the papyrus swamp. This herd was well known and I decided we would try to get photographs of it.

The herd was in the habit of coming out of the swamp onto the more open plains to feed. As soon as we tried to approach them, back into the swamp they would bolt, before we were within range for our cameras. The swamp was a mass of rank, high, papyrus grass in which the animals were soon lost to sight. We finally took a force of natives and went into the swamp and cut down grass, making a clearing about one hundred yards wide. We left a strip of grass

standing on the outside next to the more open country and on the edge of the clearing on the swamp side, we built a platform on which we stationed two men with cameras.

These preparations completed, we waited until the buffaloes came out to feed on the sweet grasses outside the swamp. We lost two weeks waiting to catch the herd in just the desired location. After several unsuccessful attempts, we finally headed a bunch of them so that they ran into the fringe of high grass we had left standing on the edge of the clearing, only to dash thru into the open space on which our cameras were trained. We were able to get several pictures, but that was risky business, for if the buffaloes had discovered our platform and photographers, they might have made short shift of them. One of the lions



After two weeks of the hardest kind of work and scheming, Mr. Boyce's expedition managed to drive a herd of buffaloes across a clearing prepared in front of a camera, and this picture was the net result.



The finest specimens of the African buffalo to be found in any museum are the two mounted specimens in the natural history collection of the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh, Pa. When alive, each of these animals weighed more than 2,000 pounds.

that we tried to get by flashlight smashed the camera.

In the case of the lion, we framed up for him to take his own picture. He took it—but when the flashlight powder exploded, instead of rushing away, he charged the flash. All that was left of the camera when we appeared on the scene the next morning wasn't worth picking up.

The African buffalo herds have their own special grazing grounds, bordering on the papyrus swamps, from which they seldom wander. They rarely go on trek except in seasons of drouth. Seen grazing or moving slowly across the grassy plain, they give no indication of their dangerous

nature, but often the most placid looking herd is the worst to tackle. Two rather inexperienced hunters found a buffalo in a small forest and fired at it, wounding it. As is usual with novices, they followed the wounded animal, intending to finish him at the right spot and time. While tracking him they heard a loud bellow and before they knew where the animal was the buffalo had charged from behind them, crushing one to pulp before the other could fire the shot that killed the animal. This bull probably had been expelled from the herd as useless, for buffaloes, like elephants, have no use for the aged and mercilessly turn them out of the herd to shift for themselves. All such throwouts are vicious and dangerous.

The strength of these beasts is amazing. I have known of an old bull chasing a horseman for two miles and treeing him and then waiting many hours for him to drop out

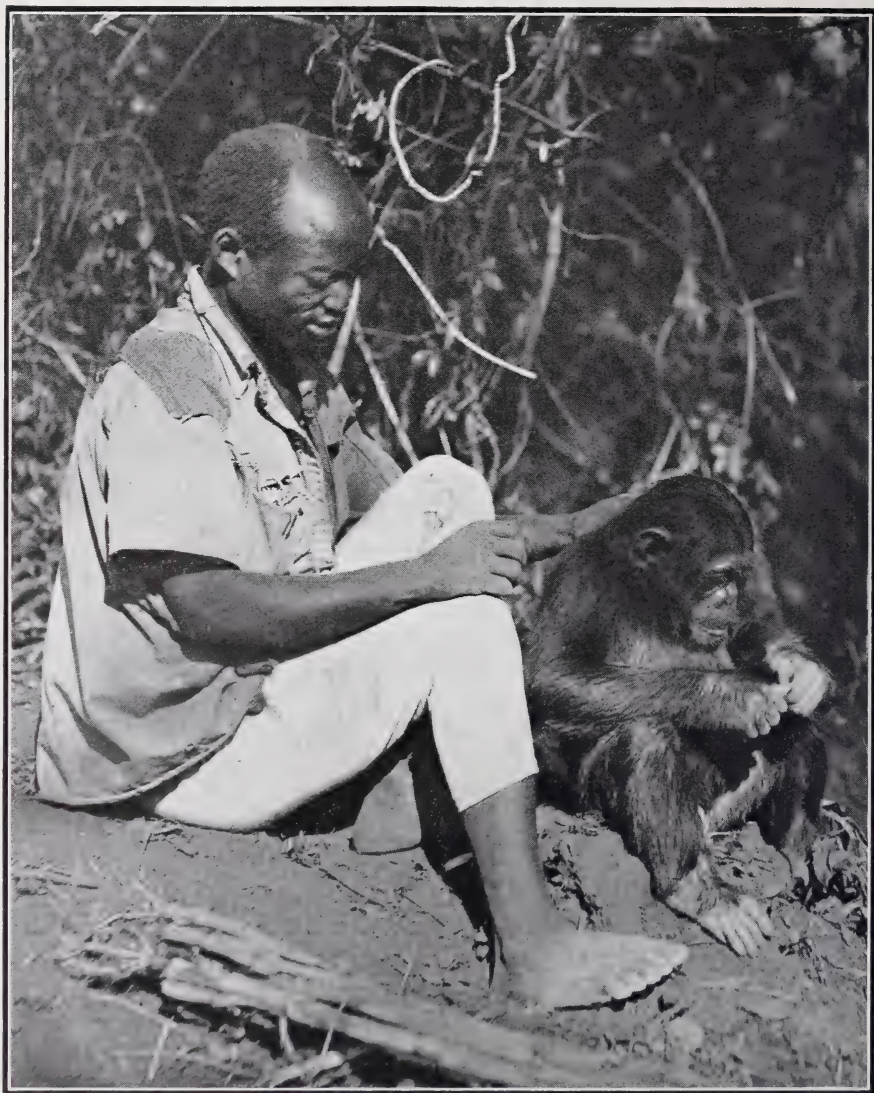


In the southern part of the Egyptian Sudan there still is good buffalo hunting. This exceptionally fine specimen was killed in that region.

of the tree from exhaustion. When David Livingstone's report of buffaloes charging thru his safari, tossing natives in the air and causing great confusion and damage, first reached civilization it was hard to believe, but his story does not begin to compare with more recent ones, and every white man in Africa—and native, too, for that matter—has a wholesome respect for and fear of the buffalo. In sections where buffaloes are found, more men are killed by them than by lions and leopards combined.

The buffalo often is a match for the lion and unless the former is wounded the lion is very apt to discover that he has tackled more than he can handle. A cow buffalo will protect her calf against a lion and the odds are on the cow every time. If the buffalo ever gets the lion on its horns, that is the last of the lion.

My own experiences with the African buffalo has inspired no desire in me for a more intimate acquaintance with him. His truculent nature and ferociousness will seal his own doom, for the settlers will not long tolerate an animal which attacks without provocation and one which can do a great deal of damage to growing crops. The time will come when the African buffalo will be a curiosity even in Africa.



Here is evidence for the "evolutionists." Which is the more intelligent, the African native or the African chimpanzee? Those who know them best say that given equal opportunities the chimpanzee will make faster progress than the black.

CHAPTER XXI

AFRICAN MONKEYS

ONE of the first white men to hunt and kill the gorilla was Paul du Chaillu and I had the good fortune to know him intimately. He spent part of his last years on earth as my guest, either in my home or club. When I asked him the correct pro-



An African ape playing with a native child.

nunciation of his name he said it was pronounced the same as "you shall do" backwards. He was born in France, came to New Orleans as a young boy and started on his first trip to Africa before he was twenty-one. He was making his second trip to the Dark Continent about the time I was born.

He was a great and fearless explorer and a lovable character, inordinately fond of little children. I remember hearing him say to my two daughters, "I love little girls and I love them better as they get bigger." He had written more books for children than any other man up until the time of his death. The night before McKinley was elected President the first time, "Uncle Paul," as we called him, was at my house. He was an ardent Republican and declared: "If McKinley is elected tomorrow, I may stay out all night—maybe, I stay out two nights." He was then about 75 years old.

Reports of gorillas had been brought to the United States

by African slaves, who thought from the size of the animals and the fact that they could stand up straight, that they were only wild, hairy men. As a matter of fact there is not much difference between the skeletons of a man and a gorilla. "Uncle Paul" decided he would go to Africa and find these strange animals. When he sent back reports of his hunting the gorillas, many persons wanted to class him with the nature fakirs. However, all his reports have since been verified. I often have heard him tell of his first encounter with the gorilla, and how a sense of guilt, as if he had committed murder, depressed him after he had shot the first one.

Of all the apes, the gorilla is the largest, the most powerful and the most ferocious. He is found in the forest hinterland of the West Coast, especially in the Gaboon country; thru the great forests of the Congo and in old German East Africa in the Kilimanjaro Mountain region. In the latter region, Alexander Barns recently obtained several exceptional specimens.

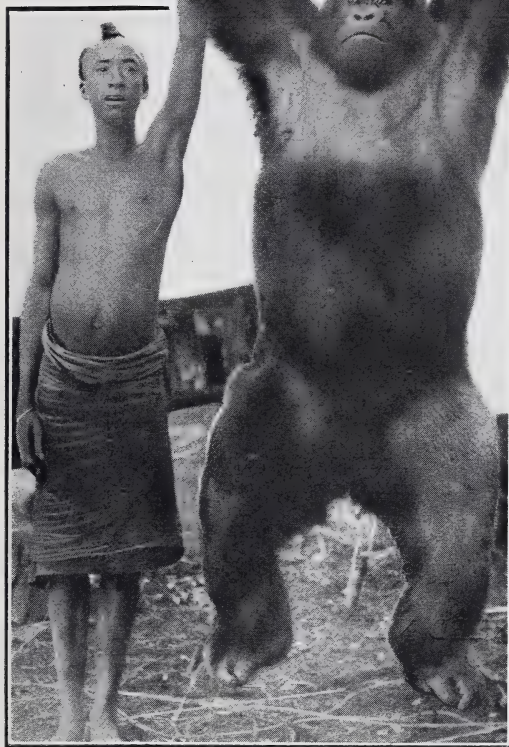
The gorilla is astonishingly strong, and while under ordinary circumstances he will make off when discovered, if he is cornered or surprised he does not hesitate to give battle and in a fight he is a terror. He has been known to bend a gun barrel in his jaws, and his long, dangling arms have the strength of so much steel. The African natives fear the gorilla as they fear no other animal, attributing to him supernatural powers. In many localities one may hear stories of women being carried away by gorillas. The gorilla is a ground animal rather than a tree animal. He will take to the trees on occasions, both in flight and in search of food, but, as a rule, he travels on the ground, walking on four feet. When he attacks he rushes forward on all fours until he is on his opponent, then he raises and seizes his victim with his hand-like front feet and pulls it to his powerful jaws. Generally, the gorilla goes about alone. It is the exception to find a pair of them together altho occasionally both the male and female are encountered accompanied by one or two young gorillas.

Second only to the gorilla in size and strength is the chimpanzee which is very common in Central Africa. They are

dark, almost black, in color and, unlike the gorilla, they are to be found in troupes. Under ordinary circumstances they are

vegetarians in food and, frequently, a troupe of them will clean out a native's garden during the night. They are strong enough to give a good account of themselves in a battle and even the lion and the leopard know better than to attack a crowd of "chimps," because in a gang fight they would literally tear even a lion or a leopard to pieces in very short order.

Unlike the gorilla, which never has been successfully domesticated, the chimpanzee can be and is tamed. He doesn't live long in captivity away from his native climate. When taken to Europe or brought to America, the "chimp" really shows a preference for clothes. He soon learns that clothes keep him warm and if



An African gorilla killed in the Kilimanjaro district by T. Alexander Barns, British scientist and lecturer.

he isn't provided with them he will wrap a mat or sack about himself. The "chimp" can be taught to do most everything but talk. The chimpanzee of Africa and the Orang-outan of Asia are about the highest order of animal life. Both of them make intelligent, affectionate pets but neither of them lives long when taken from native surroundings and into colder climates. It is not known how long a "chimp" will live but it is believed by some authorities that they have about the same span of life as a man.

No circus is complete without its clown. The great African zoo with its thousands of wild animals is no exception. If you are fortunate enough to be hidden in a blind and equipped with a pair of field glasses you can get all the comedy you want by watching the baboon.

It is not as easy as it may sound because you must know where the baboon lives, where he forages for food, and how to out-guess him.

Baboons are common to Central and East Africa and are fairly plentiful in the south, but as farming operations are extended and settlements spring up, the baboon, the farmers' enemy without knowing it, goes back to the wilder regions where he can do none of the mischief which makes him a nuisance to the man who cultivates the land.

In East Africa the baboons live in colonies, making their homes in holes in the rocks, always selecting the most inaccessible places where they are reasonably safe from their deadly enemy, the leopard.

Assuming that you have been fortunate enough to locate a baboon colony, and, without being discovered by them, you have concealed yourself in a tree during the night, along about day-break you may expect to see an old patriarch come stealthily and slowly from the sandstone rocks. He will look about him with sharp eyes, listening, smelling, with nose in the air, alert for the least sign of danger.

He will make his cautious way to a rocky watch-tower, sit down with his hands on his knees, and take a careful look over his surroundings. Thru the field glass you will see that while



"Jane," the baboon lookout who, during the war, became an adept at spotting airplanes for her British masters.

his body is motionless, his eyes shift quickly from one direction to another and he is making a very careful survey. For half an hour he will remain there like a stone statue.

Finally he gives a short, sharp bark. Instantly no fewer than a hundred and fifty baboons appear as if by magic from the rocks. There will be mothers carrying their babies, youngsters at the side of the older ones, running here and there without so much as a look from right to left. They show the utmost confidence in the ability of the old chief who is standing sentinel, to warn them of approaching danger.

The feeding grounds generally are but a short distance from the rock on which the sentinel holds forth. Over the ground goes the baboon army, turning up stones and grabbing the insects. If the insect happens to be a scorpion so much the better. Everything goes when the baboon is after

his breakfast, and nothing edible is scorned by him.

Over on the watch-tower the old baboon sits with his hands on his knees until you begin to wonder why he doesn't take out a pipe and have a quiet smoke. Just when you think surely he must have gone to sleep, two short barks are sounded and the baboon army has disappeared as quickly as it came.

One morning an old chief baboon came down to his outpost, followed, at a respectful distance, by a mother carrying her baby. Perhaps the old chief was the father. His subsequent actions seemed to indicate that he was, as he took the youngster from its mother's arms and held it while she went to a pool close by, and drank. The old chief held the baby but

never relaxed his vigilance. He did take time, however, to look into the baby's face occasionally, probably reflecting on the fact that it looked so much like its father.

The mother had hardly reached her baby before the old chief gave two loud barks. The mother and the chief bolted, leaving the baby standing on the rock.

The youngster was by no means helpless. Ten yards away was a small thorn tree and in less than ten seconds he was in the top of it. By the time he had reached the top of the tree, from the direction of the small hill not far away, came the sound of wailing and chattering which increased to the volume of shrieks. The youngster had been missed.

Almost immediately the old chief and the mother returned, very cautiously, peering in every direction. Their joy at the sight of the youngster perched in the thorn tree was unmistakable. The mother approached the tree with arms outstretched and the baby needed no second invitation; he leaped into her arms and off she went to tell the neighbors of the recovery.



The colobus, or "white tail" monkey is one of the rare species. Its white markings and the fact that it has no "thumbs" differentiates it from the other monkey natives of Africa.

It is astonishing how much a baboon, squatting on the ground, resembles an African native. Several instances have been reported wherein settlers were too quick on the trigger and shot natives when they thought they were shooting baboons. In view of the fact that in the United States we kill a few hunters every year mistaking them for deer, it is not surprising that the African settler makes an occasional mistake when the baboon squatted on the ground at a distance certainly looks more like a black native than a white hunter looks like a four-legged deer.

Shooting baboons is poor sport. Hunting them with dogs is no sport at all for either animal. Some settlers whose plantations have been damaged by baboons seeking food by pulling up plants by the roots, have sent dogs to finish a wounded baboon. But the dog is no match for the baboon which can fight with hands and feet, and possesses fangs sometimes two inches long. A dog has no chance with an infuriated baboon unless it has been grievously wounded before the dog reaches it.

Baboons are easily tamed and show an amazing intelligence and, often, an unusual affection. During the war in German East Africa, one company had a tame baboon attached to the naval air force. She fell head over heels in love with an air pilot. When he went to bomb Teyeta, some fifteen miles away, the baboon used to sit on the bonnet of a motor car and watch for his return. She invariably picked the bonnet of the motor car because the running motor would warm the bonnet and it was quite cold in the early morning. She could always spot the returning machine long before anyone else could see it, and as soon as she saw it would turn round and tell whoever was near her in baboon language that all was well, and that her brave knight was returning.

One morning Miss Baboon was on her usual post watching for the plane, when she suddenly showed signs of the most unusual alarm. Those about her suspected that something had gone wrong and that was just what had happened. The pilot was brought down by the German forces, and made a good landing not far from his own camp where the British patrols

met him and brought him in by motor car. The baboon was the first to greet him, which she did with the wildest excitement and show of affection.

When it comes to the smaller monkeys there is an endless variety of them in Africa. It would take a book to name and describe them. There is the magot or Barbary ape which is found in the mountains of North Africa and, also, on the Rock of Gibraltar in Europe. The presence of these apes on the Rock of Gibraltar has led to the theory that there is a subterranean passage from it to the African coast beneath the Strait of Gibraltar. The grivet or tota, a dull green-colored monkey, is common in Abyssinia. There is another green monkey, sometimes called the *Callithrix*, which is native to Senegal on the west Coast. There is the lemur family of monkeys native to Madagascar and other species too numerous to mention. It is a poor locality, indeed, that hasn't a distinctive monkey tribe.

One of the rarer species of monkeys is the colobus. It has white hair on the sides of its body and a white fringe on its tail, and no thumbs. While monkey shooting is anything but real sport, I shot a colobus monkey because of its rarity, and presented it to the Adventurers' Club of Chicago.

CHAPTER XXII

CROCODILE, HYENA AND VULTURE

ON THE Mara river one afternoon, I had tired of fishing for combarri, a flat-headed fish that resembles our bull-head as closely as it does any other fish known to American waters, when a crocodile crawled half out of the water about



Crocodiles hatching. They are only a few inches long as they come from the shells and it is difficult to realize that the small, harmless crawlers may grow to a length of twenty-five feet.

thirty yards below me. It was mid-afternoon and I welcomed the opportunity to watch the ugly, slimy reptile from the cover of some palms. As a result I have a very high regard for his cunning and ability as a hunter.

As the crocodile was lying there in the water and mud, he looked the incarnation of stupidity and awkwardness. Occasionally he would snap

his jaws in lazy fashion as if worried by the swarm of flies about him. I had been watching him for almost half an hour when, with actual grace of movement and without making a sound, he slipped back into the water, his body disappearing and only his ugly snout remaining on the surface. In just a few minutes I observed a herd of about thirty impalla coming to the water for their late afternoon drink. I was up wind and well concealed and had a suspicion that it would be but a short time until the crocodile would show me something from his box of tricks.

A big buck was leading the impalla herd and they came skipping along, the embodiment of grace. I remember feeling that they were altogether too beautiful for crocodile bait and I

had an impulse to step from my hiding place and drive them away. But my curiosity about the crocodile overcame this impulse and I waited. When I looked back at the water I could not locate the crocodile but I felt sure that he wasn't far away. The impalla gambled about on the bank and finally went to the water and began to drink. In a flash the tranquillity of the scene vanished. A swish and a whirl, like the blade of a ship's propeller! The crocodile's tail had whipped out of the water and knocked down two of the impalla. I could scarcely believe my own eyes, the trick had been turned so quickly. In the same instant that the animals fell, the crocodile seized the nearer one, a beautiful little doe. The other one jumped to its feet and was off to safety like a flash, leaving the little doe to be a meal for one of the craftiest hunters of the African jungles.

I related my experience to Mr. Judd, my guide, on return to camp and he said that I had been fortunate in seeing the crocodile in action for, while he knew such incidents were of daily occurrence in the rivers and swamps, it was very seldom that a man was fortunate enough to see the crocodile catch his dinner.

The crocodile is a repulsive, wily fellow. With his snout just above the water line, he often is difficult to locate. Sometimes he floats on the surface like a log, but if he looks like one, rest assured that his sleepy eye is watching all that is going on, altho, from a short distance, you may think that his eyes are closed. When he crawls out of the water to rest on a sand-bank, he provides a feast for numerous birds, which swoop down upon the sluggish form waiting for it to open its huge jaws. This it does as soon as the birds appear, for these birds are the crocodile's toothbrush. They pick his teeth, the interstices of which are alive with parasites.

The most stupid, sluggish-looking of the jungle tribe, when the crocodile is at play or hunting his food, he moves with astonishing agility. His tail is a mighty club and he swings it with a power that knocks down any animal that gets within its sweep. Having knocked over his victim he drags it to the water and there devours it at leisure. He slyly waits for hours

in the waterholes for the wild beasts to come down to drink.

Often, natives when crossing streams and rivers which are infested with crocodiles, will cup their hands and beat the water with them, making a sharp sound which resembles somewhat the crack of a rifle. They explain that the sound carries to the ears of the submerged reptiles, leading them to believe that rifles are being fired and causing them to remain submerged as a matter of self-preservation.

Crocodiles are oviparous, the egg being about the size of



This crocodile is considered "of fair size." Comparison with the seven men gives an idea of its length. In many parts of Africa the crocodile is regarded with superstitious veneration by the natives. Others loathe the crocodile as the white man does, and kill it, eating its meat—which the white man most emphatically does not.

a goose egg. These are buried in the sand or mud and the tropical sun does the work of hatching them. The rigidity of the jaws and the throat makes it necessary for the crocodile's food to be in comparatively small chunks before it can be swallowed; for this reason it tears whatever it is eating into small shreds before attempting to swallow it.

Africa has reptiles other than the crocodile that are

dangerous. The worst snakes, so far as danger to human life is concerned, are the puff adder and the black mamba. The puff adder is very difficult to see and its bite means death within a few minutes. When he shows fight he blows himself out—hence the name of puff adder. He is about three feet long, and as thick as a man's leg. When he puffs himself, he is as thick as a man's thigh.

The mamba is of quite a different species. He is thin, long—about seven feet—and can go as fast as a horse. His bite is very deadly. A cowboy tried to lasso one but as soon as the rope got above the snake's head, which was about two feet from the ground, the snake drew back his head with light-



The crocodile is a devotee of the sun bath. He crawls onto the bank where the sun can shine on him, opens his mouth so that the birds may pick his teeth and remains motionless for hours. If an antelope or any other palatable quarry wanders too close, a sudden sweep of the crocodile's powerful tail is likely to bring disaster to the careless wanderer.

ning rapidity. He was never lassoed and I should like to see the cowboy who could turn the trick.

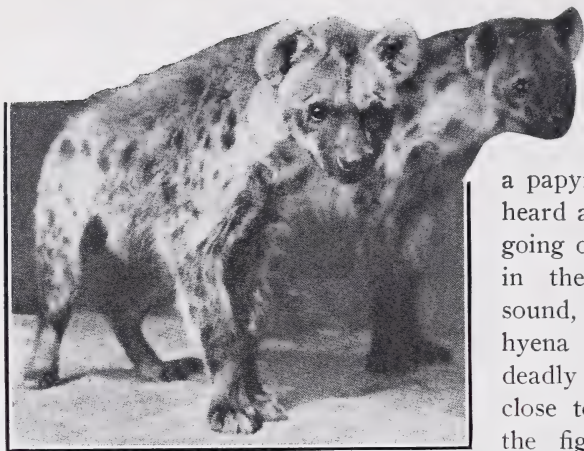
I have encountered pythons in swamps and along rivers and even miles from water in very dry and barren country. Altho I have never heard of a python making an attack on a human, the natives are much afraid of them. Occasionally specimens are shot which measure as much as twelve feet in length. On opening a python which had been shot, quite a big buck, with horns, was found inside of it. The buck when alive would have been three feet in height.

Africa has two scavengers always on the job—the hyena and the vulture, and, like Jack Sprat and his wife, between the two the platter is licked clean.

Of all the dismal howls I have ever heard in the stillness of the African wilds, that of the hyena is the most depressing. There is something terribly uncanny in their howling; perhaps it seems to be worse than it really is because one soon learns that the hyena is both undertaker and graveyard for the natives. In Tropical Africa the dead are not buried. If a native is very sick he or she is put in a hut on the outskirts of the village, and a hole is made for the hyena to get thru to the sick person. If the invalid is alive the next morning it is accepted as a sure sign that he or she is going to recover.

There is something particularly loathsome about the appearance of a hyena. It is the one animal in Africa at which every hunter likes to take a shot, for most of them, when they see his cruel jaws, enormously powerful, so that he grinds up the bones which lions and vultures leave, have a feeling that if they are to be eaten by an animal they much prefer to make a meal for a lion rather than for a hyena. He looks what he is, a glutton for garbage, and he ranges the plains and jungles feeding on all manner of refuse which has been passed up by the other animals.

But he is not always seeking the remains of a lion's kill, the bones which the vultures have left, or the dying or dead native put out to appease his appetite. Altho he is not a fighter of other animals, preferring to wait until the others have had



Young hyenas of the spotted species. The hyena is one of the most repulsive animals of the jungles. In some localities he serves as undertaker for the natives who place their dead where these scavengers can feast on the bodies.

their fill, he is not averse to a fight with a python. One day a hunter was wandering by a papyrus swamp when he heard a terrible commotion going on, and investigating in the direction of the sound, he came upon a hyena and a python in deadly combat. Standing close to them he watched the fight, neither animal nor reptile taking the slightest notice of him. After a tough fight the hyena won, and having killed the python skulked away. The

hunter thought he would skin the python but he found it had been torn to shreds.

You find a semblance of consideration shown for each other by animals of many kinds, but not so with the hyena. He is a greedy glutton, attacking only what he believes to be helpless or nearly so, and as eager to eat another hyena as to sate his hunger on zebra meat, after a lion has done him the favor of pulling down the zebra.

The hyena's chief competitor in the scavenger business is the vulture. It is a necessary part of life in Africa and because of this it is protected just as the buzzard is protected in the United States. In spite of the protective law, however, the vulture constantly falls a victim to the poison put down by the settlers for the lion.

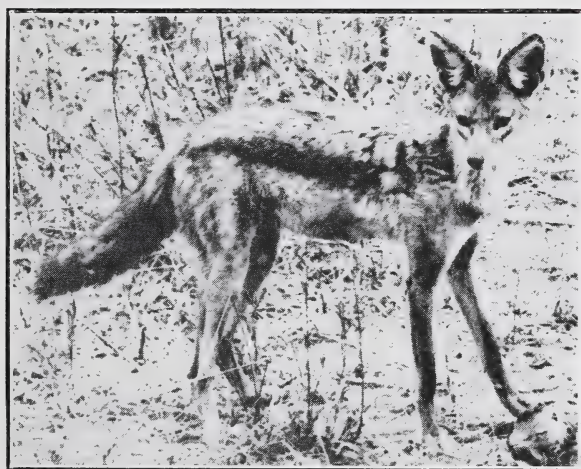
In the equatorial region there are twelve hours of daylight and as many of darkness. With the rising of the sun the vulture goes aloft until he becomes but a tiny speck in the sky, difficult to see even with glasses. From this great height he

surveys the kills of the night. He has heard the lion roar, and has detected other sounds which tell him that the usual nightly tragedy has been enacted. He must now locate the scene and see what is left of the feast.

The vulture cannot smell the kill even if he is near it on the ground, but he can see. The vulture has, perhaps, the most wonderful long sight of any creature in the world, excelling that of the eagle and the parrot. The parrot has a telescopic eye like the eagle and vulture and it was observed during the war that it could discover airplanes in the sky long before human beings could see or hear them. The telescopic sight of the vulture is the strongest of all, and when he mounts the air and hovers a mile high, he will, from his aerial post of observation, spot the lion's kill thousands of feet below, and will drop like a stone on the spot, unfolding his wings when he is about one hundred feet above the ground to break his fall and make a graceful spiral landing.

Frequently you will see the vulture drop in this fashion to find that the hyenas are there ahead of him. But the vulture

hunts in good numbers and if the hyena is too greedy and assumes a dog in the manger attitude, a veteran vulture will make an assault and the rest of the vultures will follow, with the result that the loathsome hyena is driven away by the equally loathsome scavenger birds of the air.



The jackal, a cousin of the repulsive hyena, is handsome by comparison and less savage, altho it, too, is a scavenger.

Vultures can eat an unbelievable quantity of food. They gorge themselves whenever opportunity offers and always finish off with a drink. Breakfast over they stretch themselves on the ground, spread out their wings and enjoy the pleasant lassitude which goes with a full stomach and good digestion. By about eleven o'clock in the morning he flies to a treetop and looks over the country ready for another feast.

To see them gorging themselves with the flesh of an animal is one of the most horrible and repulsive sights one may meet in Africa. I have seen them scarcely able to move, so loaded were their crops, and it is a common sight to see them run forty or fifty yards, like an airplane, in order to "take off" the ground before they can rise. Under these conditions they may be, and frequently are, caught.

I have heard it argued that the vulture scents carrion from the sky, but it is his sight rather than his scent that is his guide. On one occasion a zebra was killed because the camp was getting short of meat, and zebra steak is quite toothsome. There was not a cloud in the sky nor a bird in the air but by the time the zebra had been butchered a black dot had appeared in the sky and dropped. Another black dot and still another, and then a pretty scene of wheeling vultures, spinning round and round until like a spinning top the whole flock reached the ground and went straight for the dead zebra. It reminded me of the Tower of Silence at Bombay, India.

Hunters have experimented and covered their kills with grass. Not a vulture appeared, but within a comparatively few minutes after the grass was removed and the carcass exposed to view, the vultures came down with their spinning top movement.

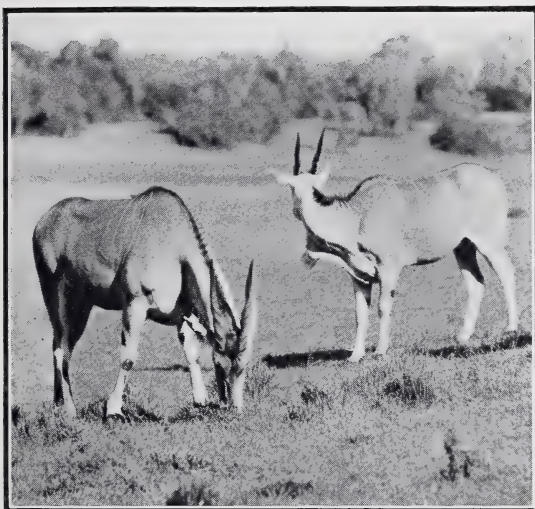
CHAPTER XXIII

ANTELOPE, GIRAFFE AND ZEBRA

BIG game shooting means something entirely different in North America from what it means in Africa. The term "big game," in the United States, refers to deer; antelope, elk, moose, caribou, and, in days gone by, buffalo. In Africa, big

game means elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, buffalo, giraffe, zebra and eland.

Few, except those who have shot in Africa, realize that the deer family is not represented in all Africa from the Mediterranean Sea to Cape Town. Here is found only one branch of the family we classify as "big game" in the United States and that is the antelope. It has but two horns which, whether large or small, long or short,



The eland is one of the largest of the African antelopes. They graze in herds and are found in almost all of the wilder districts of East and Central Africa.

stick upward and backward. There are no branches nor more than one point on the antlers. In the United States and Canada, the antelope lives in the open and keeps in the open when hunted. The deer family take to cover. In Africa, the antelope will take to cover and there are thirty-two varieties of them.

The smallest African antelope is the dik-dik, about the size

of a jackrabbit. It weighs from five to six pounds and is hard to see in the high grass. The largest variety of antelope is the eland. A big bull will measure from five to six feet high at the shoulders and weigh from 900 to 1,500 pounds. Our negro porters were very fond of this meat as it tasted more like beef than any other meat we could shoot for the camp. The eland feeds on grass while many others of the thirty-two varieties browse on shrubs or trees. It would be the work of a naturalist to describe technically each of the many varieties, as the same species differs in markings in different climates and where the feed is different.

The kongoni, or hartebeest, is the most common variety, and some years ago when I was shooting in eastern Central Africa, they would stand until one was within fifty or sixty yards of them. Unless we needed meat for the porters, I never shot them standing any more than I would a duck sitting on the



Mr. Boyce's Balloonograph Expedition into old British East Africa was the first attempt to get aerial pictures of wild life in the African jungles. With balloons and the chemicals essential to their inflation, for baggage, when Mr. Boyce's outfit was on safari it looked like a small army. This picture shows one of the balloons being inflated for a test near Nairobi.

water. I usually waited until they began loping off. The porters thought I was a good shot with the rifle.

It used to sound like a story in a dime novel to read about the herds of buffalo in our old western country, and how they crossed our railroad tracks in such numbers that the engineer would stop rather than take the chance of wrecking the train. But the very first day I was in Africa, on the first train on which I traveled, I had a similar experience. Our train was running thru a game preserve and at least one thousand antelope of many varieties started to cross the track ahead. The engineer stopped the train. The passengers got off and watched them with great interest and wonderment. Night trains had been derailed by hitting sleeping animals on the track.

The wildebeest, at a distance, with his shaggy mane and breast, to the tenderfoot looks for all the world like the pictures of the bison or American buffalo in our school books. A hundred or more of them, with their heads down, running toward you look very much like a buffalo stampede of our early western days.

Conditions have changed in shooting in Africa. The automobile now carries the hunter hundreds of miles into the wild country in a day or so where it formerly took hundreds of porters and weeks on the trails to reach the same places. The shooting parties have multiplied and, of course, the game is getting scarcer and wilder.

Before the airplane had become practical for photography, I took into the big game country of Africa balloons and photographers who ascended and tried to take photographs of wild game. The exhibition from the air was a failure on account of the nature of the country. There was too much brush and timber. On account of its being overrun with antelope I had figured it an open or prairie country. However, I had four photographers and many cameras for different purposes, so we put on a big game drive of thousands of animals. With four hundred porters we formed a circle of about twenty miles in diameter, located our camera men at one point and began closing up the circle, so the drive would pass this location. We



DIK-DIK



KONGONI



WILDEBEEST



KOB



WATERBUCK



ROBERTSI



IMPALA



ELAND



ROAN
ANTELOPE



TOPI

got along fine until the "close up" work was due, when some one shot off a gun. There was a stampede of about 5,000 antelope of thirty-two varieties in just about 100 different directions—but not past the cameras. Most of the films or plates, if the cameras were fast enough, caught a waving "flag" or tail. No one spoke for a week to the man who shot off the gun—he was my secretary. The white guides offered to resign and the porters took a day off. Thus ended the biggest game drive ever pulled off in Africa, and you know the true results.

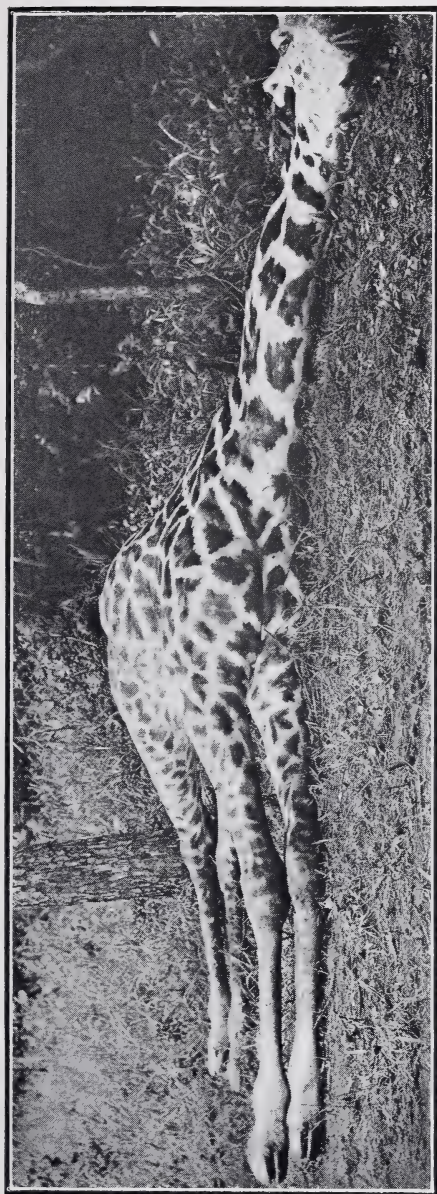
The failures and mistakes I have made in Africa would make a larger book than this one.

Years before I made my first trip to Africa, I read in a traveler's book a glowing account of his shooting giraffe. He recounted in some detail his pride on bringing down one of those ungainly creatures. There was a picture of the mighty hunter, standing with one foot on his prostrate victim, his rifle in his arms, with the natives standing about in wonder and amazement. I found the reality rather different from the notions I had entertained because of that book.

I went out one day with the photographers hoping to get several good pictures of giraffe. The country was comparatively open and we had much difficulty in getting close enough to obtain the pictures I wanted. Finally I decided to try my luck with the rifle and see if I could do better than the camera men had done.

We sighted four fine giraffes which were shambling along about two miles away at the bottom of the hill, feeding on the scrub trees. They looked like very fine specimens thru the field glasses and we lost no time in taking after them. Generally one can ride fairly close to them but we left our horses and advanced on foot. They permitted us to get within 400 yards of them before taking any special notice of us. They then appeared to be uncertain as to our intentions and began to work away from us, moving in and out among the thorn trees and bush.

Almost an hour was wasted trying to get the big fellows into the open where the camera men could get action



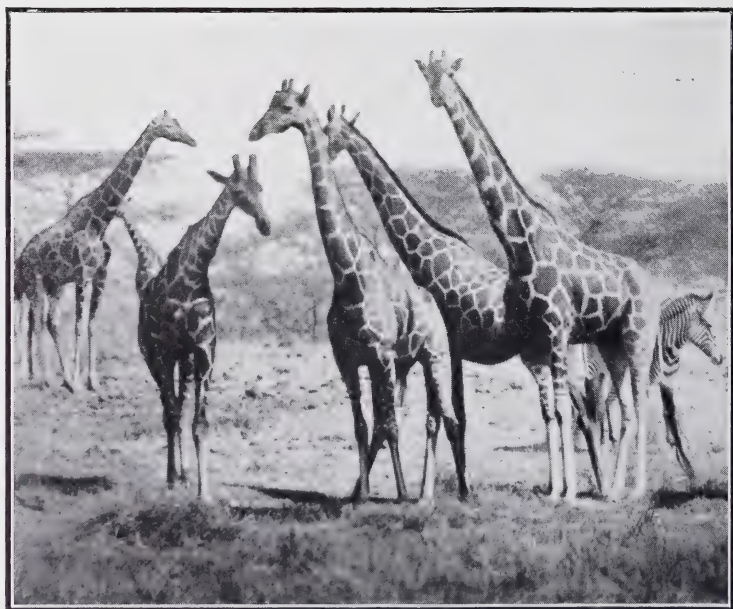
Giraffe killed by Mr. Boyce, who says that giraffe shooting is the zero of sport.

with the telephoto lens, but the giraffes refused to get away from the trees and bush, and as it looked as if they were getting ready to clear out, I decided to make an effort to get closer to them and try at least one shot. I took the .500 Holland rifle and started in to stalk a bull, the largest one of course. I managed to pick up about 200 yards on them and even from a distance of 200 yards the bull looked as big as a barn, so I decided to try my luck. I sprawled flat on the ground and rested the rifle on an ant hill. One shot was enough. The bullet took the bull behind the shoulder and he toppled to the ground. He was a beauty and measured 16 feet and 8 inches in height. That was rather a tame experience and I wondered then why any hunter would pose over the body of a dead giraffe for a picture as evidence of his prowess.

One of the most interesting things about these animals, which are entirely

herbivorous, is their cleverness in the art of camouflage. A herd of them will so assemble against a background that, altho really quite near them, the human eye cannot make them out. I have seen as many as twenty moving about on a landscape and it was only with the utmost difficulty that I could be sure which was giraffe, which herbage and which was background.

Their food consists mainly of the young shoots of the thorn tree and of the mimosa, and they seem to be holding their own in Central Africa, altho many of them are killed each year. They travel in twos and in herds ranging from twenty to forty and fall an easy prey to the hunter, especially if he is mounted. The giraffe is constantly on guard against the lion, which seldom passes up a young giraffe. One experienced hunter tells of having seen a mother giraffe on



When the giraffe is seen against a background of thorn bush or trees, it is difficult to distinguish between animal and setting. As a rule, the zebra herds with the giraffe, and as the hunter approaches the zebra is first to take to his heels.

the defense against a lion, and he says that the giraffe gave a very good account of herself, using her forelegs as her weapon of defense.

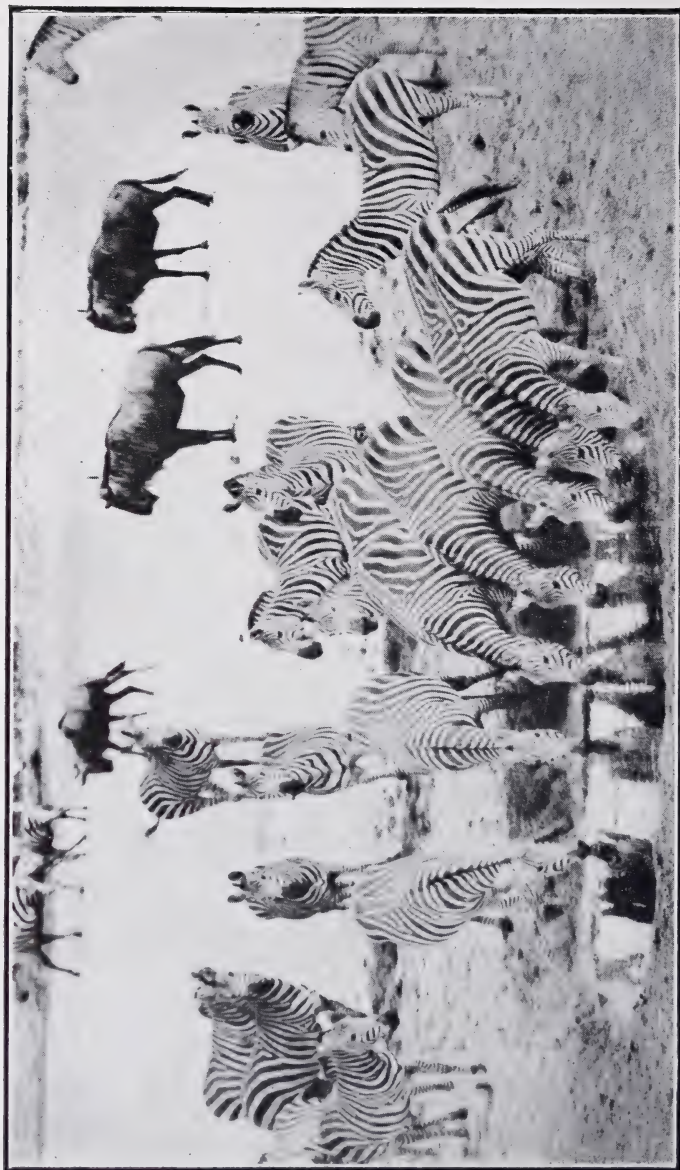
The appealing look of their large, soft eyes, their beautiful skin, and their timidity creates in the mind of the true sportsman a desire to protect them and it is a calloused hunter, indeed, who will shoot one for the sheer love of shooting. The giraffe will not harm a human unless one tries to harm the giraffe at close quarters.

The African settler prizes the skin of the giraffe but in spite of this demand, with reasonable protection, and that protection is now being extended in most districts, I am of the opinion that the animal will hold its own for many years to come. It is of course inevitable that all the larger wild animals in Africa will retreat before encroaching civilization and in time will vanish, just as the buffalo and other big game has practically vanished in the United States. As most African animals, the giraffe does not thrive in captivity, and while he has become a not unusual sight in circuses and zoos, he does not live many years when he is taken from his native food and put on limited range in other climates.

When seen on the plains and compared with various antelopes which are found in the same district, the giraffe offers a striking resemblance to many of the antelope. The giraffe gazelle has an unusually long neck and ears much like the giraffe and at a distance, by an inexperienced observer, might easily be mistaken for the young giraffe.

The okapi, also, resembles the giraffe in the shape of its head and length of its neck, while the stripes on its rear quarters and the upper part of its forelegs suggest the zebra. The male okapi has one pair of horn tips. The female does not have these tips and is larger than the male. This animal is very rare and a hunter seldom gets a glimpse of it.

The modern giraffe as found in Africa, seems to be the sole survivor of a family which at a remote time, probably the Tertiary age, was widely distributed. Skeletons have been found in the Pliocene deposits of Europe and India,



Zebras at a water-hole with several gnus or wildebeests in the background.

altho these skeletons are heavier than the skeletons of the modern animal and have shorter necks and longer horns. In some instances the older skeletons have two sets of horns.

While Theodore Roosevelt killed several giraffes when he was hunting big game in Africa, they were for museum purposes and he found giraffe hunting a very tame sport. In fact the only feature of giraffe hunting that approaches sport is riding after them on horseback. One of our western cowboys might get some fun out of catching them with a rope and they would be surprised to discover that for some distance the long-legged, long-necked freak of nature can travel at race-horse speed.

The zebra has the herd instinct and wanders about in small groups on friendly terms with antelopes, giraffes, and almost all the wild animals except the carnivorous beast of prey, like the lion and leopard. For these latter he has speed and nimble heels, and, if occasion demands, will do a very good job of biting. One of the first accidents to my safari resulted when one of the porters was in too big a hurry to reach a zebra which I had shot. The carrier was severely bitten in the shoulder. There is nothing particularly exciting about hunting the zebra. He is not difficult to find and, if one is mounted on a horse, it is not much of a trick to get within easy range of a herd. A zebra is hard to hit because the irregular stripes give the hunter nothing to draw a bead on when sighting his rifle. The natives are fond of zebra meat. It tastes like horse meat. The hide is valuable for making leather.

The more you see of the zebra the more you wonder why it is that efforts to domesticate it have been rewarded with no very striking success. Since it seems to be immune to African fever and the tsetse fly it would make an ideal beast of burden for the African trail but it seems to be altogether too vicious to be handled safely and when its viciousness is not an obstacle, it usually refuses to work. The "balky" horse, as we know it, is not to be compared with the zebra when it decides not to move. Either it will kick

harness and cart to pieces or it will lie down, and that is the end of the journey so far as the zebra is concerned.

While different hunters will insist on different classifications of the various zebras, there seem to be three chief groups of which the Chapman zebra is the most common, with the Buchell zebra native to South Africa and the Grevy zebra found only in the eastern part of the continent.

There has been some experimentation in cross breeding with the horse and the donkey. The zebroid, an equine cross, is, of course, fertile, while the zebrule, asinine cross, is mule and will not breed. There are those who believe that the Grevy zebra, which is the largest of the three groups, will some day be domesticated and used as a draught animal, or that such an animal will be evolved from the Grevy zebra thru crossing it with the horse. However, from what I have seen of the zebra, its possibilities as a reliable beast of burden are decidedly limited.

My photographers were fully convinced that a zebra had a special antipathy for a camera and had some mysterious way of spotting a camera man when he was still out of range. Not only did they experience much difficulty in getting close enough to take the pictures we wanted, but on several occasions the zebra spoiled our chances on other pictures which did not concern him. With his bark-like neighing and running about he would set in motion all the game in sight. But in spite of his wariness we got many good pictures of him by using the telephoto lens and coming up on him under cover.

The lion is the zebra's chief enemy and in a district where both are common when one rides out in the morning one frequently comes onto the remains of a zebra which has been pulled down by lions during the night. The chances are the hyenas or the vultures will be picking the bones.

SOUTH AFRICA

CAPE TOWN, CAPE PROVINCE, NATAL, DURBAN,
ZULULAND, SWAZILAND, ORANGE FREE
STATE, KIMBERLEY AND DIAMOND MIN-
ING, TRANSVAAL, JOHANNESBURG AND
THE RAND, BASUTOLAND, SOUTH-
ERN RHODESIA AND CECIL
RHODES, ROMANTIC ZIM-
BABWE, NORTHERN
RHODESIA, BECHUA-
NALAND, SOUTH-
WEST AFRICA
AND
MOZAMBIQUE



South Africa has an abundance of natural beauty-spots and majestic scenery. The streams coming down from the Drakensberg Mountains in western Natal are especially attractive to the nature lover. Umlass Falls are typical of these natural attractions. They are often referred to as "Nature's Staircase."

SOUTH AFRICA

CHAPTER I

CAPE TOWN

ONE of the greatest epics in human history has been and is being written in South Africa. The early cantos were written by the indomitable Boers; the contemporary cantos are being written by the empire-building British. Here and there, a



Cape Point, where the southern tip of the African Continent sinks into the sea. Standing on this promontory, facing south, one has the Atlantic Ocean on the right and the Indian Ocean on the left.

European power, the Portuguese, the French, have contributed an interesting episode. It is a fascinating, dramatic and oft-times tragic epic, the final scenes of which are still on the knees of the gods. I am convinced that the time will come when the white man's civilization in South Africa will yield to the pressure of the blacks and another romance will have

been added to Zimbabwe and Egypt of the Pharaohs. But that is of the distant future when the white man shall have

exploited the natural wealth of South Africa and will have voluntarily abandoned the country to the indolent natives.

The story of the development of modern civilization in South Africa has its beginning on the very southern tip of the Continent, and it is, in large measure, the story of the trek of the Boers.

As I stood on the rocky, barren, wave-beaten point of the Cape of Good Hope, the southern tip of South Africa, forty miles south of Cape Town, and looked up at an old, abandoned lighthouse, 850 feet above sea level, I wondered why its name had been changed from "Cape of Storms."

I have been at the southern extremities of all the continents south of the Equator and every one is different. Each tells its silent story of discovery by the venturesome white man in his endless struggle to know and conquer the world. Here you see, to the west, the Atlantic Ocean, and to the east, the Indian Ocean. There is nothing in the environs suggesting hope. It is the most wind-swept, forlorn, desolate and dangerous coast you can imagine. You are asked to believe that if you tried to fall off the 850-foot cliff directly over the Indian Ocean during a "southeastern" you would be pinned against the rocky wall and held there until the storm died down. The old lighthouse has been abandoned and a new one erected half-way down the mountainside because the first one was so high in the sky that its light looked like a star to the sailors.

History records that Bartholomew Dias, a Portuguese officer commanding two fifty-ton galleons, discovered this point in 1486, while in search of an ocean route to India. But history does not record that, possibly thousands of year before that date, Mediterranean mariners, working their way down the west shore to find a passage to the east, had been shipwrecked and found here a friendly race, afterwards called the Bushmen. There is no doubt but that this race of savages had, in 1486, a strain of white blood. The negro of South Africa, an entirely different race from the Bushmen, did not work his way south of the Zambesi River (16 degrees south



The Cape Town Docks from the air, taken from one of the planes of Aviation, Ltd., a company which is pioneering in commercial air service in South Africa.

of the Equator) before the Portuguese, Dutch and British pre-empted South Africa.

Five years after Columbus landed in America, Vasco da Gama, Portuguese admiral, sailed around the Cape and up the east coast, opening the sea road to India. For some time the Portuguese had no competition in the trade on this new route, and hoped to perpetuate their monopoly. They renamed the tail end of Africa, "Cape of Good Hope." Soon the Dutch came along with more seaworthy boats—short, round-sterned ships, easily handled in storms—and drove out the Portuguese. In 1580, Drake, licensed pirate flying the British flag, reported the Cape as one of the fairest he had seen, but at that time he was more interested in capturing ships than in planting the Crown's flag on the shore. British ships, bound to and from India, anchored in Table Bay, along with the vessels of the Dutch East India Company. In 1651, the Dutch Company decided to make Table Bay a station for revictualing their

ships, and sent out a hundred persons in three ships, under the command of Jan van Riebeeck, who formed the first permanent settlement of whites in South Africa. Riebeeck's memory is kept before the people of Cape Town by a monument and a mineral water named after him.

Sixty Bushmen were found on the Cape peninsula, living on shell-fish and each other. On the mainland were two large clans of Hottentots, nomads who roamed the country with their herds of horned cattle. The Hottentots were part Bushmen. It has never been learned what the other part was, as the Bantu negroes had not yet come down from Equatorial Africa. Only a few Bushmen remained in the vicinity of the Cape, the Hottentots having driven most of them into the sea on one side, or the desert on the other.

The Dutch bought cattle from the Hottentots, but could get no vegetables. This forced them to put in their own gardens, which they worked with Bushmen. In time, all garden plants which thrived in Europe were grown at the Cape; fruit



This is the present home of the Parliament of the Union of South Africa, at Cape Town. The executive offices of the Union government are at Pretoria, 1,000 miles away.

trees were introduced and vineyards did so well that the Dutch made large quantities of wine. There were frequent fights with the Hottentots, who showed their business sagacity by selling cattle to one settlement, stealing them back again and selling them to another settlement. In spite of raids by these natives, the colony grew and prospered.

In 1689, three hundred Huguenots arrived from France and became neighbors of the Dutch. The Cape Colony also began accumulating negroes and East Indians. The first negroes were slaves from a Portuguese ship captured at sea. These blacks were put to work, and from that time on manual labor was regarded as being beneath the dignity of white men. The Indians were political prisoners, banished by the Dutch East India Company, who came with their families. Malays, also, were imported. Both the Malays and the Indians took negro slave girls to live with them. Today, in Cape Town, there is a colored population of 100,000, ranging from the blackest negro to near white. This mongrel breed causes no end of trouble in this section of South Africa, because it is without a moral or racial foundation, and, while it has not the semblance of a sense of responsibility or desire for improvement, it has the right to vote.

There is always a "reason why." The reason for Cape Town was that it was located half-way between Europe and India, where the ships in the "Grand Trade" could obtain supplies for the remainder of the long voyage. Scurvy was common on the old sailing ships, sometimes carrying off entire crews. In the latter part of the seventeenth century it became necessary to build, at the Cape, a hospital which would accommodate seven hundred and fifty patients.

In 1780, the Hottentots became strong enough to attack the whites, and at the same time England declared war on Holland, with the result that the Dutch merchant marine was virtually swept off the sea. The Dutch settlement at the Cape managed to escape seizure until 1795, when the British came in and remained for seven years, until peace was declared. In 1806, war again broke out between England and Holland. The



Adderley Street, one of the main business thoroughfares of Cape Town.

British came back to the Cape and have remained. Possession by conquest was reinforced by possession by purchase in 1815, Holland receiving thirty million dollars for the colony. In this deal with the Dutch, Great Britain came out better than she did in trading territory in Guiana, South America, for Manhattan Island, now New York City. The Dutch, having lost their trade in India, and the British having picked it up, Cape Town became increasingly important as a station, and has kept growing until the present time, when we find a city of 105,000 white persons and 100,000 immoral mongrels.

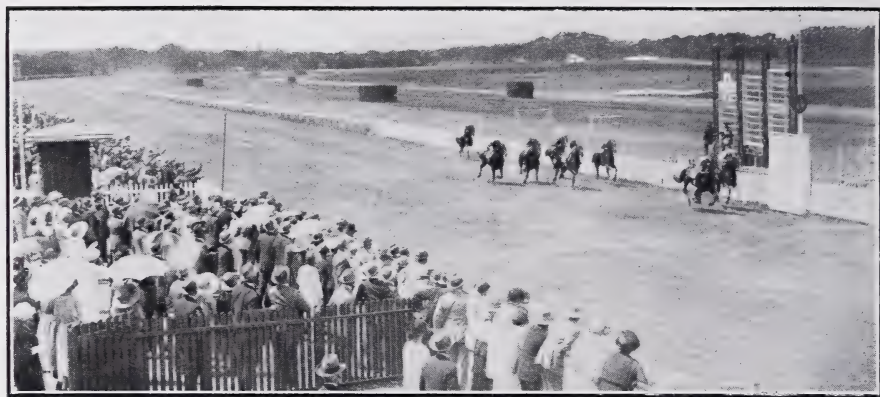
Cape Town would be one of the most important ports in the world if it were not for the Suez Canal, opened in 1869, which shortened the route between England and India, China and Japan some six thousand miles. Most of the steamers that come to Cape Town are engaged in the South African trade or bound to or from Australia, New Zealand, and South

Pacific points. These ships would save only 1,200 miles if they went thru the Suez Canal, which would not pay.

Once a month an American boat comes from New York, but passenger accommodations are so poor and service so bad that very few take this direct route. I called at the Cape Town office of Thos. Cook & Son, world tourist agency, and inquired if they had a list of the American ships sailing from England to New York. They asserted that the last boat on the last list sent to them by the U. S. Shipping Board had sailed six months before. I asked if the American steamers were still operating, and they assured me that they thought they were. It is quite evident that we need a shipping subsidy, to buy postage stamps for circulars.

The dock and harbor facilities of Cape Town have about reached their limit. Boats sometimes wait two or three days to get berthing space. If it were not for the jealousy of the remainder of South Africa, it is likely that the government railroad system, which owns the docks, would be allowed an appropriation for improvements at the Cape. The Union Castle Steamship Line has a good boat departing from Cape Town for Southampton every Friday, also an incoming boat every Monday morning. These carry the mails. The service is reasonably satisfactory, as good as could be expected under all the circumstances. The course sailed is 6,000 miles and the time is seventeen days. The freight and passenger rates between Cape Town and England are very high, but are likely to be lowered, as German boats are competing for South African business and are cutting the rates.

Cape Town is on Table Bay, at the foot of Table Mountain; a great, gray wall, the precipitous side of which rises 3,582 feet from sea level, behind the town. On each side of flat-topped Table Mountain is a lesser peak—Lion's Head and Devil's Peak. The business district and public buildings are in the valley. Quaint Dutch houses and modern homes are clustered on the mountain slopes amid groves of pines, oaks and other trees, and in suburbs extending for twenty miles along the foothills.



Wherever the English go, there "the sport of kings" is soon established. Kenilworth track, at Cape Town, is a modern racing plant and is well patronized during the racing season:

On the water front is an esplanade 3,000 feet in length, planted with palms and plants. Its center is at the foot of Adderley Street, the principal thorofare. This street formerly was the "Heerengracht," Dutch for "Gentlemen's Walk," and the name was changed to Adderley as a tribute to a member of the British House of Commons, who prevented the establishment of a convict station at the Cape. Many of the stores and shops are on this street, which leads to Government Avenue. This avenue, nearly a mile long, was part of the Dutch East India Company's garden, laid out by Governor Van der Stel in 1680, and famous thruout Europe in those days.

At the entrance to the avenue are the Houses of Parliament of the Union of South Africa, built of red brick, granite trimmed, and formerly used by the legislators of the old Cape Colony and enlarged in 1910, when the Union was formed. On the other side of the entrance are St. George's Grammar School and the Anglican Cathedral, founded in 1830, the first English church in South Africa. Next is the public library, built on Grecian architectural lines. Adjoining the Houses of Parliament is the garden of Government House, the town residence of the Governor

General of South Africa. Opposite are the municipal botanical gardens, with a big gum tree at the entrance, the first planted in South Africa. These gardens cover fourteen acres and contain more than eight thousand varieties of trees and plants from all parts of the world. Near here is the South African Museum, in which the most interesting exhibit is a family group of Bushmen, the first inhabitants of this country. In an annex of the museum is the South African Art Gallery. Near the end of the avenue is a Jewish synagogue that cost more than \$200,000, and on the opposite side of the avenue are the buildings of the South African College, established in 1829.

While I was in Cape Town I had an opportunity of seeing the Governor-General, in royal splendor, open Parliament, where all the proceedings are in two languages, English and African-Dutch. The legislators follow the example of the English Parliament in holding sessions at night, which must be hard on the country members, who are accustomed to going to bed at 8 p. m. However, they are kept from leading a gay life in Cape Town, where everything closes at 9 o'clock.



This is one of the "colored" locations in Cape Town. There are a number of them in different sections of the city. Poorly paid, poorly fed, poorly housed, immoral and diseased, Cape Town's 100,000 "colored" population is the city's most serious problem.

It is said that the people of a city may be judged by their newspapers. Cape Town's papers, the "Cape Times," published in the morning, and the "Argus," afternoon, are a credit to the community, well printed, ably edited and of high literary quality.

Cape Town is the wholesale center of South Africa. Durban, in Natal, on the East Coast, is crowding the "Mother City" for business and is making great improvements in its harbor, which may give it the leadership if Cape Town does not awaken to the situation. Cape Town has some small industries which, with enterprise, could be extended. As an illustration, four million woolen blankets are sold each year to the negroes of South Africa, but they are not made in the country—they come from England.

Virtually every American firm doing an export business is represented in Cape Town by South African agents. Only a few have American representatives. Gasoline, kerosene and lubricating oils lead the list of products from the United States, the importation of these three items amounting to a total of approximately ten million dollars in a year. The Texas Oil Company and Vacuum Oil Company control this business, and both are incorporated in South Africa. Electrical materials from the United States total three million dollars; agricultural implements, slightly less; and motor cars, about two and one-half million dollars. Ninety-five per cent of all motor cars coming into South Africa are from United States or Canadian plants. The cars are retailed here at double the factory price. Other imports from the States are industrial machinery, hardware, lumber, windmills, tires, stationery and books, and wax. Each year two sailing vessels come to Cape Town from Oregon with cargoes of pine.

Cape Town's tallest building is eight stories. It has three elevators that run at freight speed—160 feet per minute—when they run. The elevator operators carry and serve tea to the various offices from 10 to 12 in the forenoon and from 3 to 5 in the afternoon. This suggests the leisurely life of South Africa, where the "Step Lively" sign is turned to the

wall. Of course, the first four hundred years are the slowest.

The Salvation Army has its South African headquarters here. It is a live organization, owns its own building, is well supported and recognized as an asset to the country.

The big Dutch Reform Church is on the site of the earliest house of worship erected in South Africa. The tower contains a clock sent from Holland in 1727. Beneath the floor of the church are the remains of eight of the old Dutch governors. The present building can seat three thousand persons. The tallest spire in Cape Town, 140 feet high, is on the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Among the other places of worship are an Indian Mohammedan mosque and a Malay mosque with minarets and cupalo. In the center of the city are the town hall buildings, built of stone and facing four streets. The hall itself, designed for the holding of musical festivals, meetings, banquets, et cetera, has a seating capacity of two thousand persons.

Cape Town of today is beautiful, quiet and healthy—34 degrees south of the Equator, with a mean average temperature of 62 degrees Fahrenheit—and its people lead a placid, contented life in which there is no hurry or excitement. They are friendly, big-hearted people, and any one who has been their guest always will remember their hospitality, just as he never will forget Table Mountain, the white-walled villas on its slopes and the blue waters of the bay—one of the finest pictures to be seen anywhere in the world.



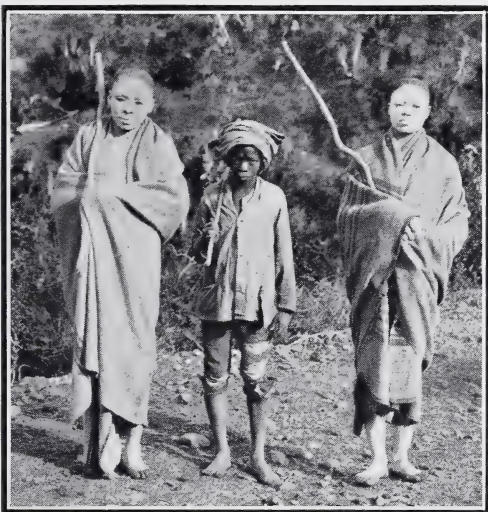
On the Orient Beach, East London, Cape Province.

CHAPTER II

CAPE PROVINCE

FROM the feeble beginning at Table Bay came not only the great modern city of Cape Town, but, also, Cape Province, where white predominance is, perhaps, better established than in any other district in Africa. Drawing a line on the map of South Africa from the Atlantic Ocean west of Cape Town to the northeast boundary of the Cape Province you find the distance is approximately seven hundred miles. This coastal belt is the only well-watered part of the Cape Province, thru rainfall and short rivers, and contains 75 per cent of the population and raises 90 per cent of the agricultural products of the Province, in an area of about 30,000 square miles. There are 277,000 square miles in the Cape Province—a larger area than the State of Texas—and only about

10 per cent of the Province is reasonably good country where fruit, vegetables and cereals can be grown in paying quantities. The 30,000 square miles, instead of supporting a population of 500,000 whites, as it does, easily could support two million.



The two negroes with whitened faces are "Maquassi" youths of Pondoland. "Maquassi" means they are in the transition stage from boy to man. During this period they live apart from the rest of the tribe, undergoing initiation. Afterwards they are accepted by the tribe as men.

Except for the jealousy between Boer and Briton and the inefficiency of the native negro labor it soon would be a veritable garden spot.

There is no disguising the fact that the people of the old Holland stock, mostly agriculturists, still hate the British, who are the shopkeepers and gentlemen of the country. The attitude of the British element, judging from what they told me confidentially and from what has happened before, is that as soon as they can accumulate sufficient wealth in South Africa they intend to go back to England to live.

Forty per cent of the total population of the Union of South Africa live in the Cape Province, and nearly 33 per cent of the Union population live on the coast of this Province. The total white population of the Province at the last census was 651,000, and the blacks, East Indians and part-whites totaled more than two million.

When, in 1651, the Dutch decided to establish their half-way station at Table Bay, on the Cape Peninsula, their selection was influenced by the fact that the site was a good place for a cabbage patch. Twenty years later they formally purchased from the Hottentot natives the entire peninsula, the consideration being \$48.00 in goods. At Wynberg, eight miles southeast of Cape Town, they planted vineyards and soon were producing wine. Near Wynberg, today, is a large, provincial government wine farm, Groot Constantia, containing some 140,000 vines.

Wheat, oats and barley were sown at Rondebosch, five miles from Cape Town, and did well, resulting in the laying out of farms in this section. A short distance from the present village of Rondebosch is Groote Schuur (Great Barn), a quaint Dutch building originally erected in 1657. This was once the home of Cecil Rhodes, and he willed it to South Africa as the official residence, at the Cape, of the Premier. A new University of Cape Town is being built on the beautiful grounds of this estate. On the mountain slopes above Groote Schuur is the Rhodes Memorial, designed like a Greek temple. In front of the memorial is a replica of the famous Greek figure of a horse, "Physical Energy." In the memorial is a

bust of Rhodes, who, as the inscription states, "loved and served South Africa."

For many years Stellenbosch, on the mainland thirty-one miles northeast of Cape Town, was a frontier post where the Dutch fought off raiding Bushmen and Hottentots. The town was laid out in 1861. This is a region of fruit farms.

A few miles farther on is the Paarl district, so named from a great granite boulder resembling a pearl. The town of



The chief industry in Cape Province is grape growing for wine and brandy, altho an American is now shipping large quantities of raisins to the United States and doing a more profitable business than when he made wine. In order to favorably influence public sentiment, the wine makers contribute liberally to churches and charities. Frequently grapes are sold for a cent a pound in the local wholesale markets.

Paarl extends along the banks of the Berg River, in a valley protected by the Drakenstein Mountains. Vineyards are seen on the steep sides of these mountains; fruit and tobacco are grown in the valleys, and there are a number of granite quarries in the district.

In the Bookveld, to the north, 1,500 feet above sea level, the climate is especially favorable to the growth of apples, pears and nectarines. From the Goudini Valley, near Worcester, 110 miles northeast of Cape Town, comes 75 per cent of the South African raisin crop, which is sold chiefly to the United States, due to the demand created by the million-dollar-a-year advertising campaign put on by the California raisin growers. Fresh grapes are being exported from the Cape vineyards to New York; as they are grown south of the Equator, they arrive in the United States six months after our grape season. This trade has been developed by an American from the State of Georgia. He has lived in South Africa a number of years and is doing well.

On False Bay, southeast of Cape Town, on the eastern side of the Cape Peninsula, are several large suburbs, and the principal beach resort of the city. Muizenberg, the Coney Island of Cape Town, has a large, sandy beach, and the water is sufficiently warm for bathing at all seasons. Fishing, boating and yachting are enjoyed at St. James, Kalk Bay, Fishoek and Glencairn. Simon's Town, twenty-three miles from Cape Town, is on a well-sheltered bay, where American whaling ships cruising the South Seas used to transfer whalebone and oil to homeward-bound ships. Simon's Town is used exclusively as a British naval station. The dry docks, which cost thirty-five million dollars, are the largest south of the Equator and can berth the greatest ship in the world. A breakwater three thousand feet long was constructed at a cost of more than twelve million dollars. Everything here, the water front, streets and buildings, reminds you of an English coast town. The only warship in the harbor was the South African "navy"—the cruiser "General Botha," which is used only as a training ship for naval cadets, and always is at anchor. It is said that Dutch boys of South Africa refuse to join their own navy, which they call British. To overcome this the British government has offered to turn Simon's Town and everything in it over to the Union, but the Union government has declined to accept the gift. It would cost the Union for upkeep.



A view in the business district of Port Elizabeth on Algoa Bay. Cheap power, light and water are making this an important industrial center.

From Cape Town down one side of the peninsula and up the other for a total distance of one hundred and ten miles, is a scenic, crushed stone and gravel drive, not more than 5 per cent grade, thru the mountains and valleys, and overlooking the oceans. This drive cost about \$500,000. This is a sample of the expenditures which have put the Cape Province so fearfully in debt and keep it running behind every year.

Port Elizabeth, on Algoa Bay, four hundred miles east of Cape Town, is the second city of the Province in importance, and is called "the Liverpool of South Africa." Ships of all nations are permitted to anchor here without charges. Passengers and cargo are landed by tugs and lighters. The city, which has a population of 26,000 whites and 20,000 negroes, East Indians and half-breeds, is built on the side of a hill two to three hundred feet high, the houses being on terraces.

To me the most interesting place in Port Elizabeth was the municipal market. In a large hall on the first floor is the wool

market, where sales are conducted two days each week. Upstairs is the feather market, where ostrich feathers are sold at auction to dealers three days a week. Buyers come from all parts of the world. The African ostrich is the only one that grows the fine feathers of commerce. There are over three hundred thousand ostriches in the Union, of which 90 per cent are in the Cape Province, and Port Elizabeth is the only ostrich market in South Africa. Each ostrich produces about ten dollars' worth of feathers a year, a gross value of three million dollars for the feather crop. Like diamonds, the ostrich feather market depends on the general prosperity of the world, and the fashions.

Civic concerts and entertainments are held in the Feather Market Hall, which seats five thousand persons. Port Elizabeth has the largest museum in South Africa, an excellent public library, some handsome business buildings, good schools and beautiful parks. Adjoining the museum is the Snake Park, with an exceptionally inclusive collection of live reptiles.

Port Elizabeth encourages industries by offering cheap power, light and water. It has foundries, tanneries, flour mills, saw mills, biscuit factories and boot factories.



There are more than 300,000 ostriches in South Africa and 90 per cent of them are in the Cape Province. Each ostrich produces about \$10 worth of plumage a year.



The most extensive irrigation plant in South Africa is that on the Sundays River which, eventually, will take care of 45,000 acres. Alfalfa is one of the principal crops grown here. The Karoo desert affords very poor pasturage for sheep and cattle and it is necessary to finish them off on alfalfa.

The old town of Uitenhage, twenty-one miles inland, has become a suburb of Port Elizabeth. It is the center of a farming community, has several industries and large railroad shops, and two colleges. Irrigation streams run along the streets, the water being obtained from springs in the Winterhoek Mountains. Eight thousand white persons live in Uitenhage.

On the slopes of the Zuurberg Mountains is Grahamstown, the scene of many fights between white settlers and Kaffirs. It now is an important trade and educational center. Ten thousand negroes besieged the town in 1819 and were driven off by the 350 white men, fighting from a stone fort. The town is well built, with wide streets and a number of imposing buildings. Grahamstown has a white population of 8,000, is the seat of two bishoprics and the law courts of the eastern division of the Cape Province are here. The distance from Port Elizabeth, by rail, is 106 miles.

A hundred miles up the coast from Port Elizabeth is East London, commercial center of the eastern part of the Cape Province. East London is on a plateau about two hundred feet above sea level, at the mouth of the Buffalo River, which is kept open for ocean steamers by constant dredging. The port is the terminus of the eastern railroad system of the

Province, an extension running down an incline to the river bank, where freight is taken direct from the ships.

On account of the excellent bathing and scenery, East London is a popular resort. Around the city are green valleys and picturesque hills; also some prosperous farms. The climate is healthful. The city has spent a large amount of money on an eighty-acre park and a long esplanade leading to the bathing beach, the tidal baths, the marine park and the camping grounds, which are supplied with water and electric lights.

East London's chief export is wool, which comes from Kaffraria, the Transkei and other native territories. Before 1864 the Kaffraria district was a separate colony, and its capital was King William's Town. "King," as it is called, is forty-two miles up the Buffalo River from East London and 1,300 feet above sea level. It has 6,000 white people, and among its modern features are electric lights, waterworks, botanic gardens, a museum, public library, cricket grounds, and one of the best golf courses in South Africa; also a beautiful hospital, erected by Sir Edward Grey in the hope of weakening the power of negro witch doctors by giving the natives proper medical treatment. Only 3,000 natives live in the town, but in the surrounding district there are 150,000.

In the early days of white settlement in Kaffraria a negro witch doctor induced the superstitious natives to sacrifice all their cattle by telling them that in return for this sacrifice the spirits would drive the white people from the land. Possibly the witch doctor thought the natives, when famished, would descend upon the colony and wipe it off the map. The natives obeyed their witch doctor, but when famine came, and the priest's promise remained unfulfilled, the natives were so weak from lack of food that they could not fight. In that year the native population of Kaffraria decreased from 105,000 to 38,000.

One million negroes live in the Transkei and adjoining reservations, occupying more than 16,000 square miles in the northeastern part of the Cape Province, between Kaffraria and

the border of Natal. These reservations are governed by the Union of South Africa thru its department of native affairs. The white government officials are a chief magistrate and twenty-seven resident magistrates, who are assigned to the various districts. The chief magistrate and resident magistrates are appointed by the minister of native affairs of the Union. In the Transkei, Tembuland and East Griqualand reservations a general council of natives meets with the chief magistrate once a year in an advisory capacity. The resident magistrates sit with district councils of natives, passing on the expenditures



In King William's Town you see convincing evidence that oxen play an important part in the transportation problem in South Africa.

of public funds, etc. This gives the negroes the idea that they have a voice in the government. All resolutions of the council, however, are subject to veto by the chief magistrate.

In reservations that are not considered sufficiently advanced to have councils, the magistrates meet with the chiefs of the district. In general, the administration is similar to the system of government in Basutoland, the negro country north of the Cape Province and east of Natal. However, Basutoland is a protectorate under the British Crown, while the Cape Province

reservations are directly under the Union of South Africa.

These reservations, created at various times in the last forty years, contain some of the best land in South Africa, much better than the average of Basutoland. Rainfall is abundant and the climate is good. The negroes were moved onto these reservations in order to check tribal fighting and to get them off of other land which was wanted for farming or mining. The Griquas, for example, were moved to East Griqualand from the diamond diggings of Kimberley, which the Griqua chief claimed as his territory. Pondoland, in the north of the Cape Province, was the last native country made into a reservation.

As in Basutoland, native law is observed in dealing with the negroes. For thirty years the government has been endeavoring to introduce individual land tenure, instead of the communal system of holding land, and has succeeded in some districts. The principal occupation of those natives who work is live-stock raising and farming on a small scale. The country offers excellent pasturage for sheep and cattle, and is capable of much greater development. In East Griqualand and in Pondoland there are a few white farmers, but elsewhere the land is reserved to the natives.

The total white population of the reservations is 14,000. These are chiefly government officials, missionaries and traders. Traders must have permits, and the rule is that there can be no more than one trader in a radius of five miles. In the Transkei the missions have three hundred church sites and fifty schools. Natives holding land on the individual system cannot sell it to whites. Iron, copper and nickel ores have been found in small quantities, but applications for prospecting are not encouraged. The poll tax for adult native males is \$2.50 per year. Most of the natives who work outside of the reservations are employed in the mines of the Transvaal.

Leprosy is common in the native territories. At Emjanyana, in the Transkei, is a government leper settlement with 600 patients. This represents only a small percentage of the cases, as most of the afflicted refuse to come in for treatment.

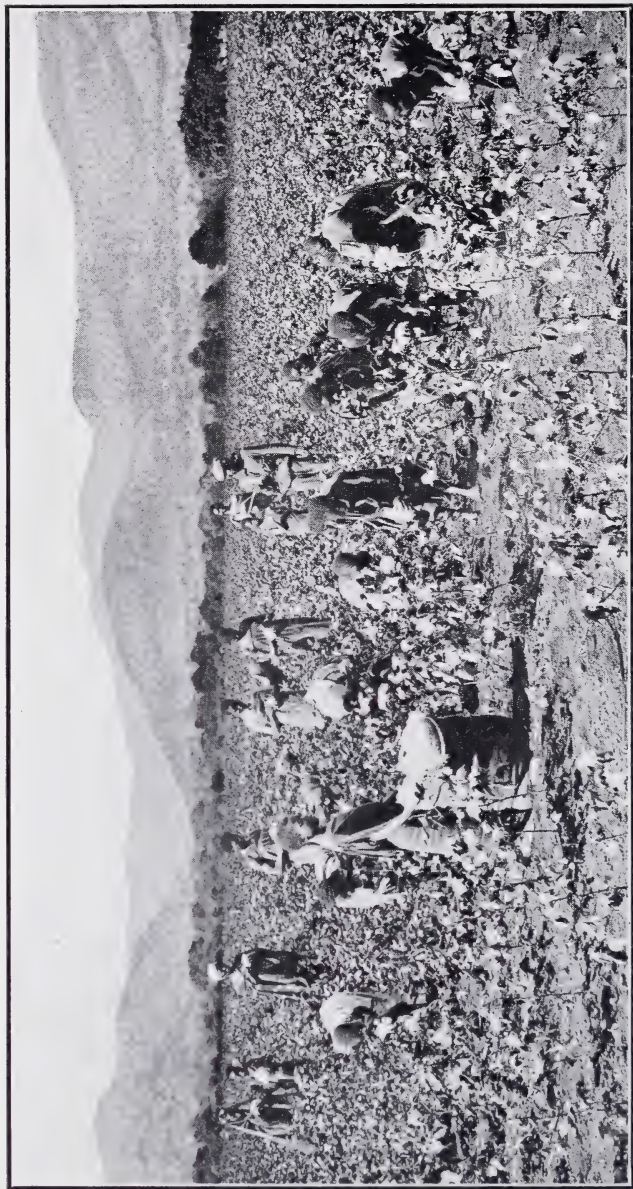
The chief magistrate resides at Umtata, in Tembuland, a town with 2,000 white population, 2,100 feet above sea level. Butterworth, the capital of Transkei, at an altitude of 1,800 feet, has 1,500 whites, a race course, and an 18-hole golf course. Both towns are on the railroad, which was built at a very heavy cost owing to the nature of the country.

Some of the finest scenery in South Africa is to be found at Port St. John, on the Pondoland coast, at the mouth of the St. John River, which flows between high hills. Coasting vessels call here.

More than 90 per cent of the Cape Province is known as the Karoo, named from a bush something like the sagebrush of the United States in our dry and worthless territory. In a section larger than Texas there are about ten million sheep, 270,000 ostriches, 300,000 donkeys, 1,500,000 cattle and 4,000,000 goats, half of them being of the Angora breed, which furnishes mohair. These are divided into small herds, usually owned by the people in poor circumstances, and while in the aggregate they make a formidable number, when you consider the enormous territory they occupy it is quite evident that it is very worthless territory or very sparsely settled.

There are approximately 2,000 miles of railroad in the Karoo which produce little if any traffic. The Karoo is not as desolate looking as sandy or level barren country, as it is broken by kopjes (hills) and dry river beds. The elevation averages 4,000 feet above sea level.

In the Cape Province there is the usual provincial government, with an administrator appointed by the Governor-General of the Union on the recommendation of the Prime Minister, and a provincial council with as many members as there were before the Province became a part of the Union. The government is run at a big loss, but insists on spending large amounts of money on public improvements.



Great Britain was much interested in taking and holding Natal because of the belief that it would develop into a cotton growing country. Thirty years of experimenting have shown that the cotton industry here will never be commercially successful on a large scale.

CHAPTER III

NATAL

AS SOON as the Cape Colony became British the Boers began to consider a migration to other territory where they might escape a yoke which, while it may not have been oppressively heavy, was none the less intolerable to the free-thinking, liberty-loving Dutch. The first exodus had for its Promised Land the region known as Natal. Here the pioneers found one of the most favorable climates on the east coast, with a heavy mountain range in the hinterland as a protective wall against the hostile and treacherous blacks.

Natal is the same size as the State of Indiana—36,000 square miles—and occupies only 7 per cent of the area of the Union of South Africa. Yet it is the most productive and the most progressive province of the Union, and notwithstanding the fact that it was won from the natives by Boer blood and courage, today it is predominantly British.

With Southern Rhodesia, Natal is the hope of South Africa. For this there are two reasons: First the nature of the country and climate; second, the character of the white population.

On the southeast coast of Africa, between the high Drakensberg mountain range and the Indian Ocean, and from 27 to 31 degrees south of the Equator, Natal enjoys a variety of climates not often obtained in one country. Its coast has the benefit of the warm Mozambique Current, similar to our Gulf Stream, and in the coastal belt and low-lying valleys tropical products grow luxuriantly. In a distance of a little more than one hundred



The way this Zulu woman wears her hair proclaims the fact that she is married and from the country. Her hair is plastered together with cow dung and red clay—a hairdressing that is impervious to bugs and lice.

miles the country rises from sea level to an altitude of two and a quarter miles. Farming thrives on the fertile midlands and the uplands afford excellent pasture for cattle and sheep. In the high country are rich coal areas, with a cheap haul to the sea, as all the railroad has to do is to "coast" the coal down grade and pull back the empty cars.

Natal is being developed along sound lines. It is the one British Province of the Union of South Africa. Here the British do not have the Boers to contend with, but they have a serious color problem. The white population is small, about 140,000, while there are more than one million negroes and 150,000 "colored" inhabitants, chiefly East Indians, with some Chinese and crosses between negroes and other races. The negroes are mostly Zulus, of whom we shall have something to say later. The East Indians originally were brought over to work on the sugar plantations, but so many others came that further immigration is forbidden. Natal will support a greater white population than any other Province of the Union. The white people are beginning to find out that the so-called cheap labor of the negro and the East Indian is not an asset to the country. As far as the Indian question is concerned, it would be a happy solution all around if Natal could send its Indians north to British Kenya, on the Equator, and bring the Kenya white people to Natal. East Indians are trying to take possession of Kenya, and it is not a white man's country, while Natal is. In Natal certain negroes and "coloreds" have the right to vote under prescribed conditions, but they seldom use it.

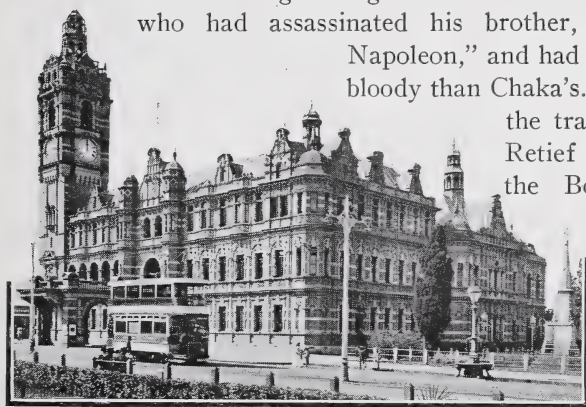
I came into Natal from the Transvaal, thru the Drakensberg, or Mountains of the Dragons, which form the west and northwest boundaries of Natal. This range, extending 600 miles thru South Africa, contains many high peaks, including Mont aux Sources and Giant's Castle, between Natal and Basutoland, on the west, both 11,000 feet above sea level, and Cathkin Peak, 12,000 feet high. The snow-tipped mountains, deep gorges and waterfalls make a scene of extraordinary grandeur. On the sides of cliffs the Bushmen, aborigines of this country, painted crude representations of men and animals.

chipping the rock and coloring it with the juices of roots. The Bushmen were driven to the mountains and finally exterminated by the Bantu negro tribes which invaded the country from Central Africa.

Much of Natal's history is told in the mountains, hills and valleys of its western region. Shortly after crossing the Transvaal-Natal border we came to the Buffalo River and looked on the green-clad slopes that attracted the Boer pioneers, who trekked from the Cape Colony in 1837 and negotiated with the Zulu king for a grant of land. The king was Dingaan, who had assassinated his brother, Chaka, "the Zulu Napoleon," and had begun a career more bloody than Chaka's. Dingaan promised

the tract of land if Pieter Retief and Gert Maritz, the Boer leaders, would

recover for him some stolen cattle. This was done, the document was drawn up, and general feasting took place. In the midst of the festivities the Zulus



The town hall at Pietermaritzburg is an imposing structure for a town of 20,000. It impresses the negroes and East Indians with the importance of the government.

suddenly attacked the Boer party and exterminated it. At the same time Dingaan sent out large forces with orders to kill all the emigrants. Six hundred Boers—men, women and children—were killed. The surviving Boers, re-enforced by others from beyond the mountains and aided by the British who had settled on the coast of Natal, waged war against the Zulus, and, in a battle in the Buffalo Valley, ten months later, Dingaan was utterly defeated, 3,000 of his followers being slain. A tributary of the Buffalo still is known as Blood River, because it ran red with blood on that day. The battle was fought December 16, 1838, and the anniversary is celebrated as Dingaan's Day by

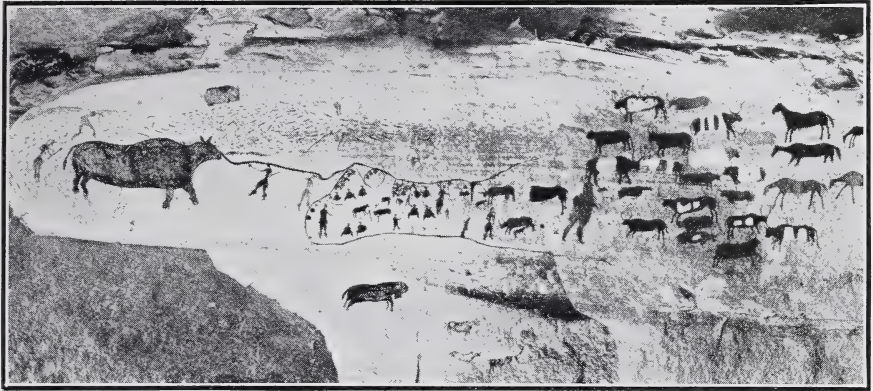
the descendants of the Boer trekkers. These live in and around the town of Pietermaritzburg, capital of Natal, named for the two Boer leaders who were murdered by Dingaan.

Dingaan became a fugitive in Swaziland, north of Natal, where he was killed.

The Boers, having driven the Zulu warriors into what is now northeastern Natal, then Zululand, established a republic with its seat of government at Pietermaritzburg. This republic never was recognized and many of the Boers trekked to the Transvaal in 1842, when the British occupied the Natal Coast.

In the rugged uplands of Natal were fought many battles of the Boer War, 1899-1902. The Boers came in from the Transvaal and drove the British army opposing them to Ladysmith, a town between big hills thirty miles from the Drakensberg range. They besieged Ladysmith 119 days, and held back the British relieving army, which occupied the south bank of the Tugela River. At Ladysmith we saw the town hall with its tower partly wrecked by a Boer shell. The tower is preserved in its damaged condition as a memento of the siege. The large English church contains many memorial tablets and windows with the names of 3,000 men who fell or died of disease in the defense and relief of the town.

Four thousand white persons live in Ladysmith, which is a prosperous agricultural center. On account of its elevation—3,300 feet above sea level, with a dry, bracing climate—it is a popular health resort, and people come here also to visit the battle fields. Wagon Hill and Nicholeon's Nek are within walking distance; Spion Kop, the scene of heavy fighting, is eighteen miles west. Sixteen miles south is Colenso, where some of the most important engagements of the war took place. The village is half encircled by the foothills of the Drakensberg, and at the base of the hills is the Tugela, Natal's longest river. Along its banks we saw the remains of the famous Boer trenches. At the crest of a hill we came on the grave of a British colonel with four of his men buried with him, one sergeant and three privates. On the hillsides and scattered thru the valleys are many graves and memorials.



The Bushmen, who occupied the southern coast of South Africa for more than a thousand miles, were not true negroes. There was some negro blood in them but it was mixed with some other strain. They gradually disappeared when the Bantu negroes came from the north, after the white man had reached the coast. This painting on a cliff in the Drakensberg Mountains, by Bushmen, indicates they were trying to leave their history for succeeding generations.

There are numerous coal mines in northwest Natal. The principal field, in the Klip River country, extends forty miles northwest and thirty miles southwest of the town of Dundee.

On the way to Pietermaritzburg, 112 miles south of Colenso, we pass dairy farms, creameries, cattle and sheep ranches. The railroad has been winding and descending steep grades all the way from the frontier. There the elevation was 6,000 feet. At Pietermaritzburg we are 2,218 feet above sea level, and only forty miles from the sea as the crow flies.

Pietermaritzburg is the center of a prosperous farming area, where mealies (Indian corn), tobacco, and many kinds of fruits are produced. It is a quaint, quiet, substantial place, with a white population of 20,000. On every side are tree-covered hills, and two small rivers embrace the town. The streets are wide and lined with shade trees. There is a municipal street car line on the two principal thoroughfares. The town hall is a three-story brick building with an imposing clock tower. The postoffice and Provincial Council buildings are of handsome design. Churches are numerous, Pietermaritzburg

being the seat of a bishopric of the Church of England. A church originally built as a thanksgiving for the victory over Dingaan and his Zulus now is used as a museum.

East of Pietermaritzburg is a great flat-topped rock known as "Natal Table Mountain" to distinguish it from the better-known Table Mountain at Cape Town. We saw many black wattle trees in this region. Black wattle is cultivated extensively in Natal for tan bark. The tree was imported from Australia and does especially well in Natal.

This Province is called the Garden Spot of South Africa, and deserves the name. Altho people on the coast consider the climate as tropical, it is not as much so as that of our Southern States on the Gulf. Natal is farther south of the Equator than these States are north of it. There are practically two seasons in Natal—the wet, or summer, lasting from October to March, and the dry, or winter, from April to December. Occasionally, hailstorms do much damage.

The coast belt, extending inland from ten to thirty miles, is adapted to the cultivation of sugar, tea, corn, tropical fruits, sweet potatoes, wattle bark, tobacco, cayenne pepper, arrow-root, chicory, beans and peanuts. Coffee does well in some parts of the coast. Cotton is grown, but not on a large scale, as it does not do well. The annual rainfall is about forty-two inches, mostly in the summer season. The principal industries of the coast belt are the production of sugar and tea. There are more than 50,000 acres under sugar cane and the industry maintains in active work more than thirty mills. There are more than 5,000 acres under tea. Natal tea has a distinctive character and is not as pungent as India or Ceylon tea.

In the midland plateau corn and other crops, such as barley, millet, oats, beans and vegetables, are grown. The wattle bark industry flourishes in this section. Tobacco culture promises to be an important activity. Large areas are devoted to the raising of cattle, sheep and horses. Development has been held back because the pastoral Boers divided the country into great ranches, many of which still exist, but Natal now is getting away from this and making room for more farmers.

The annual rainfall in the midlands is about thirty-three inches.

In the upland belt the climate is colder on account of the elevation, and the yield of crops consequently varies. The farms of this section carry large numbers of live stock, which does very well.

It was the sugar industry that brought the East Indians to Natal. The negro is not a good worker and the plantations required reliable labor. To meet the need the Natal government, in 1860, legalized the importation of coolies. In six years 6,000 East Indians were introduced; now there are more than 100,000 of them in Natal. When their labor contracts expired, many left the plantations and acquired land for themselves, or went into business on a small scale.



The "papaya" is an important fruit in Natal. It is much larger than the "pawpaw" native to the United States, altho it resembles it. Florida is now growing a papaya of the species grown in Natal and Hawaii.

Early potatoes are among the main crops of the Natal farmers, being shipped in quantities to Johannesburg, in the Transvaal, and other towns. Another industry of importance is fruit culture. Fruits of many lands, temperate to tropical, are grown within a few miles of the Indian Ocean. Bananas are extensively cultivated on the coast for local consumption and for export thruout the Union. Pineapples of several varieties grow in the open, sandy soil of the coast and as far inland as fifteen miles. Avocado pears flourish in the coast belt. Oranges are grown on the coast and inland to an elevation of 3,000 feet above sea level. Lemons do well in the coast and midland districts. The papaya grows almost as a weed. Plums and peaches are grown in quantities and exported. Apple and pear culture would be profitable except for the damaging hail.

Until recent years little attention was given to dairying. In some districts cattle have grazing for eight months in the year, and the winter season on the coast belt and midlands is not severe. There dairying is carried on; hog raising also is practicable, and there is a good demand in South Africa for hogs. The progress of cattle raising has been hampered by outbreaks of disease, such as rinderpest and East Coast fever, which are now controlled by dipping. Poultry and bee-keeping have made considerable progress in recent years.

From Pietermaritzburg we travel seventy-three miles by the winding railroad, thru hilly and wooded country, down to Durban, the seaport of Natal.

CHAPTER IV

DURBAN, ZULULAND AND SWAZILAND

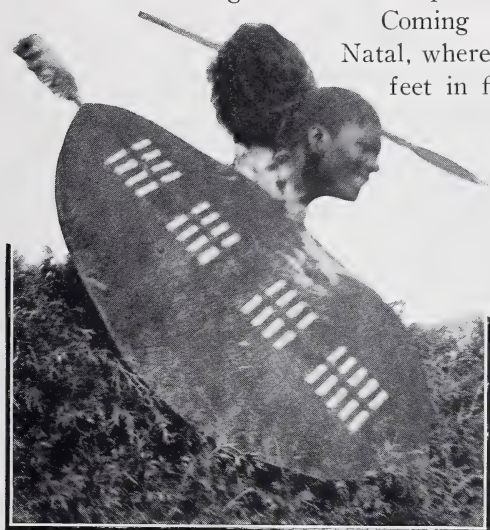
BEFORE following further in the wake of the trekking Boers, it is worth while to turn aside for a visit to the City of Durban, where the British influence always dominated, and take a glance at contemporary Zululand and Swaziland.

Coming down the great slope of Natal, where the railroad descends 3,000 feet in five hours of travel, we arrive at Durban, the busiest port and the most picturesque city of South Africa.

Part African, part Asiatic, part European, Durban is a combination of the quaintness of India, the color of Zululand, the well-ordered administration of a British government and the business ability of English and Scotch merchants and shipping agents. It is a

city of commodious hotels and clubs, modern public buildings, clean streets, well-operated tramcars, beautiful parks and gardens, smart shops, English churches, a Jewish synagogue, a Mohammedani mosque, a Hindu temple, motor cars driven by white chauffeurs, rickshas pulled by fantastically garbed Zulus, markets run by East Indians. At the wharves are steamers and sailing ships from all quarters of the world.

On one side of the city is the bay, with palm-fringed



A Zulu warrior.

esplanade, and on the other is the Indian Ocean, with the famous beach of Durban, which makes it the principal seaside resort of South Africa. Because of the Mozambique Current, the temperature of the ocean here is mild the year round. In the winter season, May to September, when Durban's climate is at its best and that of Johannesburg and the high veldt of the Transvaal and Orange Free State is at its worst, the people come from the interior to this sunny beach. The distance from Johannesburg to Durban by rail is 482 miles. The Durban beach was a stretch of sand dunes, but now it is beautified with terraced gardens, and along the beach are a dozen big hotels doing an extensive and profitable business.

In West street, the main thorofare of Durban, is the Town Hall, a magnificent building surmounted by a dome which rises 157 feet above the pavement. The public gardens, adjoining the Town Hall, and the botanical gardens, a short distance from the center of the city, contain fine collections of tropical shrubs and trees. In all there are six parks, a public recreation ground, a race course, also golf links, polo, cricket and football grounds. On a range of hills behind the town is Berea, the fashionable residential suburb.

Durban is the convenient outlet and inlet for trade between the interior of South Africa and the world, but its progress was checked for many years by a sandbar across the harbor entrance, which prevented large ships from coming to the docks. Powerful suction dredges are now used to keep the entrance clear and the harbor deep enough for vessels up to 18,000 tons. The mail boats sailing weekly from England come along the west coast of Africa, calling at Cape Town, and ending their voyage at Durban. There is a monthly service from England by the longer route, the Mediterranean Sea, Red Sea and down the east coast of Africa to Durban. Because of its coal-bunkering facilities, Durban became the leading port of South Africa in the late war, and is spending a large amount of money improving and extending the harbor so that it may maintain its dominant position.

The inner basin covers eight square miles, with three miles

of wharves, provided with sheds having a capacity of more than 100,000 tons, electrically operated coaling appliances capable of handling 400 to 450 tons an hour; cranes of all sizes from one and one-half to fifty tons, steam and hydraulic. There is a floating dry dock that will take vessels up to 8,500 tons dead weight and 475 feet in length. A floating workshop is completely equipped with appliances, electrically driven, including a fifteen-ton steam crane.

The first railroad in South Africa was a two-mile line built in 1860, from the town of Dur-

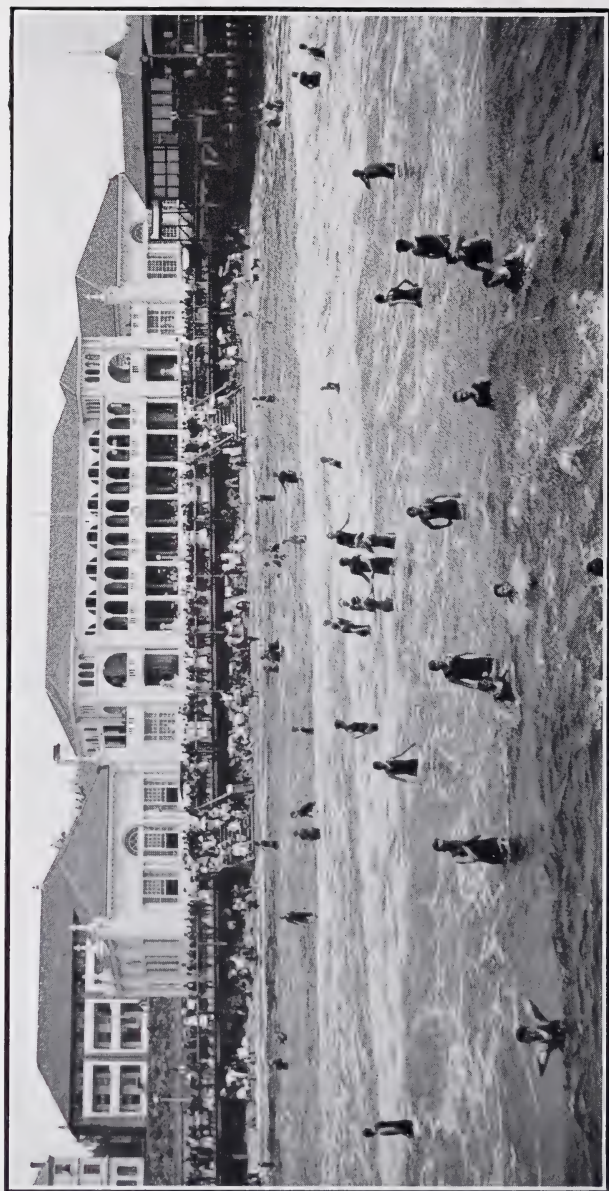
baban to the Point, where the principal wharves are located. Altho the chief industries of the city are affiliated with shipping, it is becoming a manufacturing center, having now a large soap works, an explosive plant and a canning factory specializing in Natal fruits.

Durban has a population of 50,000 whites, 60,000 negroes and 30,000



This is the finest municipal building in South Africa and one of the show places in Durban. It is difficult to understand how the South African cities can afford to put so much money in "town halls" when every municipality, province and even the Union is deeply in debt.

Asiatics, chiefly low caste East Indians. We have referred to the importation of East Indians for working the sugar plantations and the subsequent restrictions established to stop this influx. Less than 25 per cent of the Indians imported to work on the plantation are to be found now. Some took up farms on their own account, many went into market gardening near Durban, others became small merchants, and



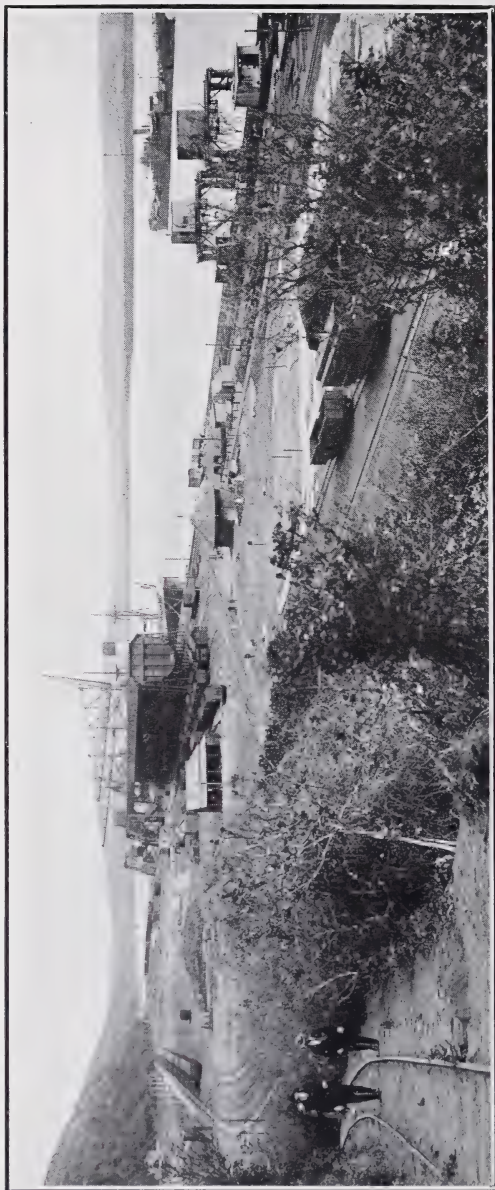
The beach at Durban is the Atlantic City of South Africa. It is lined with hotels occupied by people who can afford to leave the high altitude of 4,000 to 6,000 feet, as is encountered at Johannesburg and Kimberley and, in fact, all of South Africa except the coastal fringe, and spend their time in the pleasurable environs of the fashionable hostelrys along the seashore.

the balance are menial workers in Durban and other towns.

Of the negroes, the majority are Zulus, and as you go about in Durban you begin to suspect that every Zulu boy has gone into the ricksha business. They are tall, well-developed fellows, spectacular in their bright-colored costumes with war-bonnets of feathers, interesting descendants of Zulus who once were the terror of South Africa.

The tribes from which the Zulu nation was formed came to this country from Central Africa some time after Natal was discovered by Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese navigator. He had rounded the Cape of Good Hope and was sailing up the East Coast, seeking a route to India. On December 25, 1497, he sighted the forested shore which he named Natal, because he had had his first glimpse of it on the natal or birthday anniversary of the Saviour. Ships going to India had no occasion to come up the African coast, and for the next three centuries Natal rarely was visited by white men. In 1686, a Dutch vessel was wrecked on the coast near Durban, and the crew, when found by a ship from the Dutch East India Company, told of having seen large negro tribes with many cattle. The tribes had the same names by which they are known today. In 1782, the *Grosvenor*, a British East India ship, said to have gold aboard to the present value of five million dollars, was wrecked off the Natal coast. Some white women who had been on board the ship were saved from the sea but were forced to wed native chiefs, and their descendants are living today in a village in southern Natal. In 1823, several Englishmen landed in the bay at Durban on an exploring expedition and were so pleased with the country that they made presents to the Zulu king, the terrible Chaka, and obtained permission to settle on the bay and open trading stations there.

Chaka had built up the Zulu nation from scattered negro tribes in much the same manner that Moshesh established the Basuto nation, east of Natal. Chaka and Moshesh are among the very few leaders who emerged from the black race. Chaka was more of a fighter than Moshesh, merciless and bloodthirsty. He developed a disciplined army of 50,000 to 100,000 Zulus,



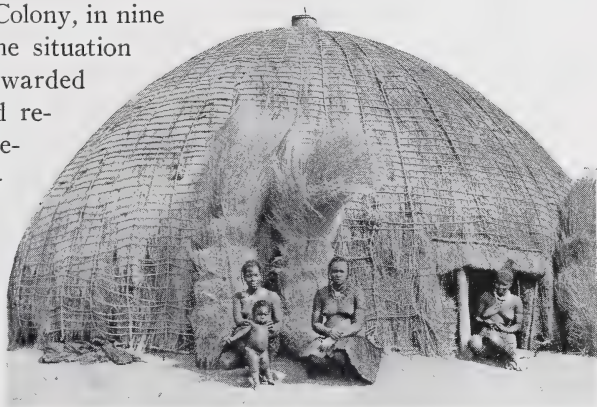
The coaling station in Durban harbor.

which was victorious wherever it went and became more courageous with each victory. Chaka arranged his warriors in regiments according to age, and each regiment had a distinguishing uniform. He trained them to mass and proceed anywhere on short notice. He controlled the marriage of every Zulu man and woman, and prohibited all intercourse between young men and girls, an innovation in negro life. Warriors could not take wives until they had slain an enemy in battle. All who would not acknowledge Chaka as king, were enemies. More than one million negroes were killed during his reign, which ended when he was assassinated in 1828 by his brother, Dingaan, whose bloody career already has been referred to.

While the Boers were founding the town of Pietermaritzburg and proclaiming the Republic of Natalia, the British settlement at Durban was growing, and in 1842 the British government of the Cape Colony sent a military force to Durban. The Boers came to the coast; the British attacked them and were repulsed. One of the British settlers, Dick King, succeeded in passing thru the Boer line and rode horseback 600 miles thru roadless country, crossing six rivers, to Grahams-town, in the Cape Colony, in nine

days. News of the situation at Durban was forwarded to Cape Town and reinforcements immediately were de-

spatched by boat, and on their arrival at Durban the Boers retired, and on August 8, 1843, Natal was proclaimed a British colony. Most of the Boers then trekked to the Transvaal, more British came in, and Natal is today



In our country the men build the houses and the women live in them. In Zululand, women build the huts and the men live in them. Women raise all the food and never come into the hut except to cook meals and sleep. The men protect their complexion during the day by remaining in the hut and do most of their going about at night. They are the original "Sun dodgers."

the one province of the Union of South Africa, where British blood predominates in the white population.

M'Pande, who had become king of the native tribes in Zululand, northeastern Natal, made a treaty of peace with the whites, but he grew fat and lazy and lost his authority. He had seven sons and two of them, Cetawayo and Umbulazi, were ambitious. M'Pande said: "Two young bulls cannot live in the same kraal; one must drive the other out or be gored." The two brothers agreed with this sentiment and lined up their followers for battle. Cetawayo won, killed

Umbulazi and his five other brothers, and ordered the massacre of all who had sided with Umbulazi. Twenty-five per cent of the Zulus, men, women and children, were slaughtered. M'Pande lived several years, but Cetawayo ran the Zulus, and in 1872, when M'Pande died, the British government recognized Cetawayo as king, on his promise to be good.

The new potentate kept his word for a few years. In 1878, following a boundary dispute and the invasion of British territory by Zulu warriors, a force of 7,000 British troops and 8,000 natives of the Cape Colony were sent into Zululand. One column was surrounded by Zulus and nearly annihilated, 858 British and 500 natives being killed. On the same night 139 British, including 35 sick, successfully defended Rorke's Drift, on the frontier, against 4,000 Zulus. The Zulu armies at this time totaled about 30,000 men. Reinforcements were rushed from England, increasing the British forces to 15,000. After several battles the Zulus were scattered. Cetawayo fled, but was captured and deported to Cape Town. Later he was released and visited England and subsequently was permitted to return to Zululand, where he died while warring with a jealous chief. An incident of the Zulu war was the death in battle of the young Prince Imperial of France, who had come to Natal and joined the British force as a volunteer.

Zululand was made a British protectorate in 1887, under a Crown Commissioner. Ten years later it was placed under the administration of the Colony of Natal. In 1906 and 1907, there were serious risings of the Zulus, which were put down by the Natal forces, aided by contingents from the Transvaal and the Cape. Natal became a Province of the Union of South Africa May 31, 1910, and Zululand came under the administration of the Union thru its Department of Native Affairs.

The Zulus now have no king. They are scattered thruout Natal, particularly in the coastal region, and many of them live in Zululand, which has an area of 10,000 square miles, extending from the Tugela River to the northeastern boundary of Natal. In Zululand the old native laws and customs prevail, modified and supervised by the white magistrates of the



The visitor to Durban is apt to think that all the Zulu "boys" have gone into the ricksha business. It is quite the accepted thing for the tourist to have his picture taken with the ricksha boys and, having a proper regard for conventions, Mr. Boyce submitted to the camera man's insistence.

Union government. Authority centers in the village headman, then in the tribal chiefs, assisted by the "indunas," or counselors, and finally in the white government.

Before Zululand was a part of Natal, white farmers were practically excluded, but the Union government has opened considerable of the sugar cane lands to settlement. Gold has been discovered and coal is being mined in paying quantities. A railroad line from Durban extends 167 miles along the coast into Zululand, terminating at Somkele, near the coal field.

Much of Zululand is well wooded, well watered and suitable to sugar, tea and tobacco. However, there are swampy flats where malarial fever prevails. The natives have large herds

of cattle, except in certain areas where the tsetse fly abounds. Lions, hippopotami and antelope are found in several districts. Arms and ammunition may be imported only by permit; goods may be landed on the coast, and the sale of liquor to the natives is forbidden.

With their wives growing the mealies (corn), sweet potatoes and pumpkins, and their small boys tending the cattle and goats, the men of Zululand lead idle, carefree lives. They are of good physique and many of them have a proud bearing, an inheritance from their ancestors, who were developed by constant exercise and trained as warriors. The men spend most of their time loafing in their kraals. The kraals consist of as many huts as there are wives, with the additional huts for storing grain, etc., built around an enclosure where cattle and goats are kept at night. Land is held on the communal plan. When there was a king, the land belonged to him, and he assigned it as he saw fit. Now the jurisdiction is in the hands of the village headmen and tribal chief, supervised by white officials.

In the old days the king controlled marriage, and, once a year, at the "Feast of First Fruits," formal permission was granted to certain groups of women to become wives of certain regiments, with the parents selling their daughters, as they do today, usually for cattle.

Like other negroes, the Zulus believe in good and evil spirits—mostly evil. They have witch doctors to protect them from demons and rain doctors to end droughts. The women do up their hair in gobs of red clay, and, except when going to the white settlement, wear few clothes. Among the Zulu industries are pottery making, weaving of mats from grass and reeds, basket work, the making of leather skirts, feather work, beadwork, the making of knobsticks (carried by the men), and assegais (throwing spears). Many of the young Zulu men work in the mines of the Transvaal and in the towns while raising money enough to buy cattle or wives.

Of the same stock as the Zulus are the negroes of Swaziland, adjoining Zululand on the north, bounded on the west

by the Transvaal and on the east by Portuguese East Africa. Swaziland has an area of 6,780 square miles and a population of more than 100,000 natives. Like Basutoland, it is a protectorate under the British Crown, governed by a Resident Commissioner and staff of assistants, with one-half the area and one-fifth the population of Basutoland. Swaziland is largely mountainous.

When Chaka was organizing the Zulus he tried to take in the tribes now occupying Swaziland, but they sought refuge in the mountains and proceeded to set up a nation

of their own, adopting the name of their chief, Swazi. The successors of this chief gave liberal concessions to the Boers of the Transvaal, and in 1881 the Boer Transvaal Republic acknowledged the independence of the Swazis. In 1906, Great Britain established a protectorate over Swaziland. The Crown Commissioner lives at Mbabane, in the



The instruments used in a Zulu band are home-made and so is the noise. They extract squeaks from bows, and groans from reed instruments. If they have a tune no one has discovered it, but the band is greatly appreciated by Zulu audiences.

mountains, where there is a white population of 200 persons—officials and traders and their families. In all there are about 1,000 white persons in Swaziland, and there are a few farmers among the number.

In the western part the land is high, having an altitude of more than 5,000 feet above sea level. The lowlands are only 200 feet above sea level and are malarious. Tin, gold

and coal are found in the west. Agricultural products are corn, peanuts and sub-tropical fruits. In the winter season large numbers of cattle are driven into Swaziland from the Transvaal and the Orange Free State to feed on the grass. Most of the imports come by way of Delagoa Bay, in Portuguese East Africa, sixty miles east of the Swaziland border. Ten thousand Swazis work in the Transvaal mines.



Feminine vanity is not the product of modern civilization. Whether on the West Coast, in Tropical or South Africa, the native women pay much attention to dressing their hair. Coiffure variety is endless, ranging from shaved heads to great mops of hair twisted into fantastic shapes.

CHAPTER V

ORANGE FREE STATE

THE Boers who established the first successful Republic in South Africa were descendants of Dutch farmers in Holland, where every tiny plot of ground is precious and a farm is little more than a back yard. The greatest desire of every

Boer was to have a wide farm, miles from neighbors, where he could enjoy undisturbed the freedom of the veldt, or open plain. Nearly a century ago 10,000 Boers left the southern part of the Cape Colony of South Africa because they felt it was becoming crowded and trekked into the then unknown regions of the north, crossing several hundred miles of the waterless, uninhabited Karoo and coming on to the grassy prairies of what is now the Orange Free State. There they located their ranch houses, far apart, and were happy in their isolation.

To these voortrekkers (pioneers) the finest scenery in the world was the vast plain with its horizon broken by kopjes (pronounced "kopies"), rocky hills fifty to a thousand feet high. The Orange Free State, central Province of the Union of South Africa, is nearly all plains, 4,000 to 5,000 feet above sea level, and is more Boer than any other part of the Union.

Our first stop in the Free State was at Marseilles, which got its French name from Huguenots who settled there, but is now a Boer dorp (village) under the British flag. Fifteen miles away, Basutoland, with its five hundred thousand negroes,



This bronze group is at the foot of an obelisk 150 feet high, near Bloemfontein, in memory of more than 26,000 women and children who died in concentration camps during the Boer War.

hangs like a black cloud on the edge of the Free State.

Marseilles consists of a railroad station, a general store and a country school. The sight of scores of youngsters riding to school on their ponies carried me back to my boyhood. They were fine, healthy specimens, these boys and girls; clean, well-dressed, intelligent. Four out of five were Boers. They came from ten miles around the school, a total of eighty pupils. The three-room stone building, with concrete floors and walks, is typical of the public schools of the Free State and of all South Africa under the Union. Lessons are taught in two languages, English and Afrikaans (Boer Dutch), required by the constitution of the Union. The teachers are as well paid as the country school-teachers of the United States.

Altho the Free State is about the size of Illinois, having an area of over 50,000 square miles, its white population is less than 200,000. There are more than 400,000 native negroes, from whom the people of the towns and villages, the mine operators, farmers and ranchers obtain their labor, for in this country the whites do no manual work. The natives live in "locations" reserved for them in the towns, villages and at the mines. On the farms and ranches where they do agricultural work their "bass" (boss) assigns each family or group of families a plot of ground where they construct their thatched huts and the women and children raise garden truck and pasture a few head of cattle and sheep from which the families really live, leaving the wages of the men for taxes and luxuries. In the Orange Free State the negro was never held in slavery, neither has he been given the right to vote under any circumstances. The Boers seem now to get along with the negroes better than the British, who extend to them more liberty.

The old Roman-Dutch law of the Boers provides for estates being divided equally among the sons, but one son usually bought out his brothers, who either entered the professions, becoming lawyers, teachers, ministers or doctors, or lost their money and then trekked on to new country. The sentiment of this day is against dividing up the farms, and large estates remain the rule. This system results in many "poor whites."

In the early days the Boers had a lot of trouble with the natives, who wanted concessions such as the British government of the Cape Colony granted to its negro subjects. In the new country were many natives who had run away from the Cape; the Bantu negroes were still coming in from the north, and a large area to the west was occupied by the Bastards, or Griquas, of mixed European, Hottentot and negro blood. The Griquas were under British protection and the quarrels between them and the Boers resulted in the annexation by the Cape government, in 1848, of the whole country



This district school building contains three rooms and is attended by eighty pupils, about 75 per cent being from Boer families. The remainder are British. All lessons are in both English and Afrikaans (Boer Dutch). Some of the pupils ride or drive ten miles to attend school and the teachers are paid about the same as district school teachers in the United States.

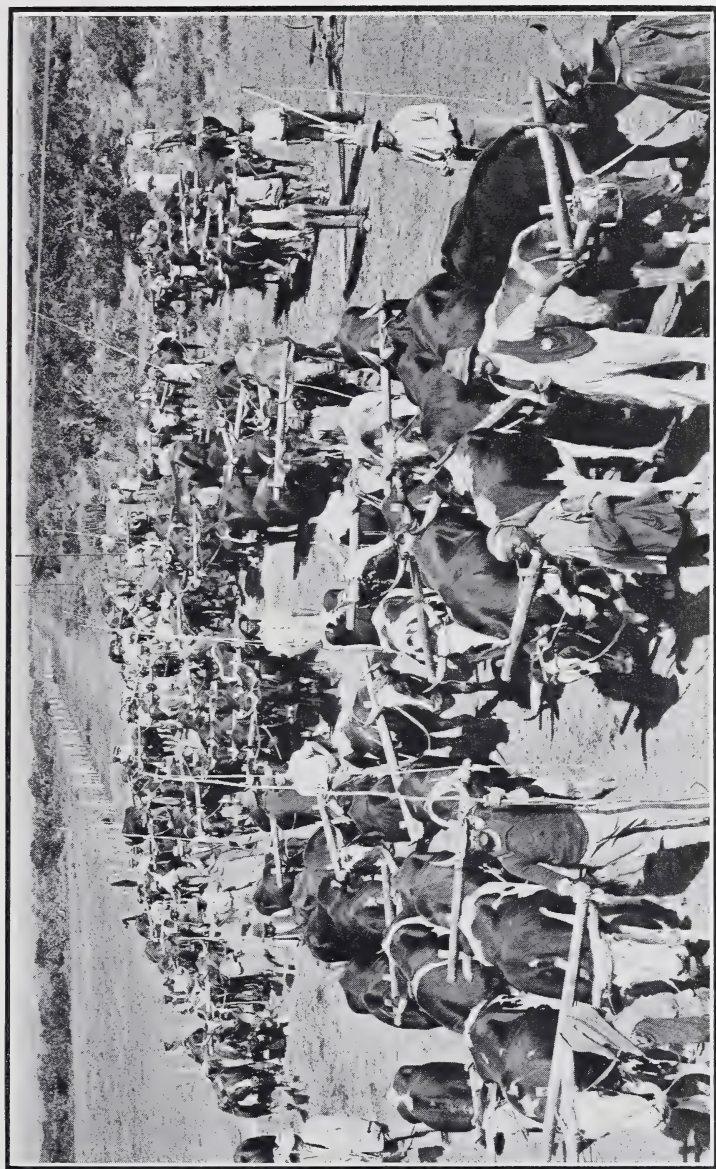
south of the Vaal River, the northern boundary of the Orange Free State. The Boers took up arms under their leader, Andries Pretorius, who had won fame as a fighter in Natal, and met a strong force of British troops at Boomplaats. The battle ended in the defeat of Pretorius, who retired, with many of his followers, to north of the Vaal River, in the country which later became the Boer Republic of the Transvaal.

So many troops were required to hold the Orange Free State that it was abandoned by the British in 1854 and its independence was confirmed at Bloemfontein, which became

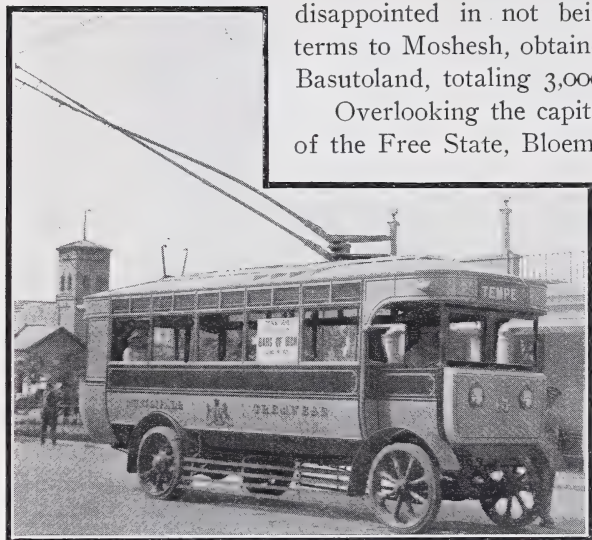
the capital of the new Boer government. The Free State then extended north from the Orange River to the Vaal River, with Drakensberg Mountains as its southeastern boundary, the native territory of Basutoland on the east and Griqualand on the west. Griqualand became valuable owing to the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley in 1867. The district was claimed by the Free State, also by the Boers of the Transvaal, and by the Griquas. The dispute was settled by the British making Griqualand a Crown Colony, later attached to the Cape Province, and paying the Free State \$450,000.

Altho the British recognized the independence of the Orange Free State, as a Republic, they stipulated that the Boer government should not make treaties or enter into relations with the governments of other countries except with the consent of the British government. This was one of the causes of the war between Boers and British nearly a half century later.

When the Boers formed their Free State government they realized that their greatest danger was from the Basutos, strongly intrenched in the mountains on the east, who had been raiding the settlers for years and were now claiming one of the most fertile regions of the Free State. So they allowed Moshesh, the Basuto chief, to dictate the selection of the first president of the Republic, Josias Hoffman, a farmer. The Boers had peace during his term of office, but the next president fell out with the Basuto chief. The negroes crossed the frontier, settled on the ranches and farms and ravaged the country for miles. Once the Boers succeeded in making a boundary agreement with Moshesh, but he soon repudiated it. After nearly a year's fighting the Basuto chief was driven to his stronghold in the mountains, where he asked for peace and offered to cede part of the country to the Boers. Later he declared he had only made the offer in order to gain time to secure a harvest. This so angered the Boers that they drove all the Basutos into the mountains, destroyed their granaries and surrounded Moshesh's own mountain. This resulted in the now frightened chief transferring Basutoland to the British Crown in 1868, as a protectorate. The Free State, tho



A road construction gang in the Orange Free State is an interesting spectacle. When the Boer unhitches his ox team he calls it "outspanning," when he hitches up again he calls it "inspanning." The oxen forage for themselves and are therefore more economical to use on road work than are horses.



disappointed in not being able to dictate terms to Moshesh, obtained a fertile strip of Basutoland, totaling 3,000 square miles.

Overlooking the capital and largest town of the Free State, Bloemfontein, is a monu-

ment in memory of Boers who fell in the Basuto wars, the last fighting in the Free States until 1899, when the state joined its sister Republic of the Transvaal against Great Britain.

One watches his step in Bloemfontein for the trolley cars have no rails and wander from one side of the street to the other. They are the latest word in trolley driven transportation and in dry, warm climates may be successful. In a climate of ice and snow they probably would be rather uncertain.

From Marseilles to Bloemfontein I traveled nearly a hundred miles thru a prairie

country with the grass so high that the many cattle did not have to bend their necks to feed and where thousands upon thousands of acres of fine corn fields were always in sight. I was further impressed with the rich country surrounding Bloemfontein by noticing the great agricultural supply warehouses that lined the tracks as we came into the railroad station. It reminded me of a very prosperous American city of 25,000, located in the center of a productive farming country.

Bloemfontein has a population of 20,000 whites and 20,000 blacks. The town is regularly laid out, on a plain flanked by low hills, with wide streets leading from a large market square, in the center. There are many handsome public buildings, most of them a combination of red brick and of fine grained white stone, quarried in the neighborhood. The government buildings face on the finest thoroughfare, President Brand Street,

named in honor of the chief executive in whose term of office, lasting twenty-four years, the Boer Republic enjoyed peace and prosperity. Brand's successor, President Reitz, led the Free State to unite with the Transvaal in the war which cost the Boers their independence.

When the foundation of the Union of South Africa was laid, in 1909, an effort was made to please everybody by locating the Union Parliament at Cape Town, the administrative offices at Pretoria, in the Transvaal, and the Supreme Court and insane asylum at Bloemfontein. Three miles west of the town is a fine group of buildings costing one million dollars, the Grey University Colleges. Bloemfontein is the chief inland center of education, 3,000 students attending the various institutions.

The latest wrinkle in street railway transportation has been introduced in Bloemfontein, cars receiving their motor power from trolleys and running on the concrete streets, without rails, on broad wheels shod with hard rubber tires. The system



The Supreme Court of the Union of South Africa is held in this building at Bloemfontein. Political trading in the Union has resulted in having the Parliament building in Cape Town, the executive capital in Pretoria and the Supreme Court in Bloemfontein.

appears to be a success, but it is necessary for the cars to go slowly around corners in order to keep from skidding into the curb.

From Bloemfontein we covered, in a good American car, more than a hundred miles of interior, making first-hand observation of irrigation plants and Boer farms. The average annual rainfall in the Orange Free State is twenty-one inches, and comes mostly in the summer when evaporation is the greatest. As a rule there is not enough moisture the year round for intensified farming except thru irrigation, altho there is grass for millions of cattle and sheep and an abundance of corn to fatten cattle. For general farming it is necessary to conserve all the water possible by building embankments so as to make ponds at low points or by up-to-date concrete dams on streams to save the water for use in raising more than one crop in a season. We found one place where they raised six crops of alfalfa in one year, by irrigating. Water is found every place at a depth of not more than sixty feet, and from one point we counted fifty-one American windmills.

The Free State is between 26 and 30 degrees south of the Equator and would be hot except for the high elevation, which makes it very healthful, a splendid climate for white people. The native negro labor is very cheap and very poor. A Boer farmer, 67 years old, who served us with British tea instead of Boer coffee, grazes and farms many acres along the Modder River with the help of his three sons and a large number of negroes. He is known as a very progressive and wealthy man in his community and his ranch looked it. He has experimented with many kinds of cattle, from the native Afrikaner to the well-bred Friesland, and says the higher graded cattle are the money-makers.

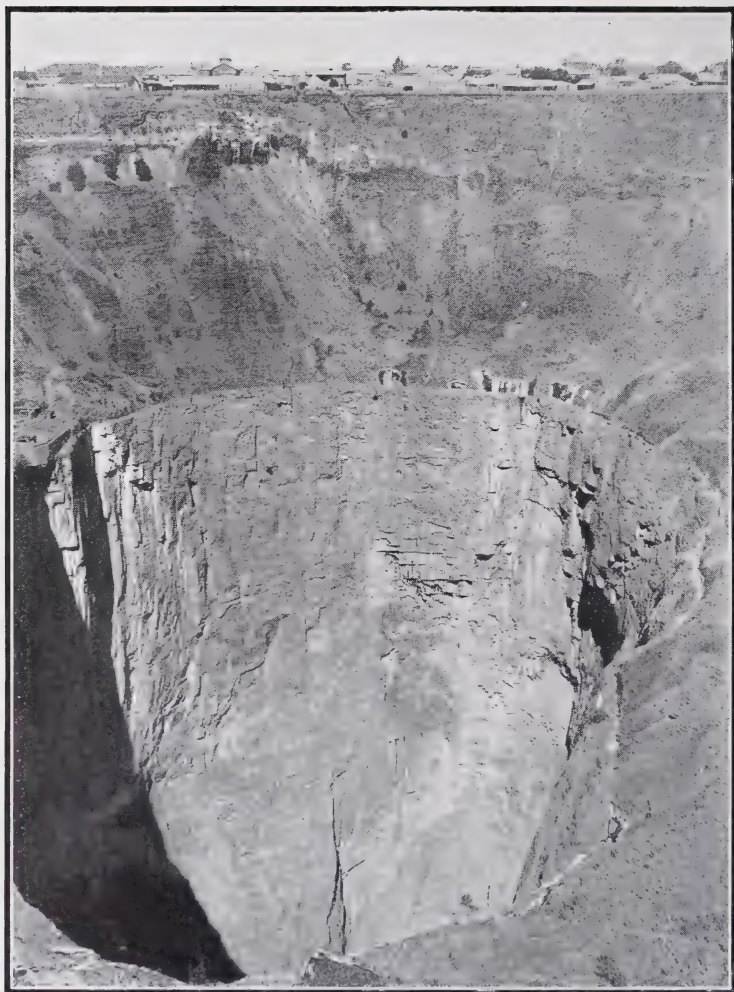
The Free State is an exceptionally good cattle and sheep country, having a total of nearly two million head of cattle, eight million fine woolled sheep and a half million coarse woolled. In the Free State the sheep average four to the acre, while in Australia it takes four acres to a sheep, showing the difference in the pasturage. In the Free State it has been

necessary to develop cattle very slowly from the Afrikaner stock in order to combat all kinds of diseases, but the government coöperates with the livestock raisers by providing scientific treatment, and dipping is general. The farmers have not gone into hog raising extensively, altho there is plenty of corn. There are comparatively few ostrich farms. Vegetables do wonderfully well; the natives live almost entirely on vegetables and corn.

Except for diamond mining, the minerals of the Free State have not been exploited. The value of the mineral production for the last few years has averaged eleven million dollars annually, of which diamonds represent eight and one-half million dollars, the balance being coal and salt. It is a wide spread in the mineral field, from diamonds to coal and salt. There are many things about the Orange Free State remindful of the United States west of the Mississippi River in the early days, when as a lad I trekked thru part of the country ahead of the railroad.



This is a typical homestead of a well-to-do Boer. On this particular farm, about thirty miles from Bloemfontein, part of the land was under irrigation. The home and family suggested prosperity and contentment.



This is the deepest man-hole in the world—the Kimberley mine. Comparison with the buildings at the top gives an idea of the extent of the hole. Open working was carried on here to a depth of 1,200 feet before slides from the sides made it dangerous to continue. At the top the hole is 1,200 feet in diameter. The underground workings go to a depth of 3,600 feet.

CHAPTER VI

KIMBERLEY AND DIAMOND MINING

FORTY-FIVE years ago, when I was a very young man, I would have traded 51 per cent of my chances of going to Heaven for the price of a ticket from western Pennsylvania to Kimberley, in far-away South Africa. That was when the individual digger was in his glory. Of all the mining camps in the world, Kimberley has been the greatest gamble. When I did actually arrive in Kimberley, forty-five years later, the conductor of our train from Cape Town showed me a telegram signed by the general manager of the mines at Kimberley, reading as follows:



Sorting the rough diamonds.

Please ascertain number in Mr. Boyce's party traveling in private saloon fifteen and ask Mr. Boyce what time it will suit him to visit the mines.

In the old days the diamond seekers came from Cape Town up thru the mountains and over the sun-baked plains by foot or in veldt wagons drawn by oxen. I would have been willing to walk. But now we traveled in a luxurious railroad car.

Kimberley is 647 miles northwest of Cape Town, 4,012 feet above sea level, on the great dry tableland of the Karoo. For hours the train passes thru unchanging scenery—lonely farms at the few places where there are springs or wells, bare hills

of rock and nothing else but a vast level expanse on which the only vegetation is the scrub growth called the karoo, which resembles our sage brush.

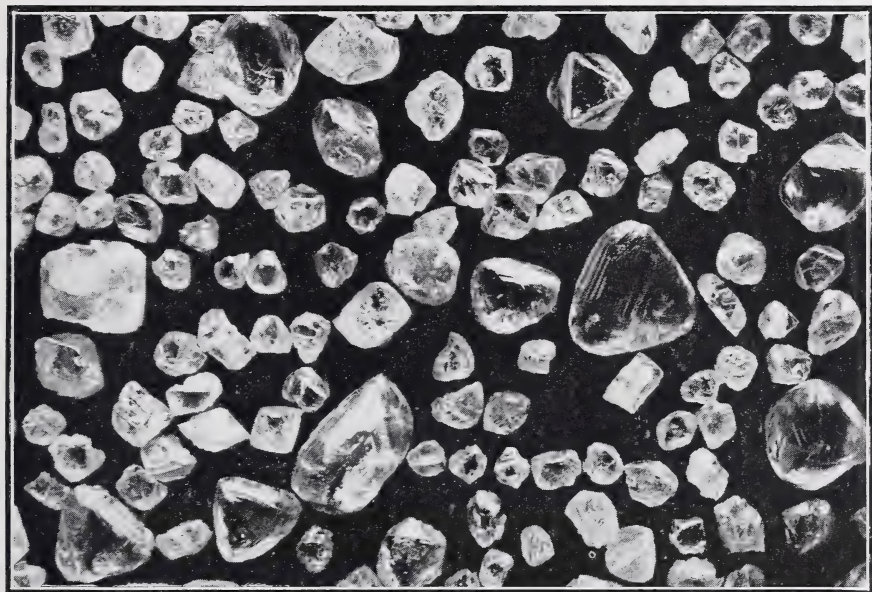
Pioneer Boers trekking into this desolate country settled in considerable numbers near the Orange and Vaal rivers, on the edge of the Karoo. A trader calling on one of the Boers saw the farmer's little daughter playing with a remarkably brilliant pebble, suspected it was a diamond, submitted it to a jeweler, and got \$2,500 for it. The Boer received half the proceeds, gave up farming and began seeking diamonds. Two years later he obtained from a negro witch doctor, for \$2,000, a fine stone of eighty-three carats, which he immediately sold for \$56,000. This diamond, since valued at \$125,000, was named "the Star of South Africa," and is in the possession of the Countess of Dudley. It started the rush to the banks of the River Vaal. From all parts of South Africa they came—farmers, clerks, soldiers, sailors, adventurers—followed by thousands from other parts of the world, as soon as the news went around.

Within a few months there were 10,000 white men in the Vaal River district, living in tents and huts, working from daylight to dark on the river banks, shoveling the gravel, washing it in cradles and sorting it on tables or rocks. When one found a large stone his neighbors rallied about him with congratulations, then redoubled their own efforts. Every man felt he might be the next to make a big find. Those compelled by hard luck to leave the diggings would vow they were coming back as soon as they could get enough money to live on.

Diamonds are still being taken from the Vaal. The old diggings, twenty-two miles from Kimberley, now produce two million dollars' worth of stones per year. When we went to Barkly West, the center of the district, the town was full of bustle and animation. The weekly diamond market was in progress. In little cabins were the buyers, from Kimberley for the day, with flags flying at the doors to notify the miners they were ready for business.

Most of the river diggers are poor and struggling. There

are a few large diggings, worked by men with capital, who have gas engines operating their rotary washers, but the average prospector lives from hand to mouth, washing in primitive fashion with a few negroes to help him. The average number



At Kimberley one may see a million dollars' worth of uncut diamonds in a half-dozen different places. There is considerable loss in cutting, depending upon the nature of the stone and the style of the cut. The average loss at Kimberley on cutting is from one-half to three-fifths of the weight of the stone. The stones shown here are four times the size they appear to be in the picture.

of claims in the Barkly West diggings is 2,000. During rushes the number rises to 5,000, a rush always following an unusually good find.

Gong-Gong, Forlorn Hope, Blue Jacket, Moonlight Rush and other camps on the Vaal were scenes of famous rushes, but these were small compared to the development of the great fields at Kimberley.

Three years after the discoveries on the Vaal River, some children found diamonds near a "pan" or shallow pool on the

Dutoit farm, twenty-two miles from the river. Diggers swarmed to the farm and took possession. The dry diggings were different from the Vaal. There they had to dig pits in the gravel and the diamonds were comparatively few. In the new field the diamonds were more plentiful and easily picked from the light surface soil. This surface deposit, however, was only a sample. Digging deeper, they found the diamond-bearing "blue ground" which made Kimberley what it is today.

This blue ground is in "pipes." A pipe is an immense funnel, the crater of an extinct mud volcano. How far the volcano pipes go down is not known. A few steps from Kimberley's main street is the deepest man-made hole in the world, the Kimberley Mine. Open working was carried on here to a depth of 1,200 feet, when it was stopped, owing to continued falling in of the sides. At its top the hole is 1,200 feet in diameter. Mining has since been done by underground work-



Diamonds are recovered by passing the final solution of blue mud over tables coated with vaseline which catches the diamonds and rejects the debris. The tables are then scraped and the diamonds separated from the vaseline.

ings extending to a depth of 3,600 feet, and we were told the bottom of the pipe has not yet been reached.

When prospectors were scouring Dutoit's Pan and the neighboring farms in their search for diamonds a well was sunk in Colesburg Kopje, a slope about a mile from Dutoit's. The diggers went down seventy-five feet without finding water, but at this depth came upon diamonds. This resulted in the New Rush, greatest of all. The mine and the town that grew around it, over night, were named Kimberley in honor of the British colonial secretary.

Kimberley immediately became the center of the diamond fields, a magnet drawing wealth-seekers and adventurers from all over the globe. Most of them lived in tents, but there were four hotels hurriedly built, two flying the British flag, one run by a German and the fourth marked by the Stars and Stripes.

Here came Cecil Rhodes, 17-year-old sickly college student, out from England to spend a vacation with a brother who had secured three claims in the Kimberley mine. Cecil Rhodes got his start at Kimberley. How Rhodes added two provinces in South Africa to the British Empire is related in subsequent chapters.

Each of the original diggers at Kimberley was allowed to peg out a claim thirty-one feet square, a committee of claim-holders deducting strips as roadways across the mine. As the excavations grew the roadways fell in. Hauling from the edge of the mine was then introduced, but when the hole got deeper the sides began sliding. The diggers in the huge hole at that time were estimated from ten to twelve thousand. After more than half the claims were buried by slides, resulting in thousands of lawsuits, the holdings were consolidated in a few hands.

Rhodes became a dealer in claims, and in 1880 launched the De Beers Mining Company, named for the De Beers mine, a mile east of the Kimberley. There were two kings of diamonds, Rhodes, the student, and Barney Barnato, a poor rabbi's son, who made his way from the Whitechapel district of London to Kimberley when he was 18 with sixty boxes of cheap

cigars, realized enough on these to become a diamond buyer, and then floated the Barnato Mining Company, holding the best claims in the Kimberley mine. The long contest between Rhodes and Barnato is history. In the end Rhodes won.

One of his associates in those days told me how Rhodes played his final card. At the end of an all-night negotiation with Barnato he suddenly said: "Barney, I am going to make you an entirely new proposition. You have plenty of money, I know, but I am going to offer you more than that. I propose

to make a gentleman of you."

Barnato's jaw dropped at this. Rhodes went on:

"It may not be possible to make much of you, but you have children and I know you are thinking of their future. You have never been in the Kimberley Club. I think you would like to be a member. Shall I arrange for you to get in?"



Machinery plays an important part in the diamond mines at Kimberley where millions of tons of earth are automatically reduced to a handful of glittering gems. Diamond mining has lost its romance and has become a cold-blooded, efficient industry.

Barnato agreed to the consolidation of their interests on Rhodes' terms, and was made a life governor of the De Beers Company. For the rest of his life he was a loyal supporter of Rhodes. But he had many investments and the strain was too great. His mind gave way while he was on a voyage to England; he sprang overboard and was drowned. Barnato's real name was Barnett Isaacs.

Today the De Beers Mining Company owns all the great mines of Kimberley, producing 78 per cent of the world's

diamonds. A. F. Williams, American, is the general manager, having succeeded his father, the late Gardner F. Williams, in this position. The various mines and fields of the De Beers Company at Kimberley embrace an area of about fifteen thousand acres. We found only one of the mines working. Europe in its present condition is unable to buy diamonds; America is taking 80 per cent of the production.

Great ugly heaps of blue-green tailings from the mines and tall steel shaft structures make Kimberley's skyline. Eighteen thousand white people live in the city and suburbs. The streets still follow the irregular lines of the old mining camp, but buildings of brick and concrete have replaced the tents and shacks of forty-five years ago. There are handsome churches, spacious hospitals, mansions and bungalows with gardens, discolored



This is one of the largest mines in the diamond diggings on the Vaal River. It is worked by a group of men who had sufficient money to buy a crane and a gas engine to operate rotary washers. Most river diggers are poor.

by the dust, which is known as "Kimberley rain." Except for the dust there is little left of the old, exciting, romantic happy-go-lucky Kimberley. But the modern efficiency with which millions of tons of earth are reduced to a handful of glittering gems is impressive.

In barbed-wire enclosures around the mines we were shown nine million truckloads of blue ground, spread over the fields, or floors, as they are called. A full truck contains sixteen cubic feet of the diamond-bearing blue ground. Exposed on

the floors for two years the rock formation changes to clay and is put thru the treating plants, where the diamonds are recovered.

A plant now in construction will reduce the mining costs by 15 per cent or more. In this plant the blue ground or rock will be crushed and the diamonds recovered the same day. There will be no more depositing on floors. In normal times the Kimberley mines employed 2,400 white men, or one white man to four negroes. Under the new system it is estimated only 750 to 1,000 white men will be employed. All work, such as digging the blue ground, loading trucks, etc., is done by negroes. The white man is a boss only.

When sufficiently disintegrated the blue ground goes to a plant called the washing machine, where it is automatically put thru a series of beaters and screens, washed and rewashed and constantly reduced in size. At several stations in the process are watchers who "spot" the diamonds of extraordinary size. The rest of the diamonds, with their accompanying minerals, pass on to tables covered with vaseline. The diamonds are caught by the vaseline and the debris is rejected. The engineer who discovered that grease attracts diamonds, and worked out this system of automatically separating the gems from the valueless concentrates, received \$25,000 and a better job.

At the offices of the De Beers Company in Kimberley the rough diamonds are cleaned, assorted as to size, color and purity, and delivered to representatives of the Diamond Syndicate. The mining company sells in advance its annual production to this syndicate, which takes 95 per cent of the diamond output of the world. In the last thirteen years the De Beers Company's sales of diamonds have totaled two hundred and eighty-five million dollars. Cecil Rhodes said the world's purchases would average twenty million dollars a year. The selling price has varied widely, so has the production, but the record of thirteen years comes near to proving Rhodes' theory.

There are stringent laws against buying diamonds from any

but licensed dealers. When the small independent miners make good finds they are in the habit of cashing in their diamonds at the liquor bars of Kimberley or the river diggings. The proprietor of a "pub" is not supposed to have diamonds in his possession, but in order to get around the law he becomes a miner, staking out a nominal claim and keeping up his dues. Before the I. D. R. law (short for "illicit diamond buying"), it was reported that only half the diamonds found in the mines of Kimberley reached their legitimate owners. Even now, despite all precautions, the loss in diamonds going to "fences" is believed to exceed two million dollars a year.

Work in a diamond mine seems to have a special attraction for negroes. They sign contracts to live in the compounds and work for at least three months, or longer if they desire. Before leaving, their clothes and persons are thoroly searched, and they are detained five days under close supervision by white guards. Some years ago it was discovered that natives on the point of leaving were swallowing diamonds and getting away with them. One swallowed a lot of stones worth \$3,700. Another managed to digest a diamond weighing 152 carats. A company doctor found a rag full of gems in a hole in a negro's leg. Depart-



A street scene in Kimberley.

ing laborers are allowed to take only soft clothing away with them. Thieves became so clever at secreting diamonds in boot heels that all laborers must leave their footwear with the company when they go away.

Much of the land of Kimberley is blue ground—old debris from the mines, washed once, some washed two or three times, but still containing diamonds. In the principal street of the city, Dutoitspan Road, oposite the historic Kimberley Club, we came upon an ancient prospector at work in the good old style on a tiny plot of ground where a house stood until recently. He had been there two weeks, washing the ground with his gang of six natives, and had netted \$250 worth of small diamonds, about one-sixth of a carat each in weight. After paying expense, he and the owner of the ground shared in the profits.

We found several diggers excavating for diamonds in the footpath of streets. These were men thrown out of employment by the closing of the big mines, owing to the dullness of the market. The city authorities allowed them to prospect in the streets on condition that they replace the borrowed earth and fill up the holes.

CHAPTER VII

TRANSVAAL

A FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR cablegram sent from South Africa by John Hays Hammond of Washington, D. C., at the time he was sentenced to be shot by President Kruger of the Transvaal Republic, gave the people of the United

States a shock at their breakfast tables one morning. Hammond was trying to save his own skin for the part he had played in the Jameson Raid thru awakening sentiment at home. That day the United States realized that there was a Transvaal Republic, that it had a President, and that he had the power of life and death—and so did Hammond.



"Oom Paul" Kruger.

John Hays Hammond was one of the American engineers at the gold mines of Johannesburg, the greatest city of the Transvaal and of South Africa, which in a few years had risen on the bare Rand, or ridge, where Boers grazed their flocks before the rich quartz reef was accidentally

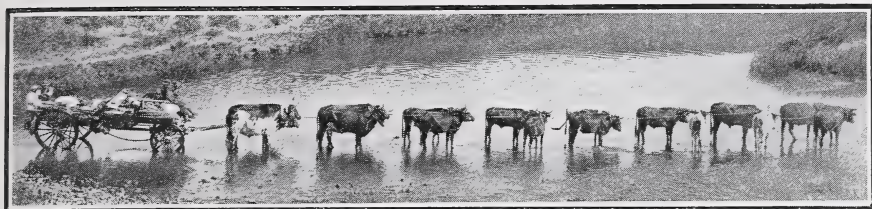
found. As at Kimberley, in the diamond fields, so at Johannesburg, on the golden Rand, there quickly grew a mixed community of prospectors and claim buyers, managers and engineers, speculators and shopkeepers, from all over the world.

To the Boer farmers and ranchers who had trekked to

the Transvaal and set up their Republic, hoping to be undisturbed by the outside world, these thousands of hustling newcomers were *Uitlanders*, strangers and intruders. Glad as the Boers were to have a share in the gold for their impoverished government and a market for their produce, they viewed the outsiders with suspicion and hatred, and treated them accordingly. Cecil Rhodes, whose aim was to unite South Africa under the British flag, had become a power in Johannesburg by founding one of the chief mining companies on the Rand. "Oom Paul" Kruger, at the head of the Transvaal Republic, was acquainted with Rhodes and his plans. In fact, these two were playing a big game, one as the powerful president of the now rich Boer country, which formed the strongest obstacle to a South African union, and the other as Prime Minister of the British Cape Colony, a statesman and empire builder backed by great wealth.

In order to have a clear understanding of how this situation came about it will be necessary to go back to earlier history and tell you why the Boers came to settle in the Transvaal. As we have seen, they were the frontier people of the old Cape Colony and left that country to seek homes in the wilderness of the northeast because of grievances against the British government of the Cape. An order had been issued prescribing the quantity and quality of food to be given their slaves, followed by another order limiting the hours of slave labor to nine a day, which destroyed the authority of their masters.

In 1534 an act for the emancipation of all slaves went into effect; the owners were to receive two-fifths of the appraised value of the slaves, but there was so much red tape about obtaining compensation that many sold their claims for a fraction of their value. Nearly all the slave holders were ruined financially. The freed negroes, like the emancipated slaves in our Southern States, thought they need work no more and flocked to the towns and villages, where they became a charge upon the missionaries. Owing to the sudden scarcity of labor, the farmers could not cultivate their crops. The Boers further resented the fact that the natives and colored



Owing to poor roads thru the Transvaal, nearly all the hauling is done by ox spans. Most of the roads are scarcely more than trails and many of the streams must be forded.

people were put on the same political footing with them.

When the government took the side of a negro tribe against the Boers, in a dispute growing out of raids by the blacks on farms of white, some of the Boers attacked the raiding negroes and were arrested and hanged by the authorities. This was the last straw. Thousands of Boer families decided to leave the Cape Colony and establish their homes elsewhere. The Great Trek began in 1835 and continued for years, wave after wave either crowding the first trekkers on or passing them until the country beyond the Vaal River, called the Transvaal, was more thickly settled than the Boer country south of the Transvaal, which became the Orange Free State.

The new country turned out to be better grazing and agricultural land, with a greater annual rainfall, than the country they had left or passed thru. Here, after subduing the natives in many bloody wars, they felt they could enjoy a life of peace and plenty, little dreaming that the finding of gold on the Rand would change the whole situation. There were no railroads or wagon roads. The country they occupied was twice the size of the State of Illinois, or about 110,000 square miles, and they first divided it into four small republics, uniting them in 1860 as the Transvaal Republic. After fighting among themselves, Marthinus Wessel Pretorius was accepted by all factions as the legally elected President, and S. J. Paul Kruger as commander-in-chief of the army.

The first republic lasted only a short time. The Boers got into trouble with the Zulus on the east and the British on the

south, east and west. The trouble with the British was due to the Transvaal having been annexed to the British Crown in order to save the Boers from being butchered by the Zulus. Their isolated mode of life left them almost defenseless from organized hordes of savages. When the fighting was over with the Zulus the Boers asked the British to hand their country back to them and declared war when the request was refused, in 1880.

After several battles, including one at Bronkhorst Spruit, where the British force was almost annihilated, and another at Majuba Hill, where General Sir George Colley, then Governor of Natal, died and 500 of his troops were killed or wounded, peace was concluded and the Transvaal Republic was formally recognized—with a string to it. The string was that the republic could have no relations with any foreign government except by the consent of the British Crown, and this became one of the causes of the Boer war in 1899.

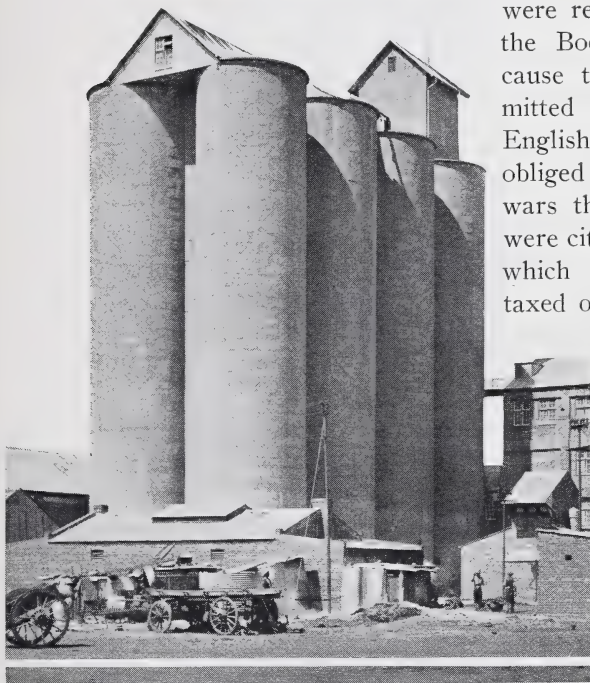
By this time "Oom Paul" Kruger had become dictator of the Transvaal, altho he was not elected President until 1882. He remained in office until the latter part of the Boer war, when he slipped out of the Transvaal into Portuguese territory, and went to Holland and Germany with a large amount of gold, but left his wife in Pretoria, the capital. There seems to have been no real opposition to his getting out of the country, and Mrs. Kruger was treated with the greatest kindness by the British army officers. Kruger was a strange mixture of stubbornness, shrewdness, courage, jealousy and religious fanaticism, claiming the same relationship to God that the Kaiser did. He was beloved by the ignorant Boers and hated by everybody else. Above all he loved gold—and got it, not only for himself, but for his government. While nobody had ever been able to trace any direct dishonesty to him, yet it is well known that all his relatives and some of his close political connections were permitted to make all kinds of money in graft.

This grafting by Kruger's relatives and henchmen, which included a monopoly controlling all the explosives required in gold mining and even extended to the mealies (corn) fed

to the native laborers in the mines, brought about a condition under which the owners of the mines realized they could not operate. John Hays Hammond of Washington, D. C., approached Cecil Rhodes and his right-hand man, Dr. Jameson, explaining not only the situation of the operators of the mines but also reporting that the men who worked for the mines

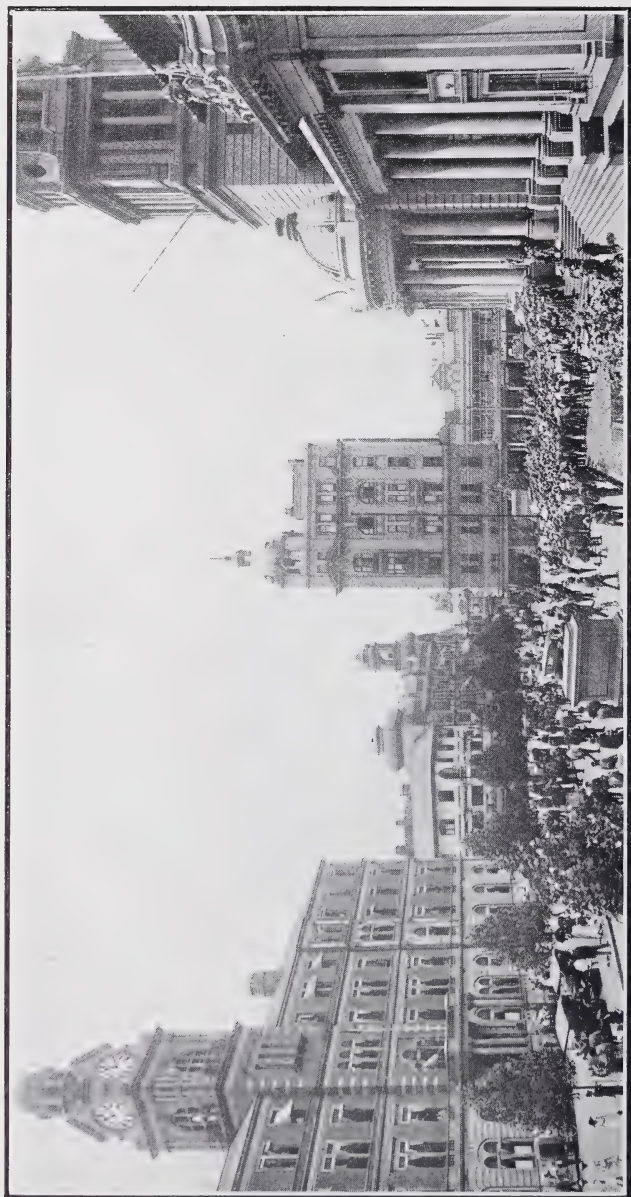
were ready to rise against the Boer government because they were not permitted to vote, had no English schools, and were obliged to serve in Boer wars the same as if they were citizens, in addition to which they were heavily taxed on every pretense.

Rhodes realized that sooner or later an end must come to this situation, and the warm-hearted Jameson, always willing to gamble on anything, offered to lead the Rhodesian police to Johannesburg, but Rhodes, who controlled the Chartered Com-



They have just begun to build modern, concrete grain elevators in South Africa. This one is located at Vereeniging on the north side of the Vaal River, the southern boundary line of the Transvaal.

pany of Rhodesia for which Jameson was administrator, objected to involving his company in the affair. He offered to finance the organizing, equipping and paying of about a thousand raiders, expecting his pull with the British Crown would enable him to get that government back of the outfit before they really left British territory. Jameson, as his agent,



This is the civic center of Johannesburg. On the left is the postoffice and telegraph building. Opposite, on the extreme right, is the Town Hall, which cost \$2,250,000. Before 1886, when gold was discovered, Johannesburg was one of the bleakest spots in the Transvaal. Now it has a population of 150,000 whites, and is as cosmopolitan as any city of similar size in the world.

put the outfit together at Mafeking. It consisted of about 750 well-mounted armed men, and two or three hundred negroes to take care of their horses and make camp for them. In the force were 250 Crown policemen, who declined to accompany the raiding expedition when they learned they could not march under the British flag. This gave quite a chill to Rhodes, who was Prime Minister of the Cape, managing director of the De Beers diamond mines, also the whole thing in Rhodesia, as well as, you might say, in all South Africa. He tried to stop Jameson, but this cock-of-the-walk, who had never been licked in Rhodesia, promptly cut all telegraph wires and started on his own. He had an undated letter from the Johannesburg committee describing the awful conditions, and the dangers of the men, women and children from the Boers, and he filled in the date of the letter the day he left, while Rhodes was yelling for him to stop and come back.

Everything went according to program until the raiders got near Krugersdorp, twenty miles from Johannesburg, when they received a message from the Johannesburg committee that it had no arms, ammunition or organization and for God's sake to turn back, as the races were on. They then found themselves in the position of the man visiting Paris whose wife cabled him, "Dont forget you are a married man." He cabled back, "Too late." Kruger got busy, gathered up several hundred Boers, surrounded the raiders, and after potting a few, accepted their surrender on Jan. 2, 1896.

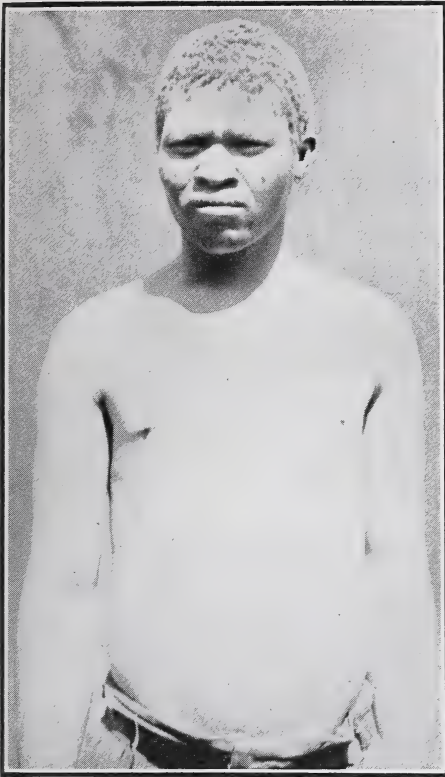
Thus ended the raid, four days after the raiders had left Mafeking in high spirits, except that Hammond, the ringleader in Johannesburg, whose cold feet were blamed for the failure, and the only American on the committee, was sentenced, with three others, to be executed. They were pardoned by Kruger for \$100,000 apiece, which Rhodes is said to have paid.

While under sentence, Hammond sent his \$5,000 cable, appealing for the protection of the Stars and Stripes, the longest message ever sent out of South Africa. The copy was smuggled out of the Transvaal to Cape Town, where it was put on the wire. Jameson and five other raiders were

taken home to England, where they were tried. Jameson was sentenced to fifteen months in the penitentiary. He did part of his time in the Holloway prison. Some years later he met a tramp in Rhodesia and in his generous way aided the tramp, and said to him: "Where have I met you before?" The tramp replied: "In Holloway." If it had been in the United States it might have been a more pleasant reminder to have said, "Hollywood." The raid nearly killed Rhodes. He disappeared for several days when the final results were known. His only remark was, "Jameson has upset my apple cart." He resigned as Prime Minister of the Cape government, also as managing director of the De Beers Diamond Mines Company and the Chartered Company of Rhodesia. He was dropped by thousands of former friends—and was in as much disgrace as a dog that had mixed with a skunk. If the raid had been a success, all would have been forgiven and he would only have been "censured." He died before the end of the Boer war.

Oom Paul Kruger, in 1881, became not only President, but dictator. He realized he must have an outlet for his republic to the Indian Ocean thru Portuguese territory, which would leave him independent of the British line to the port of Durban, thru Natal. Cape Town was 1,000 miles away, Durban 500, and Delagoa Bay, in Portuguese territory, 350. The opposition to this outlet from Cape Town and Durban was fierce. It took Kruger nearly fifteen years, or until the summer before the raid, in 1895, to secure an independent outlet to Delagoa Bay. He was so sore against the British railways that he tried to force all the traffic over the Delagoa Bay and the Transvaal state railways. It was evident that gold and power had completely upset his better judgment.

The Rand had developed properties that were producing 25 per cent of the world's gold output. England and the United States had sent their greatest engineers and economic experts to this field. I am informed that parties closely allied with the British home government asked for an estimate of what it would cost to clean up the situation and take over the Boer



A white Kaffir of the Machope race in the Transvaal. Albinos are rarely encountered among the African blacks. This one had pink eyes and ginger colored hair and a very light skin.

republics. The experts and engineers gave an estimate which turned out to be one-tenth of what it really did cost. After the war was over, however, they explained that was as near as they ever came to making a correct guess on anything.

By October 7, 1899, the British had their troops on the Transvaal frontier and many more coming by sea. Kruger sent an ultimatum giving the British officers until October 11 to remove the troops and assure him that there would be no more landed in South Africa. He received no answer, and on the 11th the fight began. It is not recorded that Oom Paul was a "crap-shooter," but he needed his rabbit's foot when the British came out on the 7th and he went in on the 11th. This is the way many Americans fix these two important dates in their minds.

However, it was no joking matter. There were at that time 60,000 Boer men, from 16 to 60 years of age, in the Transvaal and Orange Free State, and when the war was over, on May 29, 1902, nearly three years later, there were only 26,000 possible fighting men left, half of whom had returned to their farms. The British put 300,000 troops and officers in the field, and their losses were 25,000 deaths and 75,000 wounded and invalided. The financial cost to the British,

two billion five hundred million dollars, was entirely out of proportion to the importance of the war, but it must be remembered it was fought 7,000 miles from home and lasted nearly three years.

The greatest hardship of the Boer war fell on the women and children. All the men had gone to war, the lazy negroes ceased to till the soil and herd the cattle, and there was great suffering all over this rich country. The British have been blamed for building concentration camps and taking the women and children from their homes and providing for them as best they could. Whatever the results may have been, the intention was humane. It no doubt saved many lives and shortened the war, as much of the country ceased to produce anything and became desolate and uninhabited.



Transvaal negro women do not have to worry about what they shall prepare for meals. Breakfast, dinner and supper generally find the natives eating a coarse meal made by grinding corn (called mealie) between two stones.

CHAPTER VIII

JOHANNESBURG AND THE RAND

AT THE close of the Boer war the white population of the Transvaal was 250,000. When I came to this country twenty-one years later it had more than doubled. Pretoria, the capital, had grown to a city of 41,000 whites, and Johannesburg

to 150,000. Nearly 40 per cent of the population of the Transvaal lives in these two cities, due to the development of the great gold mines at and near Johannesburg and the Premier diamond mine near Pretoria.

In 1906 the Transvaal and the Orange Free State were allowed responsible government and treated as British provinces. In 1910 the four South African colonies—the Cape, Natal, Transvaal and Orange Free State—were formed into a union under a constitution, and Pretoria was selected as the administrative capital. At the same time Cape Town, a thousand miles

south, was selected as the legislative capital. Altho the British won the war and established the government, the Boers have won the elections and run the government.

The late General Louis Botha, who was commander-in-chief of the Boers, was chosen as the first Premier or Prime



For forty years this was the capital of the Transvaal Republic. It is now the home of the provincial government in Pretoria.

Minister of the Union. When he signed the peace terms and surrendered he accepted the situation not only in fact, but loyally. I was very much impressed as to the character of the man by a little story that is told of a Briton, who, while talking to Botha in London, said: "I had hoped the Boers would win the war." Botha turned his back on him and walked away. He had no use for a man who recognized a flag and was disloyal to it. Botha was the best loved man in South Africa, by both the Boers and the British, and while not as able a statesman as General Smuts, his successor, he was the idol of the public. He loved his country, and his country was South Africa. He knew no difference between Boer and Briton after the surrender.

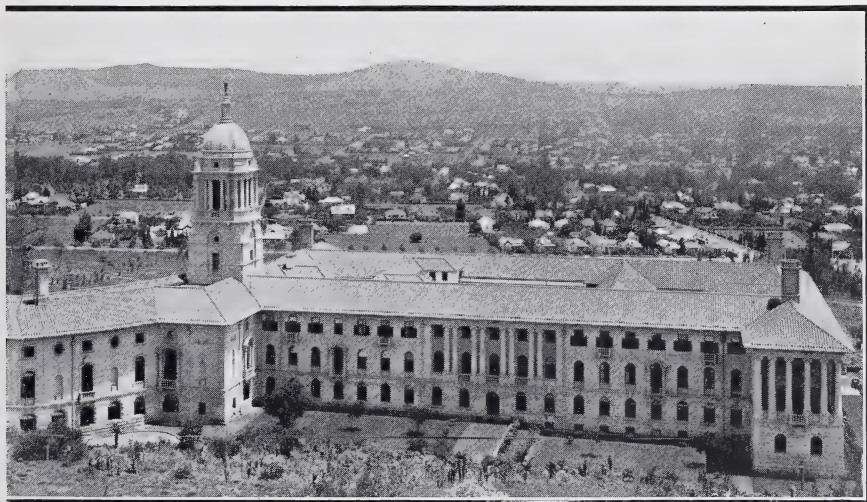
Like all new governments, South Africa was very ambitious to make a show thru public buildings, and spent nearly twenty-five million dollars on the executive capital at Pretoria, which is the finest building in the world south of the Equator. It is impossible to describe the Union building by words that



On the edge of Pretoria, built on the side of a kopje, stands the Parliament from Cape Town and the Supreme Court from Bloemfontein—most expensive building south of the Equator. As a work of art it is a business it approximates a failure.

will give an adequate impression of its grandeur. Usually a photograph will afford an idea of a public building, but I must admit the best photograph I could take suggests to the mind's eye the limited possibilities of the camera rather than the superlative beauty of the building.

Pretoria was built in a saucer, edged by low hills. It is 4,471 feet above sea level. The Transvaal Province is from 22 to 26 degrees south of the Equator. The capital city reminds me of a good-sized country town, with wide streets, fine pavements, beautiful trees. The people move about as they did in Washington, D. C., before the day of the bicycle. I did not find a single "Step Lively" sign, and if there had been such a sign it would have had to be in two languages, as part of the people cannot read English. The most conspicuous signs were large advertisements of "Black and White" whisky on the street cars. As the negroes are supposed only to drink Kaffir beer, it looked like a waste of space to advertise "Black" whisky. Pretoria is entitled to



executive capitol of South Africa. To insure the final removal of tein, \$25,000,000 were invested in this building, the most imposing and success, but for the practical purpose of housing a great government

boast of the finest railway station in the Union. I may be a little hard on the town because I was there when the government officials were absent attending a meeting of Parliament in Cape Town, which lasts six months each year. Pretoria is also the capital of the Transvaal Province, the provincial offices occupying the stately old government building of the Boer Republic.

On Church Square, in the heart of the town, you find the postoffice building, the law courts and several other fine blocks. The principal streets extend from Church Square. On Church Street is a little one-story house where Oom Paul Kruger lived when he was President and dictator of the Transvaal Republic. He used to bring his coffee pot and tobacco out on the porch at five in the morning and sit there receiving callers, transacting a large part of the day's business before breakfast time. The town has grown considerably since his day, but the atmosphere is much the same. The only daily newspaper is printed in an old church building.

Somehow the atmosphere of Pretoria reminds me of the doctor who told his patient that he could live fifteen years longer if he would refrain from eating rich foods, cut out smoking, avoid excitement and go to bed at 9 o'clock each night. The patient thought it over a minute and then said: "But why live fifteen years?"

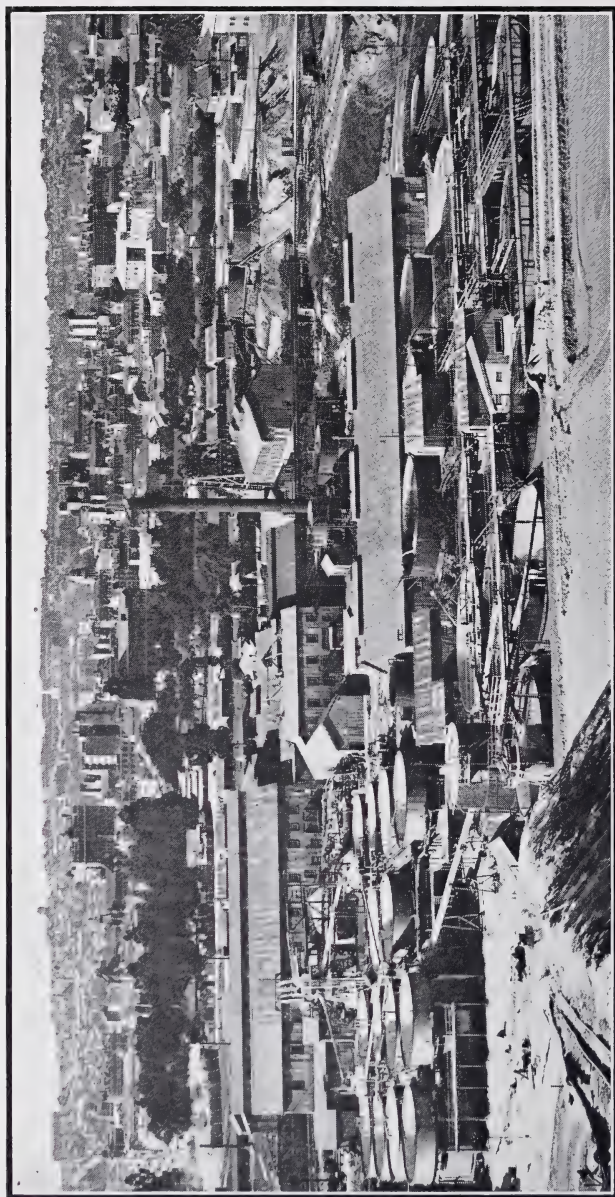
Johannesburg, forty-five miles away, is another story. Its altitude is 5,740 feet, nearly 1,300 feet higher than Pretoria. It is the only real, live American-like city that I found in South Africa. Before 1886, when gold was discovered, the site of Johannesburg was a bare ridge, considered so worthless by the Boers that farms on it were traded for a few oxen. It now is a city with buildings six and eight stories high, modern hotels and theaters, big department stores, street cars that really move, whizzing automobiles and nervous traffic cops. The municipal area covers eighty square miles, with more than 700 miles of paved streets and roads, well kept and well lighted, and a large park system, including open-air swimming pools. The city itself is hardly beautiful. Shanties rub

shoulders with tall buildings, as in all young and rapidly developed towns, and the mines, with their great dirty-white cyanide dumps, their headgear and ventilation stacks, are all around. This is what the visitor sees first and his impression of the city is not improved by the grimy, dilapidated railroad station. But out of sight of the dumps, away from the dust and smoke, Johannesburg has a beautiful home side.

Johannesburg is the financial center of South Africa and is as cosmopolitan as New York. In its population are British and Boers, Americans, Polish Jews, people from every corner of the globe, and half-breeds of all varieties. The "colored" population is 130,000. Colored, in South Africa, means East Indians and half-breeds as well as negroes. There are many Indians here as small merchants and servants. The unskilled workers in the mines are negroes. The white men are mining experts, engineers, bosses and official employees. White employees average over \$250 a month. The Rand mines employ 22,000 whites and 185,000 blacks.

The value of the gold mined and produced in the world in the last three years amounted, in round numbers, to one billion dollars, of which one-half was produced on the Rand. The money of all sound governments is based on gold reserve. This one spot in South Africa is yearly furnishing one-half the basis of confidence in the financial ability of the governments of the world to make good. Kings and presidents alike bow to the gold on the Rand. If the manufacture of jewelry could be stopped for a few years the responsible governments would be able to accumulate gold bullion enough to back their currency. At present there is no country that will give you gold for its paper money, altho it may read on your bank note that you can get it.

Gold mining on the Rand has reduced itself to a gigantic corporate machine, operated by high-class experts and engineers. The real business of financing the mines is done in London, where it forms a source of great stock speculation. The mining shares are quoted daily like our railroad stocks and



This is a view of Johannesburg from the top of the headgear of the Ferriera mine. In the foreground are the vats in which powdered ore is treated to extract the gold. Johannesburg is, in every sense of the word, a thriving, cosmopolitan city.

fortunes are won and lost by speculators as in our Wall Street.

The Witwatersrand, or "Ridge of White Waters," now a ridge of countless cyanide dumps, extends for sixty miles, in the center of which is Johannesburg, where the outcropping of gold was first discovered. The mine shafts go down for a mile and more. I was surprised at the speed of the lifts, or elevators. We think the passenger elevators in our tall buildings are fast when they go 500 or 600 feet in one minute. The mine lifts run three times as fast. This must thrill the negroes, who are taken up and down in gangs of sixty, on the three-deck lifts.

Gold is recovered by the cyanide method, familiar to all who understand mining. The gold-bearing rock, after being blasted and hoisted to the surface, is crushed, washed, sorted, crushed again and sent to the stamp mill, where it is pounded to powder. It is then flowed in water over copper plates coated with mercury. The coarse grains of gold unite with the mercury, forming an amalgam from which the gold is removed. Fine particles of gold which do not adhere to the mercury are recovered by pouring the powdered rock into vats with a solution of cyanide, which takes the gold, and the solution is passed over zinc, to which the gold adheres until released by treating the zinc with acid. The "tailings" of powdered rock make the dumps that are the Rand's chief scenery.

In a year twenty-five million tons of gold-bearing rock are milled at the Rand mines, yielding an average of \$7 per ton, which leaves \$2 a ton profit. I got up quite an argument at the Rand Club in Johannesburg when I made the statement that we had mined gold quartz in the United States that only yielded \$2.40 a ton, or less than half what they claim it cost them to put it into gold bricks. They admitted they knew the statement was true, but did not explain why it cost them more than twice as much to mine their gold. Their increased cost is no doubt largely due to inefficient negro labor, which they think is cheap because it costs them only 50 cents a day and board.

There is enough quartz in sight at the Rand to continue



These are the "man-made mountains of the Rand," great dumps of powdered rock, "tailings" from the mines. Witwatersrand or "Ridge of White Waters," now is a ridge of these dirty-white dumps, extending for sixty miles, in the center of which is Johannesburg, South Africa's busiest city. Dust from these dumps keeps the Johannesburg house-wife busy.

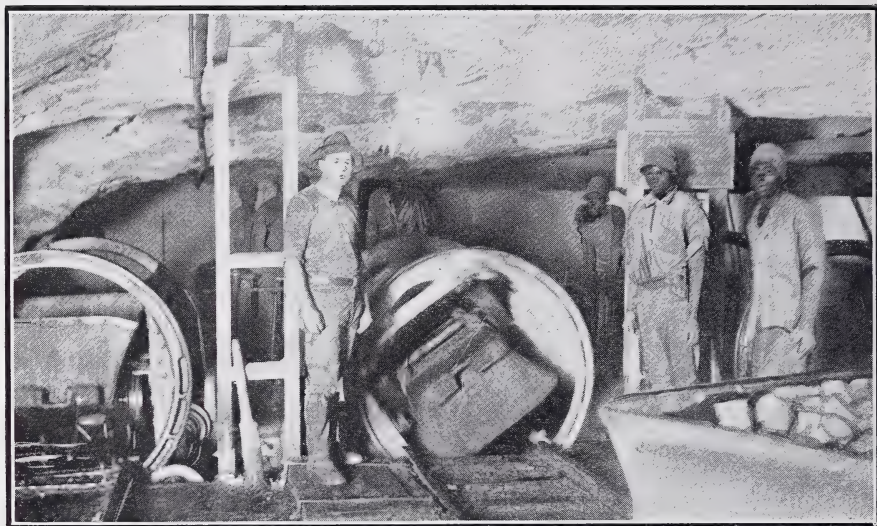
mining operations at the same pace for the next forty years.

In the compounds where the thousands of negroes live during their terms of contract, the one-story brick bunk-houses are arranged like the barracks of a military camp, on "company streets," with kitchens, hospitals and fumigating chambers for each group of blacks. The houses are 18 feet by 24 feet. One window near the roof at one end furnishes the light and ventilation. The bunks are of iron, two and three decks high and accommodate twenty-four. In the center of the room is a fire on the floor without a chimney or hole where they warm over the rations dished out in the kitchen.

Negroes come to work in the mines from all over South Africa. The death rate of tropical negroes was too high and the mines no longer employ them. Negroes for all the mines are hired by one big employment agency, which pays their way to the gold and diamond mines and back home, and deducts from their pay an amount equal to two-thirds of a cent a mile each way. It would be mighty hard to collect poll taxes from the negroes of South Africa if it were not for the mines, which are the only source of real money they have.

Strikes on the Rand are common. Of course, it is the white man who strikes. Maybe that is one reason the negro is popular with the mine owners. The last big strike, in March, 1922, took the shape of a revolution, in which the strikers captured the city of Johannesburg and offered an armed resistance to the Union government. In a week or so they were subdued, but not until 300 lives had been lost. Both sides had field artillery and dropped bombs from airplanes. We did not learn of their using gas or submarines. One ring-leader was hanged by the government and many were sent to the penitentiary. We saw a bunch of them just after they had served a year's time. They were not carrying the red flag, but were singing the "Red" international anthem. There will be something doing if they ever get the negroes organized.

The electric power and compressed air for the Rand mines are supplied by the Victoria Falls Power Company, which uses coal to generate its power, having plants at the coal fields



Six thousand feet below the mouth of a shaft in a Rand gold mine. The most modern methods of mining are used, even the small ore cars being automatically dumped. One white man is employed as boss for every twenty negroes.

near Johannesburg, developing over 200,000 horse power. The Victoria Falls are 650 miles away and at low water would not furnish 200,000 horse power, if developed. The corporation was named the Victoria Falls Power Company in order to sell the bonds in England.

The Transvaal has secured more free advertising than any other province or place in South Africa, owing to three world headliners—Johannesburg, the Boer War and the Cullinan diamond. This diamond, the largest yet found, weighing uncut 3,024 carats, or about one and three-fourths pounds, came from the Premier mine, near Pretoria, owned by the De Beers Company, the diamond trust of the world. The Premier mine produces more diamonds than any other, but not of so high quality as those of the Kimberley mines. The system of open working by levels is followed at the Premier, where 500 white men and 5,000 negroes are employed. The Transvaal provincial government gets 60 per cent of the net profits.

General Botha induced the Transvaal government to buy the Cullinan diamond and present it to King Edward VII as tangible proof of the loyalty of his Boer subjects. That was in 1905, three years after the Boer War. The diamond cutter at Amsterdam set a price of \$35,000 for his work on this largest stone, which had to be cut into at least two diamonds, owing to a flaw. King Edward did not wish to invest \$35,000, so the cutter took for his pay the pieces that were left. The Transvaal Province paid \$750,000 for the uncut diamond, which is now valued at \$2,500,000, and also bought the pieces from the Amsterdam cutter, and included them in the present,



Issuing meat rations to the native miners. They are fed meat once each day. In addition to meat, mealies (corn), and various vegetables, they are supplied with large quantities of Kaffir beer, each compound having a brewery.

so that the whole of the Cullinan diamond is now with the crown jewels in the Tower of London.

The Transvaal, with its area of 110,000 square miles, is about the size of the State of Colorado. Except for mining it is a purely agricultural country. The big city of Johannesburg furnishes a market for vegetables, dairy products, poultry and eggs and fruit. The balance of the province is given over to the raising of cattle and sheep and the growing of mealies (Indian corn), Kaffir corn and tobacco. There are 2,230,000 head of cattle and 3,500,000 sheep and goats, nearly 3,000,000 of which are high grade wool sheep, and 500,000 goats. The grass of the Transvaal is too rank for a good sheep and goat country.

The Rand is on the watershed between the tributaries of the Vaal River, which flows into the Atlantic Ocean, and the tributaries of the Limpopo River, flowing into the Indian Ocean. From this point the elevation drops from 6,000 to 2,000 feet at the Limpopo River, the northern boundary of the Transvaal, where the country is quite tropical, unhealthful for white people, and will not be healthful until it is well settled, the wild grasses changed to tame grasses and the insect life, including the animal tsetse fly, is brought under control. Many wild beasts, including lions, are found in this low country. Hippos and crocodiles are numerous in the Limpopo.

At any place in the Transvaal the Australian gum tree grows better than it does in Australia, and makes splendid mine props. The northern half of the province is what is known as bush veldt. The Transvaal is divided into big blocks of land, held by comparatively a few people at more than it is worth, because it is not taxed. When a land tax is put into effect, the result will be smaller ranches and farms, and the country then should support two million white people instead of 500,000. As in the Orange Free State, to the south, the native negroes do all the work on the ranches and farms, and live on patches of land allotted to them by their employers.

CHAPTER IX

BASUTOLAND

HIGH on the interior plateau of South Africa, from one to two miles above sea level, is mountainous, mysterious Basutoland. Few outside Africa have heard of Basutoland; fewer still have been there. The country is inhabited by negroes, who pay the British government to keep them from killing each other. Whites can only locate there by special permission as traders or missionaries.

In Basutoland I found a nation of half a million blacks, never conquered by white men, living under their own laws and customs, raising their horses, cattle, sheep, goats, and food, prosperous, as negroes go, contented, independent and the envy of their neighbors.

It was easy to understand why the Basutos were not conquered, after seeing their country. The total area is 11,000 square miles, about two-thirds the size of Switzerland. More than half the area consists of rocks, hills and mountains. Fifty miles from the border of the Orange Free State, on the west, is Thaba Bosigo, "the Mountain of the Night," where Moshesh, first chief of the Basutos, founded the nation, repulsed the Zulus and Boers and made his deal with the British. On Thaba Bosigo he had an impregnable stronghold and in the country round about were plenty of hiding places for the Basutos. They were never

conquered because they could not be found.

Moshesh showed up a hundred years ago, when the Zulus



This little Basuto girl is "all dressed up in the clothes of civilization" but she is "powerfully" uncomfortable.

in the southeast and the Matabeles in the north (now Southern Rhodesia) were having a contest to see which could kill off their fellow blacks in the country lying between them. Moshesh flagged the remnants of a dozen or more tribes, negroes and half breeds, who were running back and forth to save their lives, and led them into the mountains. There he built up his nation, which he called Basotho, or Basuto, meaning "black people."

At rare intervals an exceptional man rises from the black race. Booker T. Washington, in the United States, was such a one. Moshesh has been given a place in African history, as an able organizer, ruler and general. When he saw he could not defeat an enemy by fighting, he used diplomacy. With the Boer farmers, who settled in the fertile valleys, he alternately fought and negotiated. When Natal, on the east, became a British possession, in 1843, the British made a treaty with Moshesh, recognizing him as sovereign of the large area of land that he claimed. He was granted a subsidy of \$400 a year, payable in gold or in arms and ammunition. Moshesh chose the latter and began equipping his army with guns instead of spears.

So powerful did this black ruler become that, in 1854, when the Boers formed their republic in the Orange Free State,

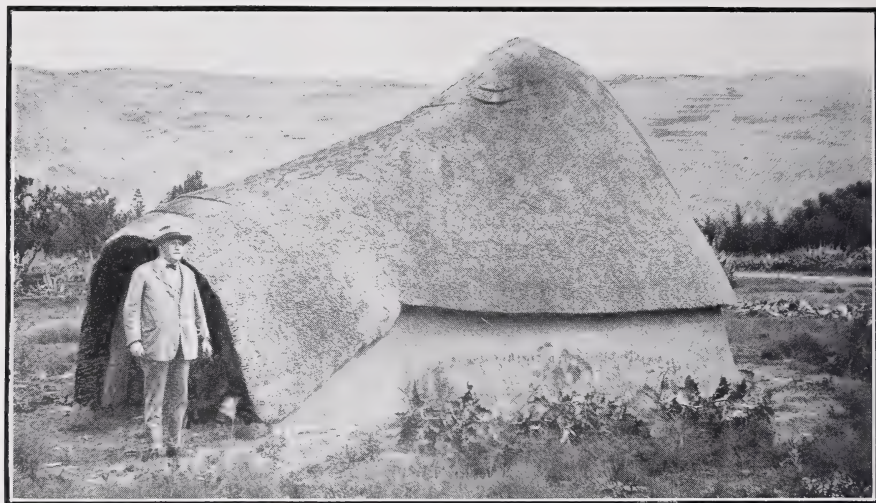


Basuto villages are located on the hills and mountains, probably because tribal wars dictated the prudence of locating on sites easily defended.

Moshesh dictated their President, selecting a friendly farmer. The second President did not stand in with the chief, the Basutos began plundering the settlers, and the Boers declared war. The fighting and raiding continued until 1868, when the Boers organized a larger force than ever before and drove all the Basutos into the mountains. Moshesh realized that the Orange Free State was now strong enough to starve them out eventually, and that he was growing old and had nobody of ability to succeed him, his sons being ordinary barbarians. He saw that the Basutos would be better off with the British government protecting them and keeping their books. So he asked the British to establish a protectorate over Basutoland, which was done. The Orange Free State protested until it obtained a slice of Basutoland, 100 miles long by 30 broad, since known as "the Conquered Territory."

Altho Basutoland is in the middle of the Union of South Africa, it is not connected with the Union government. It was annexed to the Cape Colony in 1871, shortly after the death of Moshesh, but in 1880 the Cape government attempted to disarm all the negroes under its authority, and the Basutos rebelled. The War of Guns, as it was called, last four years. After the Cape authorities had spent a large amount of money in an unsuccessful campaign against the rebels, Basutoland was taken under the protection of the British Crown, where it has remained, the Basutos having the greatest liberty among all natives of South Africa. The government is directed by a resident commissioner, assisted in each of the eight districts by deputy commissioners, who act as magistrates.

Collection of taxes, conduct of courts, expenditure of public funds, etc., are supervised by the British officials. Expenses of the government, including the salaries of the British officials and the native chiefs, are paid from the taxes, court fines and customs fees. Expenses exceed revenue by about \$20,000 a year, the British government meeting the deficit. The resident commissioner has to sit with a council of 100 members, all natives, who are supposed to advise him. The natives are



Basuto huts have foundations of mud and superstructures of grass. The floors are plastered with cow dung. In this picture, Mr. Boyce is standing at the entrance to the hut, the only opening in the structure.

directly governed by their chiefs, over whom the paramount chief, the grandson of Moshesh, has power. The eight government districts have native chiefs, and are divided into wards, under chiefs, and the villages in the wards are governed by head men responsible to the chiefs. Cases in which whites are involved are brought before the white magistrates. The total white population is 1,700, consisting of government officials, missionaries and traders, and their families.

Land is divided on the communal principle. There are no individual land owners. Cattle, horses, sheep and goats, mealies, Kaffir corn, pumpkins, melons, and beans are the principal products. Where the land is cultivated there is a field of Kaffir corn for every field of mealies. The Kaffir corn is grown for beer. We are told that Kaffir beer contains only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent alcohol. The effect of this beer on the negroes demonstrates that $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of alcohol makes one drunk.

Polygamy is general. The average price of a wife is six to eight head of cattle. The penalty for seducing or abducting

an unmarried woman, under the Basuto law, is a fine of six head of cattle—the same price as a wife. If the girl or woman dies because of the abduction the fine is ten. A woman who has been sold has the right to return home, if she has trouble with her husband, and to demand that she be supported by her parents from the cattle that were paid for her, including all the offspring of these cattle. Careful count is kept of all calves, as it is never known when a woman may come home and claim support.

Buying wives on the installment plan is common. If a purchaser fails to pay the cattle in his lifetime, his children or grandchildren may have to make good. We came across a young Basuto in a sad state. He had been saving to buy a wife and just when he accumulated six head of cattle they were taken in payment for his mother. Starting again, he got

another six. Then the family from which his grandmother was bought reminded him that the cattle in that transaction were long past due. This was a debt of honor and the Basuto paid it like a man, but seemed to think luck was against him.

While there are two chiefs with thirty-five wives each, and a number of wealthy Basutos with ten to twenty each, the majority have only two or three. The government poll tax on single men over 21 years of age and for men with only one wife is \$6.25. The tax of a man with two wives is



Basutoland nights are cold. The grown-up negroes wear blankets but the children wear kid skins and do not undress at night. The boys herd the flocks during the day while the little girls work in the fields with their mothers. "Everybody works at our house but my old man" ought to be the national anthem for Basutoland.

doubled, and if he has three it is trebled. For more than three he pays no extra tax. Chiefs and well-to-do natives have domestic concubines, slaves, men, women and children, who help in the farming, beer-making, raising children, et cetera.

Ninety years ago French Protestant missionaries came to Basutoland. There are Protestant and Catholic missions, with schools, thruout the country. About one-third of the natives profess Christianity, and these are recorded as not being polygamists. However, polygamy, fetishism and witchcraft are deep-rooted in this as in every other negro country.

A witch doctor cured a sick cow by giving it a medicine of roots and herbs. His customer said: "Since you have done so well with my cow, perhaps you can cure my wife, who also has been sick." The doctor was willing to take a chance. He performed the same incantations and administered the same medicine, but the woman died. The witch doctor was placed on trial before the British commissioner and several chiefs. His defense was that an evil spirit killed the woman; he had seen the marks of the spirit's hands on her throat when she fell dead. His medicine could not have killed her. To prove it was all right he offered to drink his own medicine in court. The commissioner could not legally call the doctor's bluff, much as he would have liked to. He sentenced the magician to three years' imprisonment, while the chiefs sitting with him shook their heads and predicted dire consequences. Sure enough, several of the commissioner's cattle died mysteriously during the next few weeks.

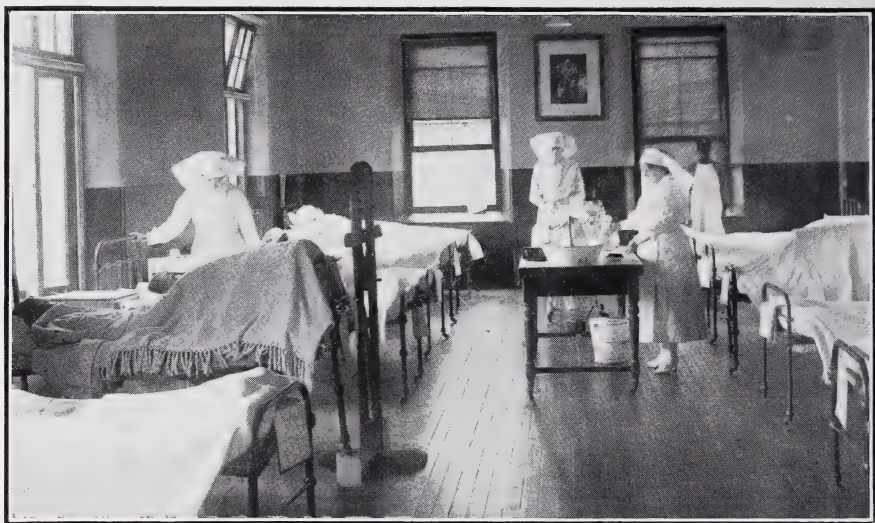
In Basutoland, thefts are punishable by the law of Moshesh: "A beast to be repaid by a beast, a second beast for compensation, and a third as a fine to be paid to the court." If a person so fined continues to steal, the court has the right to increase the amount of the fine. When anybody has been wounded or injured by another, the court decides the amount of compensation to be paid. If the injured one is a male, the chief who tries the case is entitled to a share of the compensation. Cases may be appealed to the paramount chief's court, and from there to the resident commissioner.

If a man dies, leaving only female children, the widow is heiress of his property, but must work in conformity with the wishes of her deceased husband's people. Uncles who contribute toward the maintenance of their sister's children, by supplying clothing or paying their initiation (circumcision) fees, are entitled to a portion of the proceeds of the sale of their nieces.

At certain seasons, boys between 18 and 21 years of age undergo the rites of initiation into man's estate, during which they are isolated from the villages, put thru various ceremonies, and lectured by the old men of the tribe. There is a similar institution for girls, who have a special dance in celebration of the completion of their training.

Basuto men as a rule are of good physique. They live in the open and the climate and altitude favor health. However, typhus fever is prevalent and syphilis is common, having been introduced by the Basutos who work in the mines at Kimberley. All cases of syphilis receive free treatment at the hospitals and dispensaries. There is a well-equipped government hospital at Maseru, with beds for fifty natives. I could hardly believe that white women were nursing diseased negroes in this hospital until I saw them at work in the male wards.

I also met white nurses in the wretched wards of the large leper settlement near Maseru. The Basutos had been pictured to us as a clean people, for negroes, but Basutoland has more lepers in proportion to population than any other part of Africa. There were 493 cases of leprosy in the settlement. They were natives who had been induced to come in. Thousands hide in the mountains and refuse to come out. The white manager of the compounds, who has held this position since the settlement was established, ten years ago, carries the marks of knives and hatchets with which he was attacked by patients attempting to escape. The foul disease is found here in its most virulent form, I was told by Dr. Slack, the medical officer. Half the patients are women. Men and women are supposed to be segregated in the settlement, but a few illegitimate children are born each year. Work of one



At Maseru, seat of the British government in Basutoland, is a hospital for negroes, most of them suffering from venereal diseases, yet they are attended by white nurses. It is disgusting, almost unbelievable, and unnecessary that white women should be placed in this position.

kind or another is found for 230 of the more able-bodied patients of both sexes, for which about \$10,000 is paid in wages each year. There is a model farm supplying milk and vegetables, a poultry yard, a sewing-room for the women and a tailor shop for the men. Orchards have been planted for the patients. Those who grow vegetables or fruit have the privilege of selling to the leper settlement.

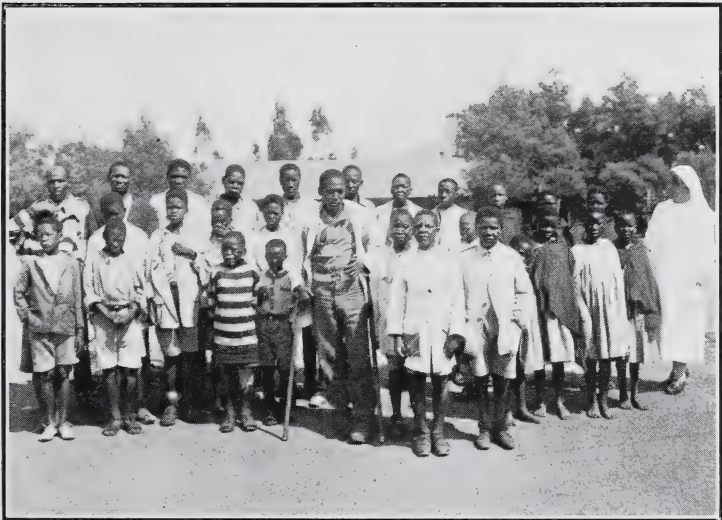
Sixty patients were recently discharged as "arrested cases" as a result of the chaulmoogra oil treatment, which was discovered by Dr. Victor G. Heiser when he was our health officer in the Philippines, and has been successfully employed by the medical officers in the leper colonies in the Philippines and Hawaiian Islands. I was with Dr. Heiser when 125 patients were released from the Hawaiian leper colony, and I shall never forget the looks on their faces when they realized they were free to go any place and mingle with other men and women. The medical fraternity generally is conceding that

if enough chaulmoogra trees can be found or grown to produce the required quantities of oil, it is only a question of time until there will be no more leprosy, the oldest and hitherto most hopeless disease in the world.

On Moshesh Day the black tribes of Basutoland commemorate with feasting and horse racing the time when they, in their own words, "came in as lice under the blanket of the great white Queen."

As guests of the resident commissioner, Colonel Sir Edward Garraway, we attended the big celebration at Matsieng, the home of the paramount chief, N. Griffith Leretholi, deep in among the mountains.

From the high plains and scattered farms of the Orange Free State, Basutoland seems another world. Six thousand square miles of Basutoland is so mountainous as to be practically uninhabitable, and on the remaining 5,000 square miles live more than a half million natives, about 100 to the square mile of inhabited country, making this the most thickly populated state in South Africa. A railroad connects Maseru, on



A group of children patients in the leper colony at Maseru.

the northwestern frontier, with the Orange Free State. Maseru is the seat of white government, with a white population of 300, a race track, golf course, cricket field, tennis courts and polo grounds—in other words, a British town.

Three hours' motor ride over a good road, considering the nature of the country, brought us to a great natural race course in a hollow encircled by hills. This was Matsieng. From early in the morning long lines of natives had been winding over the dusty roads, on foot and horseback, and now they were clustered in colored blankets on the sides of the hills waiting for the races to start.

The paramount chief's automobile, new and shiny, of American make, came out about a mile to meet us. If the chief has much use of his car he will have to build a better road from his home. The descendant of the great Moshesh was disappointing in appearance—a short, pot-bellied negro in a purple suit, looking like a ward heeler in the Black Belt of Chicago. He receives \$20,000 a year for bossing 500,000 men, women and children. After a formal exchange of greetings with the commissioner we were ushered to a tent near the winning post of the race course. This was a few yards from a cemetery, thru which the horses dashed after passing the post.

A few of the district chiefs, like the paramount, wore English suits, as did the paramount's eldest son, a dapper young negro who will lead the Basutos a merry life when he succeeds his father. Other costumes ranged from sheepskins to blankets, the garb of most of the natives. Bright-colored blankets are favored, the more colors the better. On the hottest day the Basuto swaths a blanket about him. The majority of the women wear blankets, tho for variety some appear on dress occasions in innumerable petticoats, the effect being accentuated by the bustles which Nature has furnished them.

Festivity, good humor and the smell of Kaffir beer were in the air. Petty chiefs and other functionaries in the celebration rode about shouting orders and impressing the multitude



A group of Basutoland natives attending the Moshesh Day celebration at Matsieng. The race course was literally lined with such groups, 9,000 natives participating in the celebration.

with their importance. Around the paddock bets were being made as the horses were led past. A bugler sounded the horses to the post. The course was down a gentle slope to a sharp bend, then uphill to the winning post and cemetery. Some of the horses were from England, including one which the paramount chief had presented to his son, which was the center of attention. Would it win the big race of the day? Last year a horse belonging to the paramount chief was beaten, and the jockey came near being killed, to say nothing of what happened to the unfortunate horse.

At the finish of the first race we saw why all the jockeys seemed nervous. The crowd swooped down in hundreds, some pausing to congratulate the winner, but most of them surrounding the losers, those who were near enough kicking and punching the horses and their riders with angry cries, while the other disappointed backers relieved their feelings by luridly describing the low parentage of the steeds.

During one of the races a dog created considerable excitement by running across the course and upsetting a rider. No harm was done except to the dog. As each race was run there came from the throats of thousands a shrill cry like an Indian warwhoop, increasing in volume as the winning post was neared. The prizes varied from "one beast" (an ox or cow) to \$90, the prize for the winner of the Moshesh Handicap. This was the event of the day and was a success, the horse of the chief's son winning. For a minute we were somewhat worried, and so, no doubt, was the resident commissioner, Sir Edward Garraway, because it looked as if this horse would lose. But the one that had been leading was pulled in sufficiently by his rider in the home stretch. There was immense enthusiasm when the winner was led in by its owner.

With the excitement over, the Basutos appeared eager to complete the white men's part of the program, which consisted of responding to a speech made by the paramount chief, the remarks being interpreted by a chap who would make a good auctioneer. At this appearance the chief was received with

extravagant acclamations, which he acknowledged with a bored smile. Other dignitaries gathered about him in the order of their rank, and then to the resident commissioner he said: "It is a good and fitting thing to express gratitude to the commissioner in Basutoland. We thank you for the trouble you have taken in coming here today, as you have always done in the past. Do not, I beg you, tire of coming here on this day, for it



The short negro with the long cane is the paramount chief of Basutoland, N. Griffith Letheroli, whose job is worth \$20,000 a year. Sir Edward Garraway, Crown Commissioner, standing at the right, receives a salary equal to about one-third of that paid the negro chief. Mr. Boyce, at the left, met the paramount chief at the Moshesh Day celebration.

is a necessary day for us because of this wonderful preservation which Moshesh himself gained from the late Queen Victoria, and by which we are still being preserved. And we must do all that we can to maintain this wonderful preservation. Now, Chief, preserve Basutoland."

Then, raising his voice, the paramount chief spoke the ritual traditional to such occasions. "Khet-

so!" (Peace) he said. Back from the multitude came the reply:

"Eh! Marena, Khetso!" (Yes, Chief, Peace.)

"Poola!" (Rain) said the chief, and the Basutos shouted another large Yes.

Whereupon Sir Edward thanked the paramount chief, the other chiefs and sons of Moshesh for their welcome and spoke

of their prosperity since the day of the treaty with the late Queen Victoria. He concluded as the paramount chief had done, with a request for peace and rain.

An hour later, when we left for Maseru, the program had reached the Kaffir beer. The Basutos are in the habit of winding up with an enthusiasm all their own, their celebration of the moment when they "became the lice in the Great White Queen's blanket."

Basutoland is not a free trade country. Its income from customs duties is \$300,000 a year, and this, added to the poll tax, is the government's chief source of revenue. In the mountains good Merino sheep are raised. The export of this wool is the people's greatest source of revenue. The next largest income is from Basutos working in the diamond mines at Kimberley and the gold mines on the Rand. Twenty thousand Basuto men and boys work in the mines, earning a net average of three dollars a week each—a total income of three million dollars a year from native labor.

There has never been any prospecting for minerals. The Basutos occupied this country fifty years before diamonds were discovered at Kimberley and forty years before gold was found on the Rand. They saw the other negroes and the Boers lose their land to invaders seeking minerals, and they made up their minds that their greatest danger was in having minerals found in Basutoland. Therefore prospecting is forbidden. A coal mine was exposed not long ago and the natives sold the coal to white missionaries, traders and government officials, until the paramount chief heard about it. He stopped the digging and closed the mine.

The British Empire is furnishing good government at a reasonable price for the lowest savage head hunter in the island of New Guinea and the highest type of white man in the British Isles. The government of Basutoland is a sample of the kind supplied to semi-savages. The Basutoland government is run at a loss to the Crown but made up to the British manufacturer thru the sale of cheap red blankets by the millions. Even the Union of South Africa has not been

able to get any of this native trade for its local manufacturers.

I spent more time in Basutoland than in any other native protectorate in South Africa because the Basutos are likely to be one of the first outfits to be moved on account of their crowded condition. The population is doubling every twenty-five years, and in another quarter of a century they will have to be moved or starve. The fact that these negroes need to wear blankets proves they are in a country that is not suited to them. There is much snow in Basutoland in the winter and the suffering is great.



These Basuto "flappers" are now ready for the "marriage market." Such clothes as they are wearing are not a part of their daily outfit but were put on for "photographic purposes" only.



Cecil John Rhodes, who added two colonies to the British Empire.

CHAPTER X

SOUTHERN RHODESIA AND CECIL RHODES

HAVE just returned from the boulder-crowned Motopos, 4,800 feet above sea level, which Cecil Rhodes called his church and chose as his burial place. Under one of the great overhanging boulders he used to recline on the bare granite floor, planning and dreaming of the future of his beloved country. I could never understand why Rhodes spent so much time at such an altitude, as he had a very bad heart, and to reach the mountain top he had to climb a mile up the smooth granite. But the man and the place seem to fit. The solitary grandeur and absolute quiet removed Rhodes from sordid, every-day transactions and led him to live only in the future.

"Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes" is the only inscription on the grave of the man who put South Africa on the map. The grave was hewn in the solid rock and covered by a plain bronze plate. The body was conveyed up the mountainside at break of day on a gun carriage, drawn by six oxen, the only animals that could stand on the granite surface. The wheels of the gun carriage were wrapped with felt to prevent their slipping.

By the provisions of Rhodes' will this sacred mountaintop was dedicated as a burial place "of those who deserve well of their country," the Premier of South Africa to decide. Rhodes died at Cape Town in 1902, at the age of 49. He was born in England and first came to South Africa at the age of seventeen.



"Rhodes Looking North." This statue of Rhodesia's founder stands in the center of Bulawayo's main street. It is of bronze, twelve feet high, and mounted on a granite pedestal.

"The World's View" was the name Rhodes gave this weird spot. The base of the mountain is approached by an eight-mile corridor of huge granite boulders from twenty to a hundred feet high, down a semi-tropical valley. The Motopos are a range of low mountains about 100 miles long, the center of which is fifteen miles from Bulawayo, principal town of Southern Rhodesia.

In 1895, when Rhodes was at the height of his success, he was received in London by Queen Victoria, who asked him what he had been doing since she last saw him.

"I have added two provinces to Your Majesty's dominions," was his reply.

While Queen Victoria is not recorded as having said, "Yes, and you did it at your own expense," she no doubt thought it, and was grateful. However, it was not as easy to bring in these two provinces as it seemed, for the country, when Rhodes started after it, was held by the bloody Lobengula, the last of the great Zulu chiefs.

The Zulus had been developed by Chaka, their king, into a perfect fighting machine of great courage and strength, located in the northeastern part of what is now the coast province of Natal. About one hundred years ago Chaka had an able chief named Moselikatsi, who was the father of Lobengula. Moselikatsi made a raid on his own account, obtained a large quantity of booty and kept on going. With his followers he crossed the Drakensburg Mountains into the Transvaal. The Boers of the Transvaal finally, in 1837, drove them out of the country, into Matabeleland and Mashonaland, forming the present province of Southern Rhodesia.

Moselikatsi ("Trail of Blood") located his chief kraal (group of huts) at the site of what is now Bulawayo, in the heart of Matabeleland. His people conquered the Matabeles and took their name. Moselikatsi died in 1868 and was buried in a cave in the Motopos. He was succeeded by his son Lobengula, a cruel savage who dined every day off a whole beef. Every man was a fighting man and was not allowed to marry

until he was 35 years of age, and then only if he could prove he had slain an enemy in battle.

The weak Mashonas, who occupied the land between Matabeleland and Portuguese territory on the east and Zambesi River on the north, were held in absolute contempt by Lobengula, who claimed their country. An Indian massacre was a Sunday school picnic compared to a raid by the Matabeles on the Mashonas. They not only drove off the cattle and took the grain, but murdered the men, women and children.

It was at this point in the history of the present Southern Rhodesia, in 1888, that Cecil Rhodes, with his empire-building and wealth-seeking schemes, appeared on the scene. In 1887 he acquired control of the De Beers diamond mine at Kimberley and founded the Consolidated Gold Fields Corporation at Johannesburg. Mashonaland was reported to be very rich in gold. It was known that at least four hundred million dollars in gold had been taken out of these fields as early as the time of King Solomon. With the fabulous wealth of the richest diamond mines and richest gold mines in the world back of him, Rhodes was ready to proceed with the development of the new gold fields and the adding of hundreds of thousands of square miles in new territory to the British Empire.

Rhodes' first step was to secure from Lobengula what is known as the Moffat concession, for all mineral rights in his dominion. Moffat was a missionary who was trusted by Lobengula, but Rhodes took the concession in the names of C. D. Rudd, F. R. Thompson and Rochfort Maguire, his partners. His next step was the securing, in 1889, of a royal charter for the British South Africa Company, commonly called the Chartered Company.

Lobengula had taken a country that did not belong to him, and thru the Chartered Company Great Britain followed his example, and went him one better by extending the rights of the Chartered Company over more than five times the territory he claimed. How Great Britain obtained the territory over which it gave the Chartered Company authority will always be a mystery, but it was worth fighting for. The

company's original capital was \$5,000,000, and has since been increased to \$55,000,000.

The Chartered Company was given power to make treaties and laws, preserve the peace and maintain a police force. However, her Majesty, Queen Victoria, could revoke at the end of twenty-five years, or earlier if the privileges were misused. The quarter of a century has elapsed, the charter has not been revoked, but negotiations are now about completed which will result in the formal annexation of Southern and Northern Rhodesia, as British colonies, with responsible government. It is generally believed they will ultimately be admitted into the Union of South Africa as separate provinces. The Chartered Company will retain the controlling interest in the railroads and mineral rights, giving up all governmental functions.

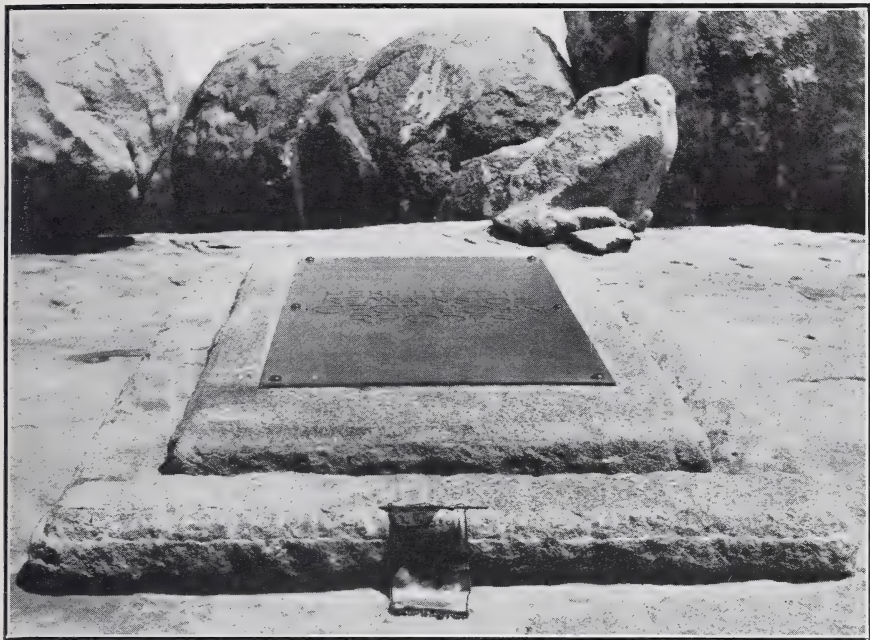
The story of the Chartered Company's reclaiming this great territory from the savages reads like a dime novel, and is very interesting to the people of the United States who have read about our bloody wars with the Indians.

There was still one more river to cross. Rhodes had got his concessions and his charter, but not control of the country.

From this point on Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, the Kimberley doctor, Rhodes' closest friend, whose body lies within twenty-five yards of Rhodes' grave, is chosen as the man of the hour in connection with the tragic promotion of the Chartered Company, which is said to have cost Rhodes \$35,000,000 out of his private funds. The Chartered Company has never paid a dividend.

Jameson's first act was to secure from the powerful Lobengula a permit to develop the mineral rights concessions which he had previously granted. This necessitated sending white men into the country. Jameson approached the bloody old king at a time when he was suffering from the gout. The first thing the doctor did was to cure his gout. Then he received a promise that Rhodes' outfit might pass thru Matabeleland into Mashonaland without being attacked by his warriors.

Jameson returned to Rhodes at Kimberley and he decided to send 200 miners and settlers into Mashonaland. The first



Rhodes' grave, hewn in the solid rock and covered by a plain bronze plate, on which is engraved the simple epitaph: "Here Lie the Remains of Cecil John Rhodes." The grave is on the mountain top which Rhodes called "The World's View," and near it, similar in appearance, is the grave of Dr. Leander Starr Jameson. The little flag is one which the Adventurers' Club of Chicago asked Mr. Boyce to take to the burial place of "The Great Adventurer."

bid they received for transporting this aggregation and policing it from Mafeking to near where Salisbury is now located, in Mashonaland, about 700 miles, was an amount equal to nearly half the capital of the Chartered Company, which was \$5,000,000. However, Rhodes came across Frank Johnson, 23 years old, who had been engaged in similar work and who contracted to furnish the police and take the outfit thru for \$400,000. Rhodes promptly paid him \$100,000 down on the contract and told him to get busy.

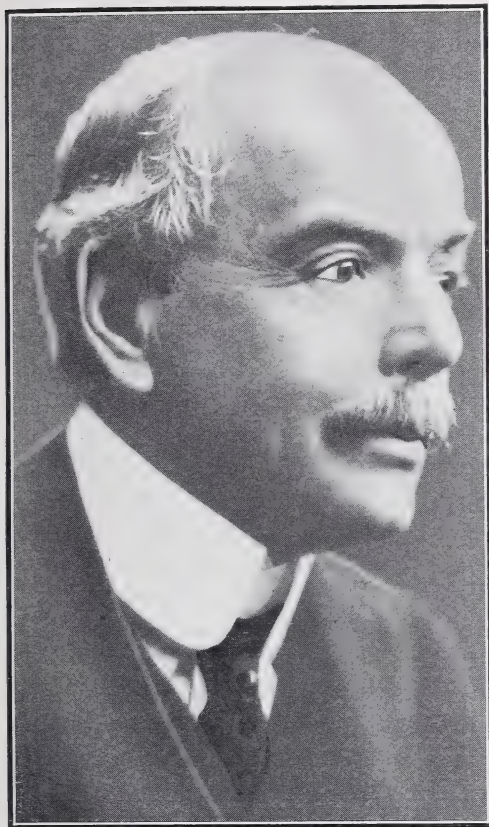
It is quite evident Rhodes did not trust old Lobengula or he would not have gone to this great expense. He was right,

because Lobengula tried to get out of the contract when the expedition reached Matabeleland. Jameson had to go and see his "Royal Highness" and call his bluff, telling him they were going thru anyhow. Lobengula offered to pay back the subsidy he had received, but Jameson declined it with thanks. However, it is doubtful that the large party would have been able to get thru except for the wise leadership of Frederick C. Selous, the great hunter and guide, who knew this country better than any other white man at that time. The expedition consisted of 200 pioneers, 500 mounted police, a few volunteers and a large number of negro boys and laborers. Johnson, with the aid of Selous, took them to their destination in 100 days without a single casualty.

The pioneers found the country round about Salisbury without a population, the local Mashonas having been exterminated by their brother negroes, the Matabeles, but there was much wild game. They immediately began prospecting for gold and going shooting. Two years later, when Rhodes came to Mashonaland for the first time, he found a population of 1,500 discontented whites. Thirty-two years later I found in Southern Rhodesia a population of 35,000 whites, most of them still kicking. Rhodes realized that the original capital of the company had been spent and that the annual expenses were five times the income from mining concessions and duties.

Up to date the Mashonas had avoided the poll tax. Rhodes appointed Dr. Jameson as administrator, to close the gap between the outgo and the income.

Jameson proceeded to reduce the police from 700 to 100, and succeeded in cutting the annual expenses 80 per cent. For a short time there was no trouble with the Matabeles on the west, but with the reduction of the police force and the growing prosperity of the Mashona negroes under the protection of the white government, Lobengula could not resist the temptation to make use of the 1,000 rifles and 100,000 rounds of ammunition he had received from Rhodes three years before for the original concession. He started trouble by raiding and killing at Fort Victoria, where the Zimbabwe ruins are located.



Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, who came to South Africa as a young surgeon and became Rhodes' closest friend. When Rhodes formed his Chartered Company to take over the new country, he placed Jameson in charge of the administration.

Jameson rode the 188 miles from Salisbury to Fort Victoria in four days. He gave the Matabeles one hour to get out of town. They made a break for the bush, but some of them did not get there quick enough; the shooting began and the first Matabele war was on.

Three armed divisions of 250 men each were organized by Jameson to invade Matabeleland, one from Salisbury, 180 miles northeast of Bulawayo, Lobengula's capital; one from Fort Victoria, 180 miles east, and the third from Tuli, 125 miles southeast. The men forming these divisions made a deal with the Chartered Company that they would clean up Lobengula for five dollars a day, sixteen mining claims and a block of land for each one.

The three columns advanced cautiously thru the

bush country, daily in fear of ambush. Lobengula had 1,500 well trained warriors, 1,000 of whom were armed with Rhodes' rifles. Fortunately for the whites the rifles were not in good condition and the savages thought that the higher they raised the sights the harder the bullets would hit, with the result that they shot over the heads of the Jameson forces. The first

battle was on the Shangani River, where the Matabeles attacked and were defeated with great slaughter. The whites had one killed and a few casualties. The Salisbury and Victoria forces joined near Bulawayo, where the deciding battle was fought, resulting in four whites being killed, while the Matabeles lost uncounted numbers. This completely shook the morale of Lobengula, who blew up his ammunition dump, burned his kraal and fled.

Again, at the psychological moment, Rhodes appears on the scene, showing up at Bulawayo in time to lay out the town-site and sell lots on the boom.

Lobengula and 3,000 warriors had fled northward. Major Forbes and Captain Alan Wilson were sent with a small force in pursuit. At the Shangani River the pursuers came upon his track, and Wilson crossed the river with thirty-six men. Unfortunately the Shangani afterward came down in flood and cut this force off from the main body. Wilson and his men were surrounded by the Matabeles and died fighting. Heaps of dead were found around them. Lobengula headed for the Zambesi River, hoping to start a new dominion in the north. Within forty miles of the Zambesi he died of small-pox. Thus ended the first Matabele war.

High on the summit of a mountain of the Motopos range, near Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, is the cave of the Umlimo spirit. Native guides will take you to the entrance of this cave, but none dares enter. For the Umlimo is a malignant spirit, with the power of causing death, illness, personal harm and famine.

When the Zulus came to Matabeleland and conquered it, their fear of evil consequences induced them to worship the Umlimo as the first inhabitants of the Motopos had done. Moselikatsi, who led the Zulu invasion, always consulted the spirit of the cave before he took any important action. His son, Lobengula, the bloody king of the Matabeles, also obeyed the dictates of the dread Umlimo. The spirit talked only thru a priest. No one else could enter the cave. As far as we could learn the priest is no longer on the job. But the spirit

must still be there, as offerings of tobacco, antelope horns, pottery, etc., are left at the cave by the superstitious negroes. Thru the priest, in 1896, the Umlimo spirit advised the Matabeles to kill off the white people and regain their country.

For three years there had been peace. However, the Matabeles were fighters, not workers, and did not take kindly to the white man's rule. The chiefs longed for the old days of raiding and killing. An epidemic of rinderpest broke out among the Matabeles' cattle and the government ordered all diseased herds killed in order to stop the plague. This made the Matabeles wilder. Then Dr. Jameson, the Chartered Company's administrator, took a large part of his police force for the raid in the Transvaal on the eve of the Boer War. Seeing the white settlers were defenseless, and urged on by the Umlimo priest, the Matabeles broke loose.

During the night of March 24, 1896, they butchered the white men, women and children in every outlying district. Most of these were killed by their own servants. In all, 141 whites were massacred in cold blood. At that time the total white population of Matabeleland was less than 2,000. The Matabeles intended also to murder the whites in the three towns, Bulawayo, Gwelo and Belingwe, but their plans miscarried and the delay gave the townspeople time to organize defenses.

Bulawayo, the largest settlement, was surrounded by 15,000 Matabeles. For two months the situation was desperate, with frequent attacks adding to the death roll. At the end of May, Colonel Plumer, with a force of volunteers, arrived at Bulawayo from Mafeking, 500 miles south, defeating a large Matabele army on the way. At the same time a column raised at Salisbury, in Mashonaland, left for the relief of Bulawayo, accompanied by Rhodes, who had come from London to the East Coast on news of the rising. The surrounding country was then cleared of Matabeles, except in the Motopos.

In this almost inaccessible range of granite mountains the remnants of the Matabele forces took refuge. Rhodes realized

they could hold out there indefinitely. A long-drawn-out war might wreck his empire-building plans, which had recently received three serious blows—the Jameson raid and the forced retirement of Rhodes as the managing director of the Chartered Company and Prime Minister of the Cape Province. Rhodes, tho without authority, took charge of the situation and opened peace negotiations with the chiefs.

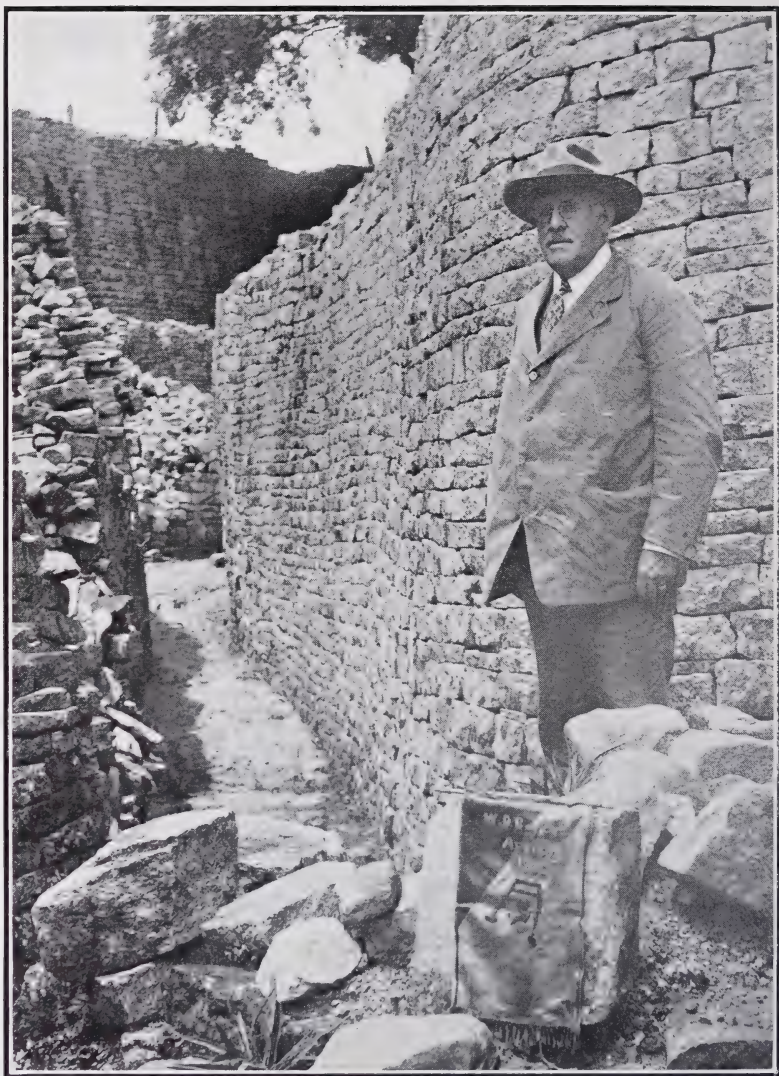
Rhodes had to be patient. He camped two months in the mountains, coaxing the chiefs one by one to come and talk with him. At the first indaba, or council, Rhodes and his three companions were surrounded by natives fully armed with assegais and rifles, and no doubt the weapons would have been used had the white men shown signs of fear. With the assistance of several conservative chiefs, he finally won them all over. At the final indaba he promised them that every chief would have his own district, the people would go with their grievances to the chiefs, the chiefs would go to the white commissioners of natives, who in turn would communicate with the administration of the Chartered Company. This is the system that has since been in use in dealing with the natives.



Main Street, Bulawayo, headquarters of the Rhodesian railways and commercial center of Southern Rhodesia. Bulawayo has a population of 5,000 whites but is laid out as a city of 300,000.

In the meantime a revolt broke out in Mashonaland. The Mashonas are a worthless race, not inclined to fight, but they were stirred up by the Umlimo priest. At the Alice mine, near Salisbury, nine white men and three white women were besieged in the mine buildings by several hundred natives. Two of the men volunteered to go to the telegraph office to summon help. They sent the message to Salisbury, but were killed returning to the mine. Captain Nesbitt rode from Salisbury with twelve men and succeeded in bringing out the party. For this he received the Victoria Cross. The Mashonas kept up a guerilla warfare for more than a year, hiding in caves. The whites blew up the caves with dynamite, but it was slow work. At last the leading chief of the Mashonas was killed and his followers dispersed.

One million eight hundred thousand dollars was paid by the Chartered Company to the settlers in Southern Rhodesia as compensation for losses suffered during the rebellion.



Mr. Boyce standing at the entrance to a narrow passage leading to one of the conical towers in the Zimbabwe ruins. These walls are of cut stone put up without the use of mortar. The little flag is the ensign of the Adventurers' Club of Chicago.

CHAPTER XI

ROMANTIC ZIMBABWE

GOLD was the lure that brought Cecil Rhodes with his Chartered Company to Mashonaland in the late eighties. However, his mining concession was not the first. According to the Bible the first concession in these diggings was granted by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, king of the Jews, and his Phœnician friends, nearly 3,000 years ago. Long before the time of Solomon (950 B. C.) gold was mined in this country by people from Asia Minor.

The Bible relates in *I. Kings*, ix., 27-28:

And Hiram sent in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon. And they came to Ophir and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty talents, and brought it to King Solomon.

There were two Ophirs. One was in Southern Arabia, where there were no gold mines. This was the place where gold was sent for sale. The other Ophir has been located in Sofala, in South-east Africa. Today, Sofala is a

seaport; in ancient times it was the coast and interior, including



The gold seekers of Zimbabwe were sun worshipers and the conical towers were emblems of their religion. The towers were solid heaps of stone, the one shown here being thirty-one feet high and fifty-eight feet in circumference at its base.

the gold area of what is now Mashonaland, Southern Rhodesia. The word Sofala means "Ophirland."

In Southern Rhodesia are thousands of prehistoric gold mines, covering an area of 500 miles by 400 miles. Ancient workings are being discovered every year. Of 130,000 mining claims registered at the last report, eleven-twelfths of the blocks were pegged on sites of ancient workings. Four hundred million dollars or more in gold was taken out of the old mines. This is arrived at by measuring the size of the excavations, where the rich quartz is still in evidence, and giving the ancient miners credit for extracting 50 per cent of the gold. Instead of crushing the ore with stamps, they pulverized it by the following method: First they put the quartz in great fires; when it was thoroly heated they suddenly cooled it with water; the expansion and contraction broke the quartz.

This gold-producing region was colonized by the early Semitic peoples living around the Red Sea—the Jews, Phœnicians and Arabs. In Solomon's days the Jews and Phœnicians worked together. Phœnician fleets regularly came down the East Coast of Africa for gold and ivory.

Seventeen miles from Fort Victoria, Mashonaland, are the ruins of Great Zimbabwe, a subject of much controversy among the achæologists and other scientists. From the town we motored to the ruins on a fine road built by convict labor. Few tourists come to this out-of-the-way spot.

Here are great masses of granite blocks, forming temples, towers and fortifications, the oldest parts of which were built without mortar or cement. The buildings were evidently erected by people who came from other lands and were compelled to defend themselves. Scientists differ in their theories as to when and by whom the work was done. Some think it was the Bantu negroes who began invading Central Africa a thousand years ago. I cannot see how any one who knows negroes can hold this theory. Negroes have never built in stone. I believe the first building was done by the Semitic Phœnicians and Arabs from Asia Minor. I arrive at this conclusion by the process of elimination. All the old cities excavated in

Mexico and South America, which I have seen, have the architecture of India or China, which Zimbabwe does not resemble. The buried temples of North Africa, along the Nile and Mediterranean, are unlike Zimbabwe, so this eliminates Africa as being the source. Europe, of course, was not in business at that time. This leaves only Asia Minor to draw from. Asia Minor was the home of the Jews, Phœnicians and ancient Arabs.

It may be that the Zimbabwe fortifications were put up as a defense against the negroes, who must have swarmed the country like flies, and were used for common labor, as they are today. The Bantu negroes, who also came from Asia Minor, invaded Central Africa and worked their way south, finally driving out the Asia Minor gold seekers. Examination of the Zimbabwe ruins shows several different periods of repair, indicating crude work undoubtedly done by negroes.

Much excavation and exploration remains to be done. No skulls have been found, thus indicating the burial grounds are more than a thousand years old. Figures of birds and crocodiles, carved in stone, and certain male and female emblems found in the ruins show the people of Zimbabwe were Nature worshipers. This was the religion of the ancient Semites. Solomon worshiped a number of gods. Discovery of gold in crucibles and other implements proves that gold was smelted within the walls.

In their present condition the Zimbabwe ruins are in three groups, covering an area of two miles by one and one-half miles. There are two hundred small ruins scattered over the gold-mining section of Southern Rhodesia, Zimbabwe being the largest and most interesting. The principal Zimbabwe ruins are a large temple and a fortified acropolis. The walls of the great elliptical temple are from twenty-two to thirty-two feet high, the thickest walls being fifteen feet wide at the base and ten feet at the top.

In an enclosure within the temple is a solid conical tower, thirty-one feet high and fifty-eight feet in circumference at its base. Such towers are common in the ancient Semitic coun-



The interior of the great elliptical temple at Zimbabwe. These ruins probably date back to King Solomon's time. The outer walls of the temple are from twenty-two to thirty-two feet high and fifteen feet thick at the base.

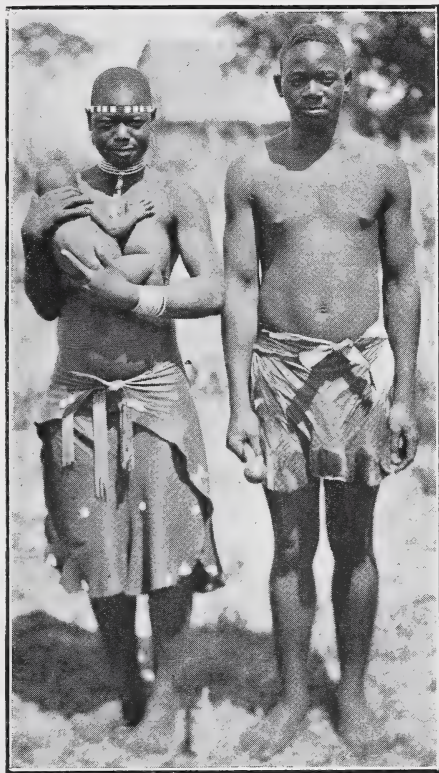
tries. The circumference of the interior of the temple is 770 feet. There are a number of narrow passages, probably for priests. At the top of one of the old walls is a chevron pattern, made of granite blocks, similar to a design found on Phoenician monuments and coins.

The acropolis, or fort, is on an isolated granite hill, 300 feet above the surrounding country, accessible on only one side by two narrow, steep passages. The summit of the hill is bounded by a great wall, on top of which are several small conical towers of the same style as the large tower in the temple below. Intricate entrances and sunken passages show

the builders had knowledge of military engineering. Rider Haggard used Zimbabwe as the scene of his best-known books, "King Solomon's Mines," "Allen Quartermain" and "She." The acropolis was the residence of the heroine of "She."

While a number of rich gold mines have been found in Southern Rhodesia, the gold in the vicinity of Zimbabwe seems to be exhausted, as the only mines now being worked near here are copper and asbestos. Perhaps the builders of Zimbabwe found the gold was becoming scarce and therefore abandoned their stronghold to the negroes.

On the way to Fort Victoria we stopped at Umvuma, where is the Falcon mine, the largest combination copper and gold mine in Rhodesia. The value of its output is \$150,000 a month. Every ton of copper mined carries ten to twelve ounces of gold and a small quantity of silver. Three hundred tons of copper blister, carrying the gold and silver, are shipped each month to the United States to be treated, as there is no plant in Europe separating copper from gold. The Falcon mine employs 125 white men and 2,000 negroes. The natives receive \$8.75 a month in wages. Employers are required to provide the negroes with one pound of meat a week, and a variety of vegetables, in addition to cornmeal, which is their main diet. and



A Makalanga man and his favorite wife. These natives live in the Zimbabwe region.

to maintain compounds for the blacks and their families.

In the Mashaba district, twenty-five miles from Fort Victoria, are three large asbestos mines. We went thru the Gaths mine, where 50,000 tons of crysolite ore are mined each month, from which 1 per cent of asbestos is obtained. The normal production of the Southern Rhodesia asbestos mines is 2,500 tons a month. At present, due to slack demand, they are producing 1,800 tons a month. The great hole being mined at Gaths is 3,200 by 1,600 feet at the top, and sixty feet deep. Thirteen hundred natives are employed, on piece work. There are twenty-three white employes. The asbestos fiber from Rhodesia is particularly long fiber. It is sent from Beira, Portuguese East Africa, to London, from where most of it goes to Canada. There it is mixed with short-fiber Canadian asbestos and shipped to the United States. The long fiber is made into theater curtains and firemen's suits. The short fiber is used for all sorts of fireproofing purposes.

Zimbabwe's "She that must be obeyed," as described by Rider Haggard, was such a hot proposition that it was well she lived where asbestos was plentiful.

Southern Rhodesia has the oldest and newest gold mines in the world. As we have seen, gold-seekers opened this part of sub-tropical Africa three thousand years ago; modern prospectors opened the newer mines thirty years ago. The modern method of mining extracts twice the amount of gold obtained from the quartz by the ancient methods. Native labor still does the work, but the negroes are paid instead of being slaves.

Rhodesia possibly contains more undiscovered gold than any country in the world. That which is being reclaimed is mined in three ways—by natives who pan alluvial gold and send it in quills to Portuguese East Africa for sale; by individual miners having small properties which they work with gangs of natives, with indifferent success; and by large corporations, such as the Gold Fields Rhodesian Development Company, controlled by the Chartered Company, which at present runs Rhodesia. The head of the big mining companies of Rhodesia

is J. G. McDonald of Bulawayo, a pioneer. The best-paying mine is the Shamva, eighty-five miles east of Salisbury, capital of Southern Rhodesia.

The Shamva is a hill of gold-bearing quartz, the ore being removed from a great gash in its side. Five hundred white men and nearly ten thousand negroes are employed. This mine pays \$750,000 a year net. The total gold production of Southern Rhodesia is more than \$12,000,000 a year, or \$350 a year for every white person in the country.

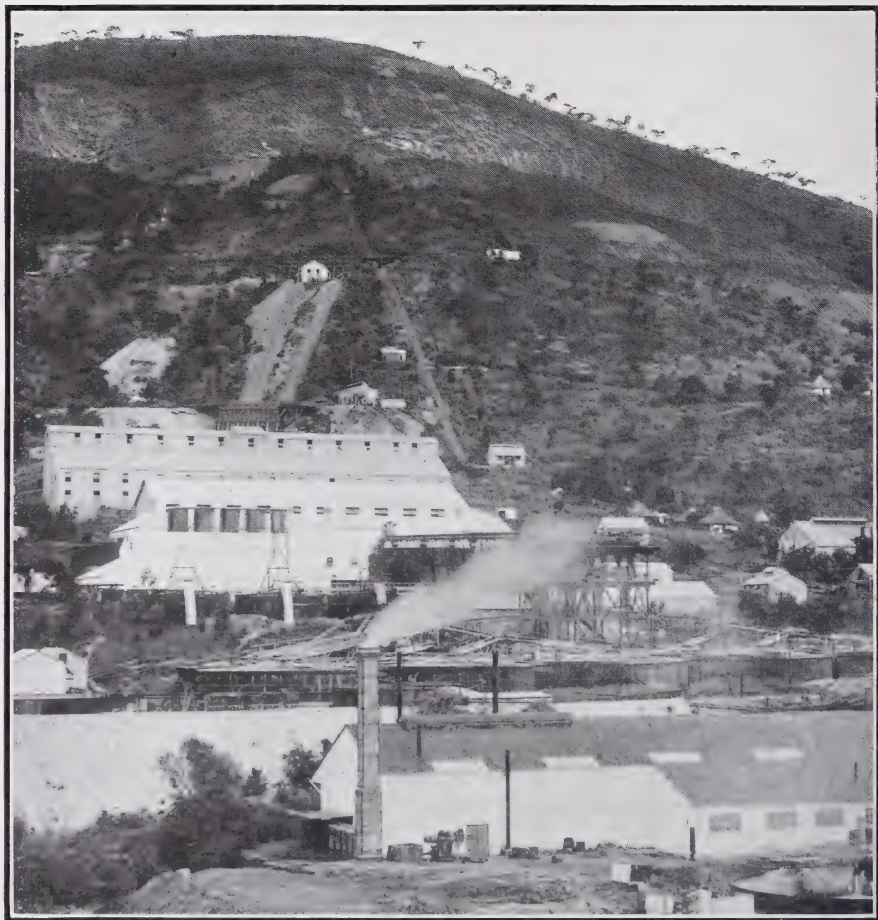
Next in importance are the chrome iron deposits of the Gwelo district, in the center of Southern Rhodesia. Chrome is a rare mineral used in hardening steel. Rhodesia's annual production is valued at five million dollars.

Coal is known to exist in many parts of the country. At Wankie, seventy miles south of Victoria Falls, on the railroad that runs to the Belgian Congo, are rich and extensive deposits, but the coal cannot be landed at the available ports at a profit nor compete in the Union of South Africa with the Transvaal and Natal coal. Coke is produced at Wankie for the copper mines of Northern Rhodesia and Belgian Congo.

When the first settlers came in 1891 they found, in Mashonaland, Southern Rhodesia, a fertile, well-watered country suitable to farming, but most of them took the greater gamble and turned to gold-seeking. After the natives had been subdued, farms were opened near the mines and towns, chiefly producing mealies. In 1901 came an epidemic of cattle disease, known as the African coast fever. This was worse than the rinderpest, which had killed many of the native cattle a few years before. To halt the epidemic the government closed the roads to oxen and ordered them confined to the farms. As a result the white men who had been farming in only a small way, devoting most of their time to mining or transport work, now began using their remaining bullocks to break up the land and put it under cultivation. At present six per cent of the area of Southern Rhodesia has been bought by white men for farm purposes. Twelve per cent is used for cattle raising. The price of ranching land varies from \$1 to \$2 per acre. Farming

land is \$7.50 to \$25 per acre, and, everything considered, the price is high.

An American from Kansas has bought 50,000 acres in the Salisbury district. His opinion as stated to us is that nobody can make any headway in the cattle business until there are



Rhodesia's best-paying mine, the Shamva, is a hill of gold-bearing quartz. The ore is taken from an immense cut in the hillside. Five hundred white men and nearly 10,000 negroes are employed here.

efficient slaughter houses and ample cold storage plants.

Most of Southern Rhodesia's area of 149,000 square miles is a great plateau, 3,000 to 5,000 feet above sea level. Altho about as far north as Florida is south, the climate is temperate on account of the elevation. The rainfall averages thirty-one inches a year and the natural fertility of the soil is great.

Three hundred thousand acres under cultivation, equal to one-third of one per cent of the area of the country, supports a total white population of 35,000. This gives you some idea of the richness of the soil, and the settlers complain that they have a surplus of agricultural products with no market.

The principal crop is the mealie (Indian corn), which occupies 78 per cent of the area under cultivation. The seed is poorly selected, the fields are full of weeds, and about half a crop is usually produced. Tobacco—Turkish and Virginian—is profitably grown and is an increasing crop. Virginian bright leaf does particularly well because of a lighter sandy soil than is common in the United States. Potatoes, beans, pumpkins, peanuts and all kinds of root crops are grown to a small extent. Many varieties of fruit trees can be grown in southern Rhodesia. Experiments with paw-paws, bananas, apples, grapes, guavas and pears have been very successful. Oranges have been exported to England for several seasons. Water must be provided for the dry months and irrigation facilities are available in several large districts.

Rhodesia's railways are of 3 feet 6 inches gauge. In the level country they are as crooked as a snake, evidently built by the mile by a contractor who knew how to add 15 per cent to the distance between towns. There are few bridges and hardly a swamp, steel ties and telegraph posts, heavy rails, well ballasted and well kept up, with negro labor at twenty-five cents a day. I traveled 2,500 miles over the Rhodesian railways during the wet season without an hour's delay. The price for transportation is high, five cents a mile, while in the United States first-class transportation is about three cents a mile. In the United States the corporations owning the railroads are not in business for their health. Here the government owns

the railroads and seems to be in business to furnish employment to as many men as it can find room for.

The trains are well patronized and the coaches are quite comfortable. The negro is especially provided with a coach of his own, which is not upholstered. In the United States our negroes may ride in Pullman cars and upholstered coaches. However, in Rhodesia the negro coaches get there first, as they are on the front of the trains.

I was surprised to find steel freight cars carrying 80,000 to 90,000 pounds of coal or ore on a three-foot-six-inch gauge railroad. We thought we were going some in the United States when we produced a freight car carrying 100,000 pounds on a four-foot-eight-and-one-half-inch gauge, which would permit of a 50 per cent larger car than the Rhodesian gauge.

Bulawayo, 1,300 miles northeast of Cape Town, is the headquarters of the Rhodesian railways and the gateway to Rhodesia from the south. Thirty years ago Bulawayo was the royal kraal of Lobengula, king of the Matabeles. From Thabas Induna, one of the hills near the town, executions and suicides took place from time to time in accordance with the commands of Lobengula. Bulawayo, translated, means "the place of the killing."

When the townsite was laid out by Cecil Rhodes it was thought there would be a big gold boom in the Bulawayo district. The area of the town is sufficient for a population of 300,000; the streets are wide and long. Distances are so great that the 5,000 whites living here have to travel from one place to another in automobiles or rickshas. The gold deposits of the district are of little importance compared to those of Mashonaland on the east, but Bulawayo is the principal commercial center of Rhodesia. Its stores are large and well appointed, it has excellent water and electric lighting systems owned by the town, a municipal stock yards, a fine hospital, public library, museum, park and botanical gardens, zoo, golf course, two-mile race track, and good roads to the "World's View," in the Motopos, where Rhodes is buried, and to other parts of the district.



A general view of Salisbury, capital of Southern Rhodesia.

Salisbury, in Mashonaland, 300 miles north-east of Bulawayo, is the capital of Southern Rhodesia, with a population of 3,500 whites. It is more compactly built than Bulawayo, has several clubs and public gardens, and a large brewery. In both towns there is a saloon on every prominent corner. This seems to be the best patronized business in the country.

In Southern Rhodesia, the administrator of the British South Africa Company, governing the country with the approval of Great Britain, is assisted by an executive council

appointed by the company and a legislative council of which six members are appointed by the company and thirteen members elected by registered votes. Women have the vote. Natives are "entitled" to vote, under certain educational and property-owning qualifications, but few do so.

At the home of a friend in Bulawayo, when asked what I thought of Rhodesia, I answered that if this country, with its soil and rainfall, were located where Arizona and New Mexico are, the United States would populate it with five million white people in ten years.

"Oh, just think of it!" exclaimed our hostess. "Why, there would not be enough natives to go around."

This illustrates Rhodesia's problem, which will not be settled until the negroes are moved in reservations north of the Zambesi River, in the tropics, for which they were designed by Nature and where the white man cannot work. Rhodesia is a white man's country, or would be if the non-productive negroes were put where they belong. White men do no manual work here. They depend entirely on native labor. It is cheap, they say. In my opinion, after careful observation, it is the most expensive labor in the world.

While we were at Salisbury two chiefs were brought in to be tried for murder. The victim was the son of one of the chiefs. With them was a black "Rain Goddess," who indirectly caused the murder. She had been requested to produce rain. No rain fell. It was evident something was wrong and the rain spirit must be appeased by sacrifice, as has been the case on previous occasions. In looking around for a suitable victim, the chief learned that the goddess had been violated, and, worst of all, his own son was the guilty party. The father asked the other chief to capture his son and sacrifice him to the rain spirit. The young negro was burned alive, in accordance with the custom of the tribe. The government heard about it and arrested the two chiefs, also taking the "goddess" as a witness. But this will have no effect on the native mind, because the curious part of the story, which has been verified, is that rain fell shortly after the sacrifice.

CHAPTER XII

NORTHERN RHODESIA

TWO Irishmen visited Niagara Falls. Said Mike: "Pat, ain't this wonderful?" Pat shook his head. "I don't see anything wonderful about it," was his reply. "What's to stop the water from fallin'?"

So at Victoria Falls, the greatest in the world, there is nothing to stop the water from falling. Here the Zambesi River plunges 380 feet into an immense chasm. More than twice the height of Niagara, Victoria Falls have a width of 2,000 yards compared to Niagara's 860 yards. However, at no point can you see more than one-third of Victoria Falls. The brink of the falls is much broken by islands and rocks. At some places the water plunges over precipices, at others it is caught by projecting rocks and reaches the bottom in a series of majestic cascades. Livingstone named the falls for Queen Victoria. The only improvement that could be made would be to call them the "Royal Victoria Falls." "Rugged grandeur" is the nearest one can come to describing them. While Niagara seems a beautiful setting made for a railroad bridge, there is no man-made appearance about Victoria Falls—they are Nature herself.

Five great columns of vapor, known as the "Five Fingers," rise constantly against the dark green background of the forest. From the seething cauldron below comes a roar that can be heard sixteen miles away. The native names

for the falls are "Mosi Oa Tunya" (smoke that sounds), and "Shongwe" (boiling pot). The old Arab name was "Musa-i-



A Batema warrior
of the Kafue River
district.

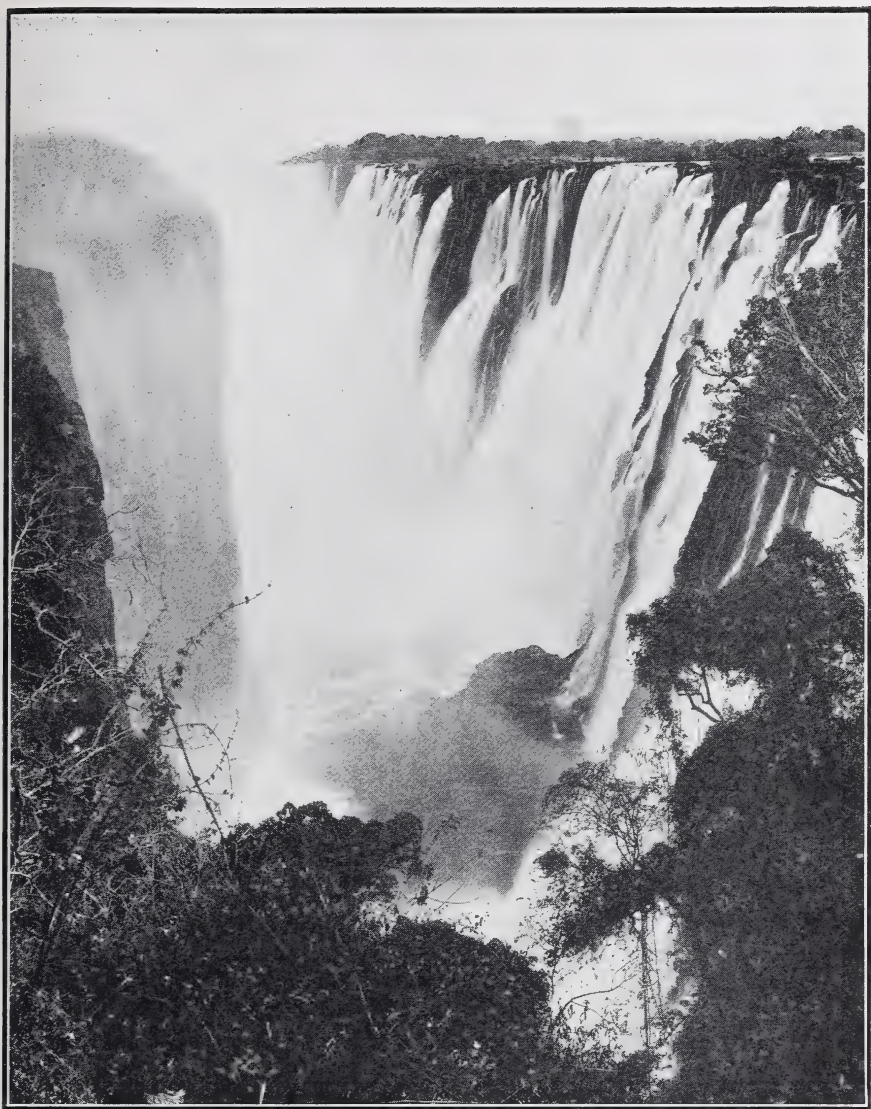
nunya" (the end of the world). The white man has added various names associated with all waterfalls. Thru a narrow canyon of basalt the water from the falls rushes to the "Boiling Pot," passing the "Knife Edge" and "Danger Point" and on thru a deep gorge extending for forty-five miles, with many twists and bends. A short distance below the falls, near enough so that spray falls on it, is the high cantilever bridge carrying the railroad over the Zambesi. The bridge is 650 feet long, 350 feet above high-water level and about 220 yards below the "Boiling Pot."

When the river is low it is possible to visit the islands above the falls in a native dugout canoe—if you are not nervous. The natives are well acquainted with the rapids and have lost few passengers in recent years. But the necessity of dodging the many jutting rocks and whirlpools, and the knowledge of the yawning abyss just a short distance away, make this a memorable experience.

As a power proposition, Victoria Falls are a great disappointment, because we of the United States are bound to make comparison with our own Niagara Falls, which have the Great Lakes, a thousand miles long, as a millpond. The Zambesi River, north of Victoria Falls, drains a large area, but it is the outlet of no lakes and it goes nearly dry four months in a year. The result is that enough water goes over Victoria Falls for eight months in a year to make an average of one million horse power, while for four months in a year it would be impossible to develop more than one hundred thousand horse power.

There is no point near Victoria Falls where a power-house could be located. It would be necessary to draw the water thru a canal, several miles above the falls, for a distance of nearly ten miles before it could be dropped thru a 360-foot steel tube into the water turbines.

Victoria Falls are in Northern Rhodesia, the land of Livingstone. Northern Rhodesia, with an area of 291,000 square miles (25,000 square miles more than the State of Texas), lies on the watershed of the two great rivers of Africa, the



The eastern cataract of Victoria Falls.

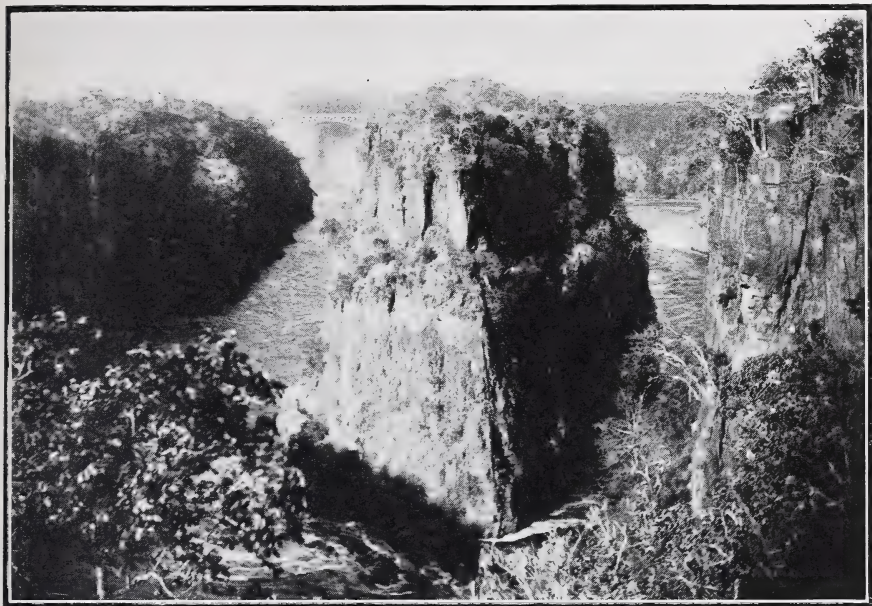
Congo and the Zambesi, bounded on the north by the Belgian Congo and on the south by Southern Rhodesia. The capital of Northern Rhodesia is Livingstone, seven miles from Victoria Falls. At Chitambo, near Lake Bangweolo, 500 miles north-east, an obelisk marks the spot where Livingstone died in 1873. There his heart was buried under a tree, his body being interred in Westminster Abbey, London.

One million blacks and four thousand white men live in Northern Rhodesia, governed by the last of the great chartered companies which have helped build up the British Empire.

It is only in the last quarter of a century that Northern Rhodesia has been inhabited by organized white men. It is administered by the British South Africa Company, known as the Chartered Company, as the agent of the British government. In the days of the slave trade in Central Africa, the Arabs from the north and east had the assistance of two large Rhodesian tribes in exporting blacks. In 1898 the British succeeded in stopping this trade. At Livingstone we met J. C. C. Coxhead, who in his capacity as a British officer at Fort Jameson, released the last caravan of slaves in Northern Rhodesia, intercepted on its way to the East Coast via Lake Nyasa, in 1898. About the same time cannibalism became very unpopular, and the price of wives began to go up. North-eastern and Northwestern Rhodesia were amalgamated under one administration in 1911, as Northern Rhodesia.

Northern Rhodesia had its part in the great war. The Germans made unsuccessful attacks on two British posts on the northeastern frontier at the beginning of the war. In October, 1918, the German commander in German East Africa, General von Lettow Vorbeck, hotly pursued by British troops, invaded Northern Rhodesia and proceeded to Kasama, 130 miles from the border. While he was there the news of the armistice was conveyed to him by the British commissioner. He immediately surrendered.

Livingstone, the capital, three miles from the Zambesi River, the southern boundary line, has a white population of



The chasm below Victoria Falls, and the railroad bridge that spans it.

700 and 4,000 natives. It is the headquarters of the Northern Rhodesia Police, consisting of 700 natives and 50 white officers. Situated on a sand belt, it is hot during part of the year. Livingstone is 3,000 feet above sea level and is 18 degrees south of the Equator, within the tropics, 1,650 miles by rail from Cape Town and 1,000 miles from Beira, Portuguese East Africa, the nearest port. From Livingstone a section of the proposed Cape to Congo railroad climbs north to the higher plateau lands, which average 4,000 feet in altitude. Most of Northern Rhodesia is at this elevation. The white people, especially the children, look healthy.

Coming from Belgian Congo, Broken Hill is the first Rhodesian town of interest, 130 miles south of the Congo frontier. This region is similar to the southeastern part of the Belgian colony, being highly mineralized. The Broken Hill district contains large deposits of lead and zinc ores. This

was one of the inducements for extending the railway north from Victoria Falls. There is a large mine at Broken Hill, which, working at present at about half capacity, has an output of 1,000 tons of lead per month. There is no export, its production going only to South Africa. The town has 350 white people, chiefly connected with the mine, and 2,500 natives. A hundred miles from Broken Hill is the small town of Bwana M'Kubwa, where there are copper mines. It is expected that the Chartered Company will be wound up within the next year or two, at which time Northern Rhodesia will become a Crown colony. It is believed there are large deposits of alluvial gold as well as quartz in Northern Rhodesia, the same as in Northern Rhodesia, south of the Zambesi. Mineral rights are owned by the Chartered Company and prospectors will not disclose their finds until they can get a permit from the British government instead of dealing with the Chartered Company.

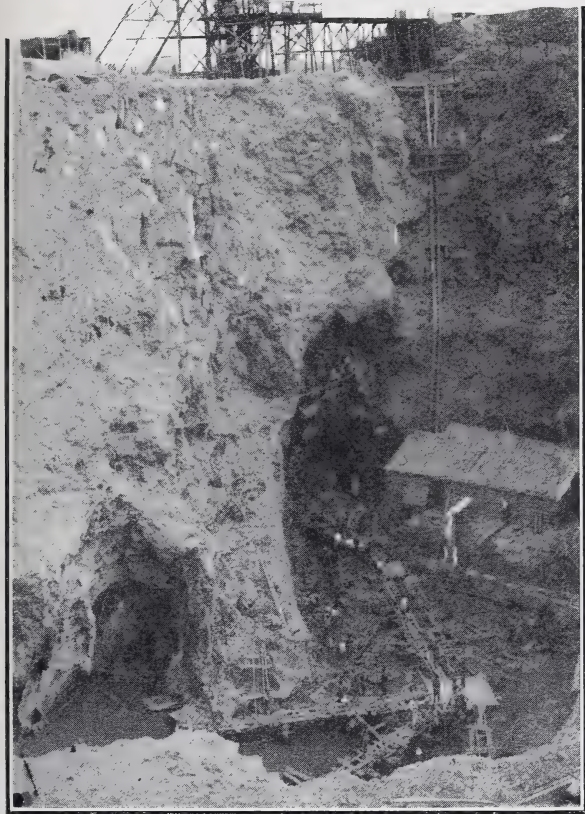
Farming is the principal industry and appears to have outgrown its markets. Mineral enterprise will in time provide markets, but at present there is only a small outlet for surplus production. The mining area of Belgian Congo takes a small quantity of maize (corn) and cattle, but the distance by rail to sea is too great for exports. The soil of Northern Rhodesia in general is fertile. The rainfall depends upon the distance from the Equator and from the Atlantic Ocean; most of the country is well watered. Corn, wheat, tobacco and cotton are the chief products. The average size of a farm is 3,000 acres, but there are several estates running up to 100,000 acres. High-bred cattle thrive in the regions where there is no tsetse fly.

Northern Rhodesia is the only country in South Africa today that has any quantity of big game, such as is still found in Tanganyika, Kenya and the Belgian Congo. Even since the railroad has been put thru, elephants have been known to rub down telegraph poles, and herds of wild game have stopped trains. Elephants are found in nearly every part of Northern Rhodesia, playing havoc with the native crops in the wet season and wandering from one water hole to another

in dry season. Lions are numerous and prefer "black meat."

The million natives are divided into more than sixty tribes. It should be borne in mind that the word "tribe" as used in Africa usually means a group differing from other groups in its institutions, organization or language. The blacks of Northern Rhodesia are largely

Bantu-Negro stock. While most of the Rhodesian natives are fetish-ridden pagans, Mohammedanism is strong in the east and north, where it was originally introduced by the Arabs, and is growing. Government officials are in favor of its growth among the negroes, because it has an ancient system of law and government to which the blacks are amenable. Now that tribal warfare and slave raiding has been stopped, there are but few powerful



One of the open pit workings in the Broken Hill lead mining district.

chiefs. The natives' laws are administered as far as possible thru chiefs and headmen, under the supervision of white commissioners.

In Barotseland, the southwestern part of Northern Rhodesia, Yetta, a paramount chief, rules the various tribes. The Barotse have an elaborate organization, including courts of law. Lawanika, father of the present paramount chief, sought British protection thirty years ago and granted concessions over all his dominions to the Chartered Company. He is buried near the Zambesi River and all natives who pass the place give the royal salute, as a precaution against misfortune.

There are slight differences between the customs of the various tribes; some, for example, strangled their victims, having functionaries known as "neck twisters," who attended to captives and violators of the tribal laws, while others, like the Awemba of northeastern Rhodesia, used a specific knife, with elaborate ceremony. When their last chief died, only the presence of white officials at the Awemba capital saved his wives and dependents. On the death of a chief the Awemba had always sacrificed his women. It was their boast that they did not have to farm, as they could take what they wanted from the other tribes. Consequently, they are poor farmers, but now many go to Southern Rhodesia, to work in the mines, others enlist in the police force or are employed as personal servants.



Musicians to the paramount chief of Barotseland, Northern Rhodesia. In the center are three drummers. The end men have "pianos" made of gourds.

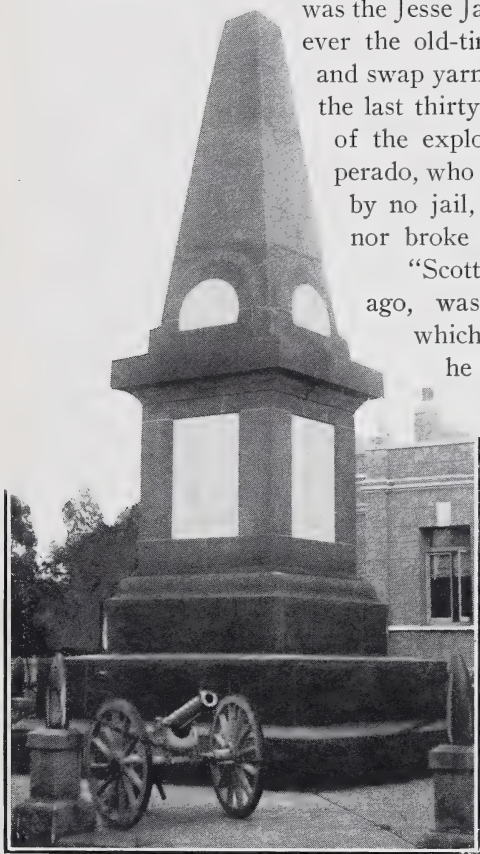
CHAPTER XIII

BECHUANALAND

CECIL RHODES may stand unchallenged as the dominating celebrity in the history of Southern and Northern Rhodesia, but in Bechuanaland he has a rival in "Scotty Smith," a bandit of the Robin Hood type. "Scotty Smith" was the Jesse James of South Africa. Whenever the old-timers of Bechuanaland meet and swap yarns to the adventurous days of the last thirty years, you are sure to hear of the exploits of this picturesque desperado, who feared no man, could be held by no jail, "never robbed poor people, nor broke his word."

"Scotty's" home until a few years ago, was in the Kalahari Desert, which he knew and loved. There

he lived in a hut of grass and sticks, alone except for his dogs and ostriches and the black children who played about his door. He had plenty of dogs, for he was a great hunter. Several trained ostriches were his special pets, and it is said that once when he was traced to his desert refuge by mounted police he leaped on the back of an ostrich and was quickly taken away by the fleet-footed bird.



The memorial at Mafeking, commemorating the siege of the town by the Boers from Oct. 12, 1899, to May 17, 1900.

From the desert he would ride south to the

Kimberley diamond diggings and east into the cattle-raising districts of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. Usually he was alone on his raids. When rich parcels of stones disappeared from Kimberley, or ox-wagons were held up on the lonely roads, or cattle were stolen, "Scotty," in nine cases out of ten, got the blame. No doubt, like Jesse James, he was charged with more crimes than he could possibly have committed, because he was more daring than the other freebooters of the country.

When "Scotty" began making history in Bechuanaland he was young, hard-riding, broadly built, and a crack shot. His real name was George Lennox; he came from Scotland and had served in a Hussar regiment in the British Army in Egypt. In those days Bechuanaland was a "no man's land" in the middle of South Africa. Now part of it is attached to the Cape Province of the Union of South Africa, as British Bechuanaland, while the region on the north, with an area of 275,000 square miles—larger than Texas—is a protectorate governed by Great Britain. On the east is the Transvaal Province of the Union, on the northeast Rhodesia, and on the northwest and west is Southwest Africa. Thru most of the protectorate and into Southwest Africa extends the great Kalahari Desert.

Parts of the Kalahari are covered with dense bush, in the center of which, during the rainy season, there are salt-pans, swamps or lakes of brack water. Much of the Kalahari was once drained by a large river, the Malopo, and its tributaries. The old channel of the Malopo has been invaded by sand dunes, indicating the increasing dryness of the climate. There is some grassy country, and in the sand dunes the Hottentot natives have melon patches and raise a few cattle. The government has made roads thru the desert, to the west and north, and has opened wells along them. Geologists believe good water can be obtained in many parts at a short distance below the surface, which may result in the Kalahari becoming good country for livestock raising. At present, hunters and explorers who get away from the roads have to rely for drinking water



"Scotty Smith" at his home in the Kalahari Desert, with his pet ostriches and, in the doorway of the shack, three black children who were frightened by the photographer. Visitors were rare at "Scotty's" camp, as he preferred to do the visiting.

upon melons. There is much big game in the bush regions.

Along the eastern side of Bechuanaland, between the Kalahari on the west and the Transvaal on the east, is a strip of more fertile land where there was a trail, before the railroad was built north from the Cape, known as the Missionaries' Road, the route of Livingstone and other white missionaries, explorers and hunters going to the interior of Africa.

To this wild country came "Scotty" and other men who for one reason or another wanted to live away from civilization. "Scotty" preferred the desert as a place of residence, but operated in and from the strip.

There was only a small native population, the remnants of the Bechuana tribes broken by Moselikatsi, the blood-thirsty chief who led his army from Zululand to what is now Southern Rhodesia, where he established the Matabele kingdom. Moselikatsi set out to exterminate all the tribes between him and Zululand, and nearly succeeded. Those who escaped him scattered into the desert and did not return until positive he was not coming back.

In the meantime the Boers who had settled in the Transvaal, and the bandits who had come to live off the country all claimed the strip of Bechuanaland containing the Missionaries' Road. One gang of freebooters proclaimed a republic, under the name of Stella Land. Another bunch called their country the Land of Goshen. The Vaal River district, near Kimberley, where diamonds were first discovered, was claimed by the Boers of the Orange Free State, by the Boers of the Transvaal, and also by the chief of a negro tribe known as the Griquas. Later this district was formed into a British colony, the Orange Free State receiving \$450,000 as compensation, and in 1880 Griqualand West, as it was known, became a part of the Cape Colony, the present Cape Province of the Union of South Africa.

Now the various native chiefs of Bechuanaland began quarreling with each other and appealing to the Boer and British governments to aid them against their enemies. One of the chiefs induced a band of white vagabonds to fight for him by promising each of them a farm. The other chiefs followed

his example and the mercenaries prepared to divide the best land among themselves.

Other preparations were going on at this time. Cecil Rhodes was looking north and getting ready to open the country. We have told how he added Rhodesia to the British Empire. In order to reach Rhodesia it was necessary to secure control of Bechuanaland, which he described as "the Suez Canal of the trade of South Africa, the key of its road to the interior." The freebooters' republics lay across these roads and transport and traveler, as well as the quarreling native tribes, were at their mercy. On the east were the Boers of the Transvaal, likely to grab the strip at any time. On the other side of the Kalahari were the Germans of Southwest Africa, looking for more territory.

A missionary was sent to Bechuanaland to ascertain what the freebooters were scheming. He could not do this himself without arousing suspicion, but was told there was one man who could go anywhere and whose presence or disappearance never seemed to create any surprise. That man was "Scotty Smith."

The missionary had no difficulty in learning of "Scotty's" reputation, good and bad. Highwayman, diamond smuggler, cattle thief, he was known to everybody in the country. He was a "bad man," all agreed, but he was fearless and also resourceful—no jail could hold him—and he had many friends in a land where every friend counts.

It may have been that the missionary heard the story of "Scotty's" popularity with the lonely farmers of the veldt, and the reason. After one of his escapes from jail, he arrived at night at the home of a poor Boer farmer, who gave him a meal from his scanty supply of provisions. They smoked and talked, and the farmer showed his guest a note from the district police office advising of a reward of \$100 for the capture of "Scotty Smith."

"He is a bad man and dangerous," said the farmer.

"He is," answered the stranger.

"I wish I could catch him," the farmer went on. "I am



Khama, king of the principal tribes of Bechuanaland, who died recently. When Bechuanaland was proclaimed a British protectorate in 1885, Queen Victoria promised Khama that the form of government would not change during his lifetime.

guaranteed his loyalty to Great Britain, the missionary went to him.

"Suppose I want you to do what is difficult, even dangerous, keeping in mind the object which I have in this country," he said, "would you be inclined to help me?"

"I am quite willing to take orders," said "Scotty." "And as to anything dangerous, you may count on me."

He saluted smartly, as he had done in the army in Egypt, and his heart was thrilled as he promised to serve the Queen again.

poor and things have gone badly with me. I could use the reward."

After breakfast the next morning the stranger called to the Boer to get his rifle and accompany him.

"Why should I go with you?" asked the astonished farmer.

"I am 'Scotty Smith,' and you are going to get that reward," was the reply. The Boer protested, but "Scotty" had his way, was handed over to the authorities and the farmer rode home with the \$100. The best part of the story is that when the Boer got home he found "Scotty" waiting for him on the front porch.

On the advice of men who knew "Scotty Smith" and

"Scotty" disappeared. He turned up among the men who were plotting to foil the British and seize Bechuanaland. Every now and then he quietly reported to his superior. To quote from the latter's report: "While rendering a very important service, in which he risked his life, he incidentally showed ability and endurance of a high order."

"Scotty" was retained in the service until arrested on an old charge of having fired a gun at a Boer. He was sent to prison and after a time discharged for lack of evidence against him. His work was over by that time, and he went back to his home in the desert. Later he moved to the town of Upington, where he died several years ago.

We now return to Rhodes. He followed the missionary agent to Bechuanaland and went to the Stella Land leaders, Van Niekerk and De la Rey, in their camp. They were in an ugly mood. When Rhodes spoke to De la Rey his answer was, "Blood must flow," to which Rhodes made the retort, "No, give me my breakfast, and then we will talk about blood." Rhodes stayed with him a week, became godfather to his grandchild and they made a settlement. The white men serving under De la Rey and Van Niekerk got their farms and Rhodes secured the governing of the land for Great Britain. The freebooters of the Land of Goshen were more obstinate, but they dispersed to other parts of South Africa when they heard that four thousand British troops were coming from the south. This is how southern Bechuanaland became a Crown colony, later being incorporated into the Cape Province, and northern Bechuanaland was proclaimed a British protectorate.

Of the tribes inhabiting the protectorate, the Bamangwato could run the fastest and so suffered the least from Moselikatsi's journey thru the country. When the Bamangwato returned from the desert they were led by a chief named Sekhomi. His eldest son, Khama, refused to comply with the ancient customs of the tribe, announced he was Christian, overthrew his father and made himself chief. Khama established himself in the good graces of the British government,

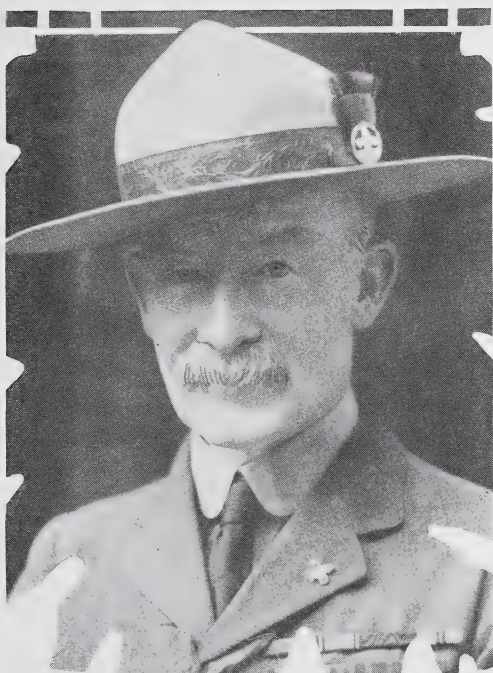
and, with the two other leading chiefs of Bechuanaland, in 1895, gave up a strip of land, from six to ten miles wide, for Rhodes' railway to Rhodesia. The railroad was completed to Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, in 1897, and has since been extended north to the Belgian Congo.

In the protectorate, the chiefs govern their tribes under the supervision of a commissioner appointed by the British government. The white people, 1,600 in all, are under the jurisdiction of white magistrates appointed by the commissioner. The chiefs are required to collect a poll tax toward the maintenance of the white officials. The negro population totals 125,000, mostly of Bantu stock, with a few Hottentots in the Kalahari Desert, where they had killed off or absorbed the Bushmen, who were the first inhabitants.

While we were in Bechuanaland, old Khama died. There



Serowe, capital of the Bamangwato tribe of Bechuanaland, is in comparatively fertile country. King Khama made his headquarters here. The huts are large, some having several rooms, and each is surrounded with a reed fence. Khama induced most of his people to dress like whites



Sir Robert Baden-Powell, one of the heroes of Mafeking, and the man who advised Mr. Boyce in starting the Boy Scouts and Lone Scouts movements in America.

was much speculation as to when the protectorate would be incorporated into the Union of South Africa. Queen Victoria pledged Khama that the form of government would not change in his lifetime.

On account of the uncertain rainfall, grain is a poor crop in Bechuanaland. Cattle raising is the chief industry. Large tracts of land are held by the British South Africa Company, under the royal charter which Cecil Rhodes secured in 1889 for this territory as well as for Rhodesia. The Chartered Company was not given the right to govern Bechuanaland,

but holds valuable mineral rights which will no doubt be exercised now that Khama is dead. Adjoining the protectorate on the north are 1,324,000 acres of better land, known as the Tati concession, belonging to the Chartered Company, on which various kinds of grain are grown.

There are few towns in the protectorate. The nearest of any consequence is Mafeking, in the Cape Province, a short distance south of the frontier. Therefore, Mafeking is the seat of government of the protectorate, altho outside its boundaries.

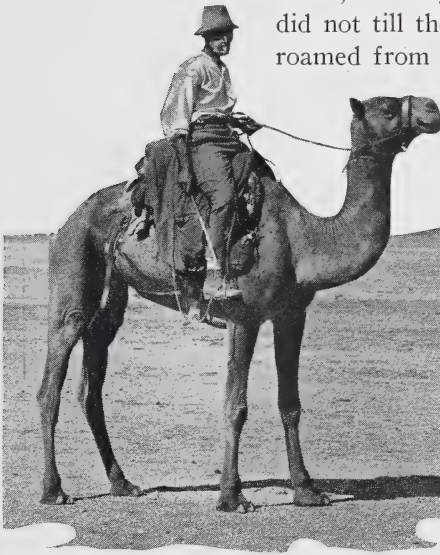
Mafeking is 870 miles north of Cape Town, at an altitude of 4,200 feet, with a white population of about 2,000. It

was the starting place of the famous Jameson Raid, on the eve of the Boer War, and the defense of the town was one of the events of the war. I was particularly interested in seeing Mafeking on account of what Sir Robert Baden-Powell told me about the siege by the Boers. He was in command of 800 men and half a battery of artillery, yet held the town for 217 days, and five days before relief came he succeeded in capturing the Boer commander, Eloff, and 108 of his men and officers. General Baden-Powell has always occupied the position of a great hero in the minds of the people, especially the boys of the United States, as he was the father of the Boy Scouts movement and aided me in getting the Boy Scouts started in the United States. He also suggested to me the organizing of the Lone Scouts of America.

CHAPTER XIV

SOUTHWEST AFRICA

IN THE territory of Southwest Africa we find the last of the wild Bushmen. The Bushmen are not negroes. They are yellow-skinned, with tightly curled head-hair, little hair on their bodies, hollow-backed, flat-nosed, with prominent cheek bones, receding chins and lobeless ears. They did not till the soil and had no livestock, but roamed from place to place, killing game with



The Germans introduced the camel into Southwest Africa and had sixty in their military forces at the outbreak of the late war.

spears and arrows, and, when meat was scarce, living on wild plants, roots, berries, ants, locusts, snakes and honey.

In prehistoric times they were scattered all over South Africa, and their half-breed descendants have been found in the Equatorial forests far to the north. When the white man first came to Africa, the Bushmen were living in the stone age. They obtained iron weapons from the negro tribes who invaded their country from the north, but were too weak to hold back these tribes and were driven into the moun-

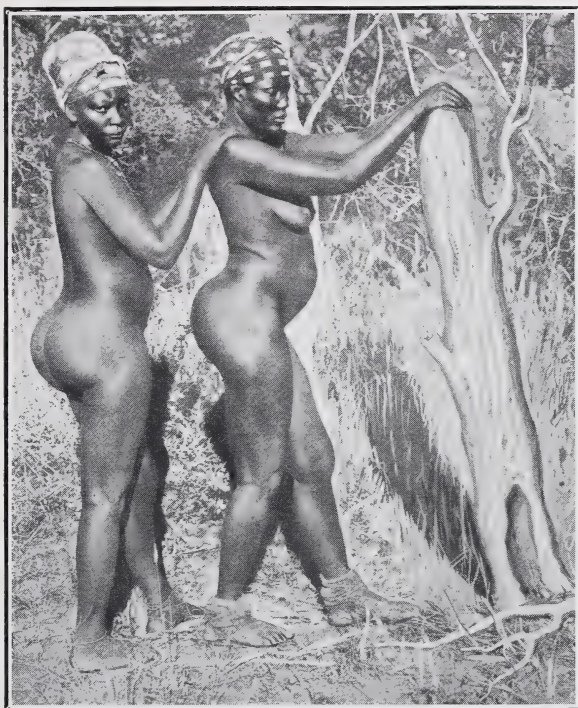
tains and desert. There are now fewer than ten thousand of the dying race of Bushmen in Southwest Africa. This is the most barren part of the continent, with the exception of the great Sahara Desert of North Africa.

Tho ill-nourished and of little strength, the Bushmen were

long feared by the white settlers on the coasts and the negroes of the interior. The Bushmen are fleet-footed and have great endurance. Their arrowheads are painted with poison. Our photographs show the peculiar build of this race. The natural "bustle" is especially noticeable on the women, forming a saddle on which a baby can easily be carried. The Bushmen, by the way, are difficult to photograph, as they are afraid of cameras. They are suspicious of everything and everybody and have adopted none of the ways of civilization. Their language consists principally of "clicks" and grunts, patterned after the sounds of birds and animals.

Southwest Africa fronts on the Atlantic Ocean west of the Cape Province of the Union of South Africa and south of Angola Portuguese West Africa. Along the coast it is a sandy, waterless desert belt, and on the east is the Kalahari Desert. This country was Germany's first colony in Africa. It is now a part of the Union of South Africa, administered as a territory, under a mandate of the League of Nations. The only wealth of the territory at present is minerals. The Germans were seeking copper and diamonds when they took possession in 1885.

Shortly before the late war, Germany completed the building of over 1,200 miles of railways in Southwest Africa, with a line extending close to the border of the Cape Province of the Union, evidently for strategic purposes. Germany expected to take the offensive against the British in the Union, counting on having the assistance of the Boers there. As a matter of fact, there was a Boer rebellion in the Union shortly after the war broke out. The Union Parliament authorized General Botha, the Prime Minister, a Boer, but loyal to the government, to proceed with operations against Southwest Africa, but General Beyers, who was in command of the Union forces, resigned his post, and, with Christian De Wet, another Boer leader, took up arms on the rebel side. Colonel Maritz, commanding a column sent to enter German territory, joined the enemy. Martial law was proclaimed thruout the Union. De Wet was captured and Beyers was drowned trying to escape across a river. Botha issued a proclamation offering amnesty



Bushman women, for centuries, have carried their babies on their buttocks until nature has provided them with a "saddle" for the youngsters.

to all the rank and file who would surrender, and many took advantage of this opportunity to come into camp. In four months the rebellion was suppressed and the invasion of German territory from the Cape Province began, with Botha in command. Union forces were also sent up the sea coast and occupied the ports of Luderitz and Swakopmund. On July 9, 1915, the German army surrendered.

To facilitate the invasion of the territory, the branch of the South African Railways in the northwestern part of the Cape Province was extended to connect with the German line, and this is the route we take into Southwest Africa. From De Aar, in the Cape Province (150 miles south of Kimberley, the Diamond City), we go to Prieska, which was the terminus of the South African branch line in 1914. The extension from Prieska to Kalkfontein, Southwest Africa, a distance of 315 miles, including the crossing of two rivers, was built in eight months, despite frequent military interruptions. The Orange River is crossed at Upington, in the Cape Province, near the

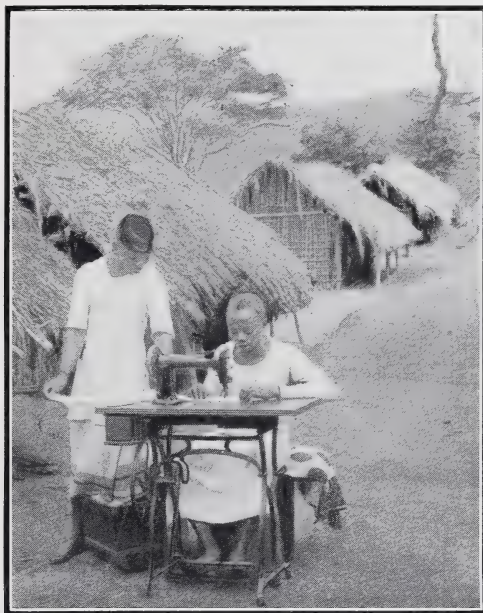
border of the Southwest territory, by the longest bridge in South Africa, 2,948 feet.

From Kalkfontein we go north 460 miles to Windhuk, which was the capital of German Southwest Africa and is the seat of the present territorial administration. Windhuk is in the center of the territory and is 5,600 feet above sea level. High hills protect the town from wintry winds, but make it hot in summer. In the winter the temperature often falls below freezing; in the summer it goes up to 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Here are substantial buildings put up by the Germans, several hotels, electric lights and a water supply piped to the homes of the white residents. The white population is about 2,500. Rainfall averages fourteen inches a year and is supplemented by irrigation from wells for the farms of this vicinity. The only settlement having more rain is Grootfontein, in the northeastern part of the territory, where the average is twenty-four inches a year. At Keetmanshoop, at an altitude of 3,300 feet, on the railroad south of Windhuk, there is only six inches of rain a year. On the coast the rainfall is less than one inch, some places having no rain for years.

Windhuk is the largest white settlement. The total white population of the territory is 15,000, consisting of 9,000 British citizens, principally from the Union of South Africa, and 6,000 Germans. Before the war there were 12,000 Germans, but half of them were sent home when the Union took over the country. The total native population is approximately 200,000, including about 9,000 Bushmen scattered over the desert wastes on the east and in the northern districts of the territory; 14,000 Hottentots in the southern and eastern section; 15,000 Berg Damaras in the northern districts; 25,000 Hereros, living mostly in the Windhuk district; 130,000 Ovambos, in the most northern part of the territory, and 5,000 Bastards, as they have always been called, descendants of the first white colonists in the Cape and Hottentot women, now living in the Rheboth district, fifty to a hundred miles south of Windhuk.

The Hottentots are not true negroes, but are a mixture of Bushman, negro and Hamitic blood. The Hamites originally

came to Africa from Arabia, and nomads of this race roamed with their cattle thru the east and south until they encountered the negroes, with whom they mingled after conquering them or being conquered by them. The Hottentots, who resulted from this mixture of Hamites, negroes and Bushmen, are yellowish-brown in color, but have longer heads than the Bushmen and are better developed physically. They have

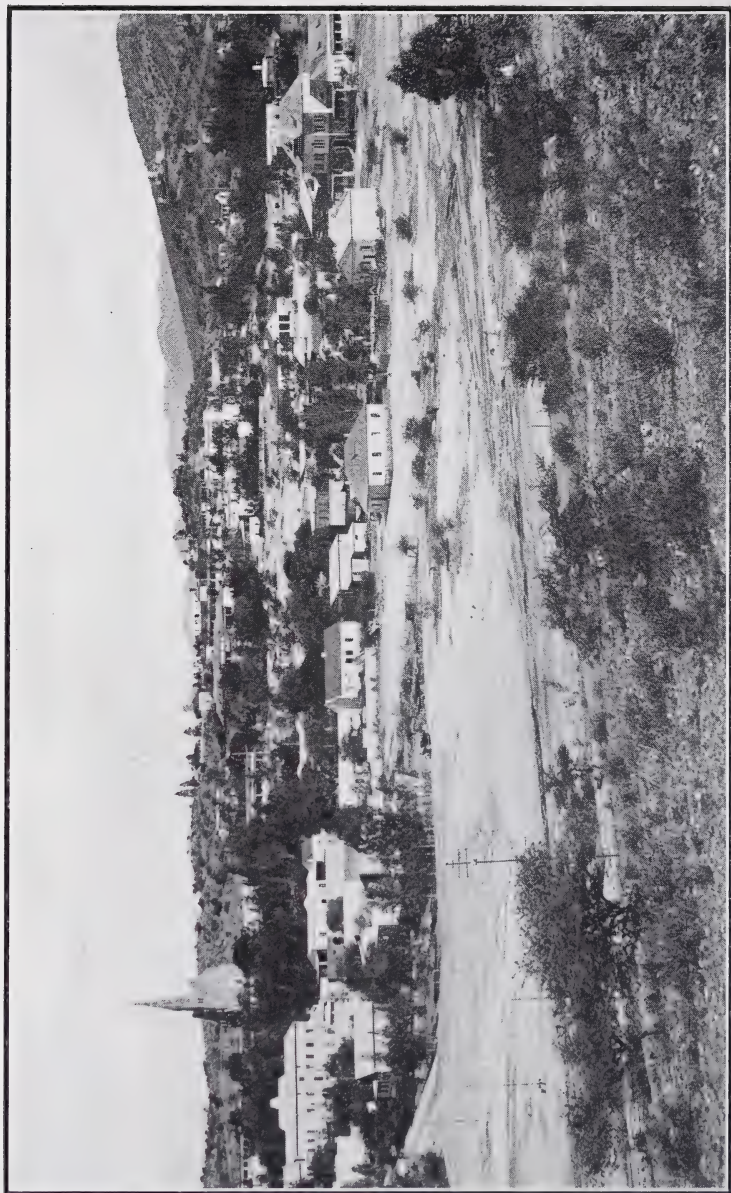


The sewing machine is not unknown to the natives of Southwest Africa. The Germans introduced it but it was an American machine.

a system of tribal government. The Berg Damaras are related to the Hottentots and have similar speech. The Hottentot language abounds in clicks. The Bastards, part Hottentot, are ruled by a chief who has the title of captain. They are live-stock raisers and hunters. The Ovambos, the largest group of natives, are Bantu negroes. They furnish most of the labor for the diamond fields, railroads and ranches of the territory.

In 1883, Herr Luderitz, a Bremen merchant, landed at Angra Pequena. This harbor was discovered in 1486 by Bartholo-

mew Diaz. Herr Luderitz renamed Angra Pequena for himself and it is still known as Luderitzbucht, or Luderitz for short. He established a trading station and purchased a strip of coast 150 miles long from the natives for 100 guns, some powder and lead and \$1,000 cash. The next year the imperial government of Germany proclaimed a protectorate



Windhuk, the capital of Southwest Africa, has a white population of 3,500 and is connected by railroad with the ports of Walfish Bay and Luderitz and with the railroad system of the Union of South Africa.

over the entire coast of Southwest Africa, from Cape Frio to the Orange River, a distance of 800 miles, excepting the British territory of Walfish Bay and some small islands. Walfish Bay takes its name from the whales which were once numerous in the neighboring waters. It is the only good harbor in Southwest Africa. The British took possession of it in 1796 and kept it for strategic reasons.

Soon after occupying the coast Germany took the remainder of the country, located the capital at Windhuk and began searching for copper and diamonds. From 1885 to 1892 the protectorate was administered by a chartered company, the Deutsche Kolonial Gesellschaft. Trouble developed with the natives and the company turned its work over to the German government. The Hottentots revolted in 1893, the Hereros in 1896, the Bastards in 1900, and in 1904 war began with the Hereros and continued for four years, costing the Germans the lives of 2,500 white officers and men and \$150,000,000 in money. The Hereros murdered women and children and were guilty of many other atrocities, for which they paid dearly. When the war ended the Herero tribe was reduced from 100,000 to less than 20,000. At Waterberg, in the northwestern part of the territory, we were told, 2,000 Hereros were put to death and 18,000 were driven into the desert to die of starvation.

The Germans had no more trouble with the Hereros. They also subdued the Hottentots and Berg Damaras. Since the country was taken by the Union of South Africa there has been one uprising, in May, 1922. This was the revolt of the Bondelzwarts Hottentots, in the southern part of the territory.

After the Union troops occupied Southwest Africa in the late war, the government was based on martial law until January 1, 1921, when the troops were withdrawn and civil courts established by the government of the Union. The administrator of the territory is appointed by the governor general of the Union. The natives are governed by their tribal chiefs or village headmen, under white commissioners and magistrates

responsible to the administrator and to the native affairs department of the Union government. As the territory is a protectorate, the white residents have established schools for white children, teaching being in both English and Boer Dutch, as thruout the Union. The Union land act, which has been put into force in Southwest Africa, provides for allotment of farms to settlers, selected by a government land board, on a five years' lease, with the option of subsequent purchase on



The Hereros are fond of fantastic headdresses. They dominated the other tribes in Southwest Africa before the Germans came and were 100,000 strong. After their war with the Germans there were scarcely 20,000 Hereros remaining.

an installment system. About 25 per cent of the available farming land has been leased, but there has been little success in farming as irrigation is necessary and this is costly.

Walfish Bay, directly west of Windhuk, 253 miles by rail-road, has a large harbor, protected from the winds by a long peninsula. Large vessels have to lie about two miles off shore, due to the shallowness of the water. The docking facilities are poor. The town, with a few government buildings and tin shacks, and no trees or grass, is a dismal place, but its people believe Walfish Bay will some day be a great port, the terminus of a railroad crossing the Kalahari Desert and connecting with Rhodesia and the gold mines of the Rand. The principal industry now is deep-sea fishing. A cold-storage plant is contemplated, which will result in meat export. The white population of Walfish Bay is 150. More whites live at Swakopmund, twenty miles up the coast. The Germans were compelled to make Swakopmund their port because the British held Walfish Bay. Swakopmund has an open roadstead. The Walfish Bay harbor is much better and no doubt will be developed. Swakopmund, however, has water from artesian wells, while Walfish Bay possesses no satisfactory supply. The annual rainfall is less than an inch. Luderitz, the other port of Southwest Africa, is 250 miles south of Walfish Bay. The harbor is fairly well sheltered, but the country about it is a desert, the rainfall being less than half an inch a year. Luderitz is the chief center of the Southwest Africa diamond diggings and has a white population of 1,500. A railroad runs 230 miles east, connecting with the main line, which goes north to Windhuk and southeast to the Cape Province, and there are short lines to the various diamond fields along the coast.

Diamonds are found over a strip of the coastal desert 270 miles long, but there are wide intervals with no deposits. The diamonds are washed by means of sea water from a thin surface deposit of sand and gravel. There are no diamonds here in "pipes" of blue ground, as at the big mines of Kimberley, in the Cape Province. The Southwest Africa diamonds are small

but of good color. The Germans calculated the life of the diamond fields at fifteen years, but they are still producing. Concessions were granted by the German government to a dozen companies, whose assets were acquired in 1920 by the Consolidated Diamond Mines of Southwest Africa, Ltd., in which the Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa, Ltd., holds the controlling interest. In 1919 and 1920, the biggest years since the war, the Southwest Africa diamond output reached a value of \$10,000,000 a year. Operations have been reduced since May, 1921, due to the slump in demand for diamonds. The chief income of the territory has been taxation on diamonds, which in 1920 yielded \$4,000,000.

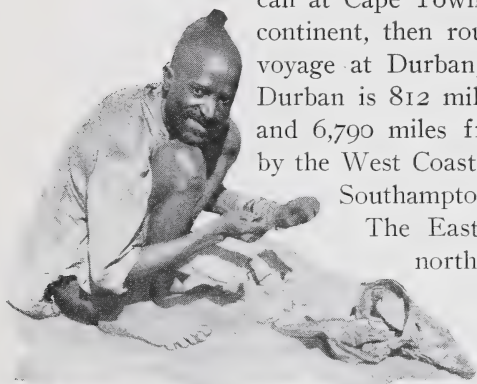


Halifax Island on the coast of South Africa is colonized by penguins. The government gives them protection.

CHAPTER XV

PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA—MOZAMBIQUE

MAIL boats and other steamers making fast voyages from Europe to South Africa take the West Coast route, which is considerably shorter than the voyage by way of the Suez Canal and East Coast. The mail boats from England call at Cape Town at the southern end of the continent, then round the cape and end their voyage at Durban, Natal, on the East Coast. Durban is 812 miles from Cape Town by sea and 6,790 miles from Southampton, England, by the West Coast route, and 8,380 miles from Southampton by way of the East Coast.



The Tongas are considered the best workers among the natives of Portuguese East Africa. They are Bantu stock but have come under Arab influence. This man is a blacksmith.

The East Coast steamers start their northern voyage from Durban and call at many ports; this makes the journey more interesting, but also more risky, as most of the ports are unhealthful. All ships lying in East African harbors are liable to attack by malarial mosquitoes. The

Garth Castle, the steamer on which we were scheduled to sail up the coast to Portuguese East Africa, was visited by swarms of these mosquitoes while at the Portuguese port of Beira, with the result that twenty white persons on the boat were infected; eight died on the voyage and were buried at sea. The unusual feature of the case was the large number of deaths. We happened to be delayed and did not take this boat.

Lourenzo Marques, on Delagoa Bay, 300 miles north of Durban, is the headquarters of the government of Portuguese

East Africa and was named for a trader who explored the neighborhood in 1544. The Portuguese discovered the route to India, around the south end of Africa, in 1497, and held a monopoly of this trade for a hundred years. They established the colony of Goa, on the Malabar Coast of India, and Delagoa Bay on the East Coast of Africa received its name from the fact that it was the first port of call on the homeward voyage from Goa. This bay is in the south of Portuguese East Africa. The Portuguese territory has 1,400 miles of coast on the Indian Ocean and a total area of 275,000 square miles, or about one-half the area of Angola, Portuguese West Africa, described in our Tropical Africa section.

Portugal's colony in East Africa extends from 10 degrees south of the Equator to 26 degrees south, a long strip of irregular shape, surrounded by territory of Portugal's present ally, Great Britain. On the south is the province of Natal, in the Union of South Africa; on the west are the Transvaal Province of the Union, Southern and Northern Rhodesia and the protectorate of Nyasaland; on the north is Tanganyika territory, formerly German East Africa, awarded to Great Britain by mandate of the League of Nations. The Portuguese have the whole of the delta of the great Zambesi River and about 550 miles of the lower course of the river. The country is generally unhealthful for white people, chiefly on account of malaria. Lourenzo Marques has a climate very similar to that of Natal, but where the coast lands are swampy, as is generally the case, tropical fevers and diseases are prevalent.

Lourenzo Marques has little commerce of its own, depending for its existence on the transit trade of foreign territory. The importance of this port as the base of a railway to the interior was recognized by Cecil Rhodes, who tried unsuccessfully to make a deal with the Portuguese when he was developing the South African railway system, and by the Boers, who at that time had a republic in the Transvaal. In 1869 the Boer government made a treaty with the Portuguese defining the boundary line of the Portuguese territory as it now exists. Great Britain objected and claimed the southern and eastern



The Amatongas forest, a hundred miles inland from the port of Beira, is a magnificent belt of timber in which is found African mahogany. The railroad from Beira to Southern Rhodesia winds thru this forest.

shore of Delagoa Bay, based on certain concessions that had been granted by native chiefs. The dispute was referred to the President of France, who decided against the British. In 1899 a railroad was built from the bay to the Transvaal border and was connected with a line from "Oom Paul" Kruger's capital, Pretoria, most of the commerce of the Boer republic and the traffic of the Transvaal gold mines coming to Delagoa Bay. Since then Lourenço Marques has been a busy port. It is the nearest sea gateway to Pretoria, now the administrative capital of the Union of South Africa, 349 miles by rail, and to Johannesburg, in the center of the golden Rand, 394 miles. A large amount of English and Union capital is invested at the port. A new coaling plant capable of loading 6,000 tons a day brings the loading capacity of Lourenço Marques up to 10,000 tons a day, and there are extensive docks. Under an agreement known as the Mozambique treaty the mines of the Transvaal have been allowed to recruit native labor from Portuguese East Africa, south of 22 degrees below the Equator, and products of the Transvaal have had free passage thru the customs, but this treaty, coming to an end, was made by the Transvaal when it was a separate government, before the Union of South Africa was formed. The Union wants the port placed in the hands of an independent commission representing Union and Portuguese interests, but with the Union in the majority. The Portuguese say this would be an infringement of their sovereign rights.

Of the 6,000 Europeans in Lourenço Marques 10 per cent are British, mostly connected with shipping. There are 200 Greeks and a hundred Italians, the rest being Portuguese. In the Asiatic population are 2,000 East Indians and 300 Chinese. The Chinese temple here is said to be the only one in South Africa.

Since Lourenço Marques became prosperous its beach has been beautified, two large hotels, a promenade and a motor drive have been built, and in the winter, when the climate is mild and pleasant, this is a popular resort. There are botanical gardens, a state museum, two theaters, macadamized streets.



Lourenço Marques is becoming a winter resort for visitors from the Transvaal and other interior districts of South Africa. It has several large, commodious hotels.

electric lights and a street car line eight miles long. Marshy ground has been filled in and a proper water supply and sanitation provided.

All along the coast of the colony are mangrove swamps. The cocoanut palm flourishes in the river deltas. Sugar and rubber are cultivated on the river banks. Coffee is cultivated at low altitudes and sisal grows well on the less fertile lands. Virtually all of the interior is forested. There are many kinds of fruits. The principal exports are sugar, copra from the cocoanuts, peanuts, mangrove bark, maize and ivory. Only a small area of the available agricultural land is utilized, except by the natives, around their villages.

Coal is being mined on a small scale in the northeastern part of the territory. Gold is obtained in the ancient workings near Southern Rhodesia, and from alluvial deposits. Many parts of the country abound in game. Both varieties of lions, the yellow-maned and black-maned, are found. In one upland district, baboons going in bands of twenty to thirty have attacked the natives. Antelopes are common, in over twenty

varieties. The elephants do not furnish as big tusks as those in British East Africa and Belgian Congo. Crocodiles infest the waterways. Hippos no longer frequent the Lower Zambesi River, having been driven upstream by the steamers.

A hundred miles northeast of Delagoa Bay we pass the mouth of the Limpopo, one of the principal rivers of Africa. The Limpopo basin includes half of the Transvaal and a considerable area of eastern Rhodesia. The river is navigable for small steamers up to Chai Chai, twenty miles from the sea, a large recruiting center for labor for the Transvaal mines. Another important station is Inhambane, on the sea coast some distance north. The Tongas of this region have been found to be the best mining boys, but they come home as soon as they have accumulated enough money to allow them to lead a life of leisure and polygamy. They are of Bantu negro stock, as are all the three million natives of Portuguese East Africa, but are of better physique than the average, probably as a result of the military training given the Tongas by the Zulus, who came north from Zululand and conquered them



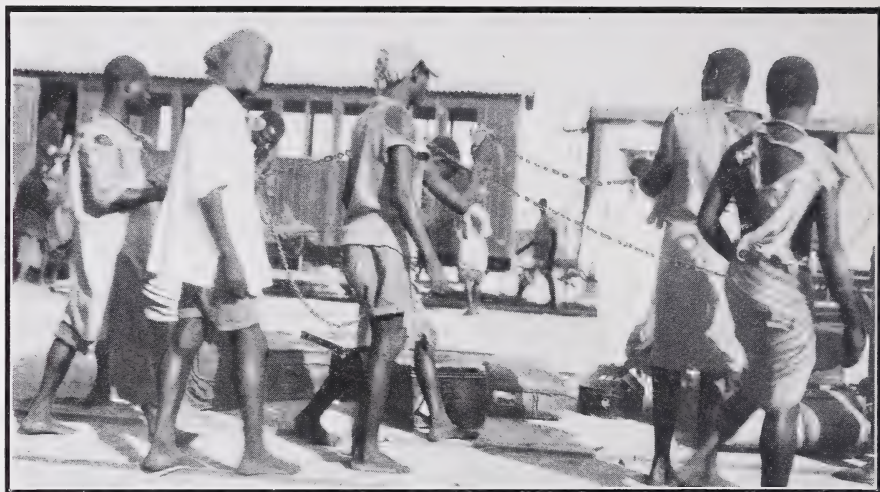
Lourenço Marques, on Delagoa Bay, is the port nearest to Johannesburg and the gold mines of the Rand and is, therefore, a busy place. It has serviceable docks equipped with modern machinery.

early in the nineteenth century. The Zulus who remained in this country are now known as the Vantuas and their chief occupation is cattle raising. The growing of food is left to women. Polygamy is common in all tribes and the wives are obtained by purchase, or "lobolo," as it is called. Tongas used to make black pimples on their noses by tattooing, which caused the Boers of the Transvaal to give them the name of "Knob Noses." Now the tattooing is mostly on the stomach.

Many of the coast negroes have Arabian blood, as shown by narrow faces, thin lips and pointed noses. The name "Kaffir," applied to negroes all thru South Africa and in parts of East Africa, is an Arabic word meaning "unbelievers," and was given to negroes who did not become Mohammedans. Large numbers of the natives have come under the Arab influence and have accepted Mohammedanism.

Continuing up the coast we come to Sofala, in the delta of the Busi River. This is a small settlement with a silting harbor. A thousand years ago, and earlier (there is no date in history that locates the time), it was the great port of East Africa. Sofala was the port thru which the gold from the Zimbabwe region was shipped to Asia as long ago as the time of King Solomon, and later by the Arabs, who followed the early Phœnician sailors and traders and colonized the East African coast as far south as Sofala. Arabian records of a thousand years ago tell of the immense trade of Sofala in gold and ivory with India, Persia and China. When the Portuguese sailed up the East African coast, after rounding the Cape of Good Hope, late in the fifteenth century, they found communities of Arab traders here. The Portuguese built a great fort at Sofala in order to obtain mastery of the gold trade, and made the Arabs their subjects. For many years Sofala was the only port occupied by the Portuguese. East Africa then formed a part of their colony in India. The walls of the Sofala fort stood for four centuries, then succumbed to the battering sea, and now only a pile of stones is left as a reminder of the port's early history.

Chartered companies now have leased the best parts of



Instead of the "Red Cap" so well known in our depots, when you are traveling in Mozambique the porters who carry your baggage are apt to be prisoners. To prevent their breaking for the bush they are chained together.

Portuguese East Africa. The Mozambique Company occupies an area of 65,000 square miles—nearly as large as the State of Missouri—south of the Zambesi River, with 300 miles of coast line. The Nyasa Company has 73,000 square miles of territory in the north of the colony. These territories are under the supervision of the Portuguese governor general, but are directly administered by the companies, which have exclusive rights for exploitation. The Zambesi Company, which is not chartered and therefore is not responsible for the administration of its territory, has 80,000 square miles of the Zambesi River region, containing some of the most fertile land in the colony. Corn, sugar and sisal are grown on plantations of the companies, and cotton in a few districts. Experimental farms have been established by the companies to encourage settlement. However, progress is slow, due in many areas to the unhealthful climate and uncertain rainfall. The rainfall in some districts averages thirty inches a year, in others seventy inches.

The governor general, at Lourenço Marques, directs the administration. He is appointed by the home government and selects all officials except judges and certain department heads, who are appointed by the Minister of Colonies. The Minister, in Portugal, has the power to veto any measure taken by the governor general and even to relieve him of office. The governor general is assisted by an advisory council, an elective body consisting of officials and private citizens of the colony. The colony elects two members of the Chamber of Deputies in Portugal and one Senator in the upper chamber. All Portuguese subjects of European descent, as well as "civilized" natives, are entitled to vote. As in Portuguese West Africa, the government's policy until recent years was to maintain markets for Portuguese goods rather than to develop the colony. This situation is now being improved. Under the former colonial government parts of the country were administered by the so-called "prazos" system. Leases for twenty-



A view in Conselheiro Castilho Street in Beira. Built on low land, now protected from the sea by heavy walls, Beira is far from being the most healthful place in Africa.

five years of specified areas were granted to the highest bidder, who was empowered to collect taxes from the natives on his own account and was supposed to build roads and make other improvements. The system was a cheap way of establishing Portuguese rule in the interior, but many of the *prazos* fell into the possession of half-breeds. The *prazos* are being discontinued. The number of criminals deported from Portugal to East Africa has been reduced in recent years.

At the mouth of the Busi and Pungwe Rivers, north of Sofala, we come to another Portuguese port built by foreign business. This is Beira, developed to provide an entrance from the sea to British Rhodesia. The line of the Beira-Mashonaland Railway Company, a British corporation, connects with the Rhodesian Railways at Salisbury, capital of Southern Rhodesia, 364 miles from Beira. Beira is the nearest seaport to the Katanga copper mines in Belgian Congo, the distance by rail, via Bulawayo, Rhodesia, being 1,700 miles, and most of the output of the mines comes this way. Chrome iron from Southern Rhodesia is shipped from Beira to the United States. A railroad completed in 1922 by the Mozambique Company connects Beira with the railroad of British Nyasaland, on the north, providing another source of traffic for the port.

Beira is the capital of the territory administered by the Mozambique Company. The town is on a sand-spit at the mouth of the Pungwe River, opposite the mouth of the Busi, and is only eighteen inches above high water. Heavy walls have been built to protect it from the sea. Fifteen hundred Europeans live here, of whom 300 are British. In the fertile district around Beira are large plantations, sugar, rubber, coconuts and sisal being grown.

In Northern Rhodesia we gazed on the great Victoria Falls, where the Zambesi River plunges into a deep gorge, 1,200 miles from the sea. Now we are at the mouth of the Zambesi—or, rather, the mouths, as there are several of them—140 miles up the coast from Beira. The scenery here is far from magnificent. The delta is flat and swampy. The large body of water running out of the various mouths at the rainy seasons,

combined with the heavy ocean swell, so alters the position of the many sandbars that the entrances are never alike for two seasons. The Zambesi floods twice a year, in December and February. Chinde, at one of the mouths, was the chief port of entry for Nyasaland. River steamers go up the Zambesi 110 miles to Chindio, connecting there with a railway running to Blantyre, the commercial center of Nyasaland. But the Chinde harbor is poor and most of the traffic now goes by way of the new railway from Beira.

The Zambesi is navigable from its mouths to the Ombre-basa Rapids, 400 miles. This is the route to Tete, which is 300 miles from the sea. The Tete district of Portuguese East Africa has large coal deposits and other minerals. A British-Portuguese company has the mineral rights and has leased them to a Belgian company, which is working the concession.

Sixty miles up the East African coast is the port of Quilmane, in a sugar and rice growing district. Between here and Mozambique, a distance of 300 miles, there are no ports of consequence. Mozambique was founded by the Portuguese early in the sixteenth century and until modern times was the headquarters of the government of Portuguese East Africa. The town is on a little coral island near the coast. The fort, built of stone brought from Portugal, is the one possession of the Portuguese in East Africa which they have always held. Mozambique is still an important trade center.

Sixty miles north of Mozambique is the settlement of Port Amelia, from where the Portuguese have long planned to build a railway west thru their territory, 450 miles, to Lake Nyasa, but have never been able to raise the money.

Two hundred and sixty miles east of the Mozambique coast is Madagascar, the third largest island in the world. It is 995 miles long and from 250 to 360 miles wide, with an area of 228,000 square miles and a population of 2,750,000. It has been a French colony since 1896. The climate is comparatively healthful, the altitude of the middle district being about 5,000 feet. Rice, rubber and honey are the chief exports.



When one sees the number of tusks gathered in the trading posts such as Stanleyville, he easily understands that the great elephant herds, Africa's source of ivory, will soon be of the past. Tho not so apparent to the casual observer, it is equally true that the gold, diamond and other mines will some day be worked out. When these sources of natural wealth are exhausted the white man may confidently be expected to lose interest in most of the African continent.

CHAPTER XVI

SECOND THOUGHTS ON SOUTH AFRICA

EXCEPT for the "mandate territory" taken on since the World War, the South African Union is the last country where Great Britain has "sold" her government. The most important business conducted by the British people is that of selling government. In fact, if they didn't first sell a country good government, they could not be sure of collecting for the boots and shoes, cotton goods, machinery, etc. They sell government to seventy-six countries, on which the sun never sets, inhabited by people of every color and religion, over whom the Union Jack flies.



Louis Botha, the best loved and most trusted man in South African history.

The British royalty and nobility are, in a way, barred from commerce. Their *business* is furnishing *government* to the British Isles, and to countries, islands and territories, all over the world, that recognize a good article and are willing to pay for it. In fact, the British officials are the busiest in the world, and without the government pioneering and opening up the way, there would be little for the merchant, manufacturer, mechanic or laborer to do at home.

At Cape Town, I interviewed the governor general of South Africa. I called him the "general agent for good government." He replied: "Re-al-ly—I don't quite follow you." Then I explained that, in my humble opinion, selling government was the paramount business of the British people. He admitted that this was a new way of putting it. From the Viceroy

of India, down thru the governor generals of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, and the governors of many places where the people have responsible government, also the resident administrators where the people have not yet reached the stage of responsible government, the representative of the British Crown is the "agent" for the home government.

Before the Boer War the British had sold their government in South Africa to the Cape Colony and Natal—two British colonies—and, also, to Rhodesia as a "chartered company," and to some negro protectorates. After the Boer War, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal were added as provinces. Ten years later the four provinces formed the Union of South Africa, with a governor general and a Union parliament.

The first thing the new parliament did was to elect General Botha Prime Minister. Botha had fought the British armies for nearly three years. As prime minister, Botha appointed General Smuts secretary of war. Smuts was President Kruger's treasurer and the cleverest Boer alive.

The British then found themselves in the same position as the United States would have had been in after our Civil War if Jefferson Davis had been elected President and Stonewall Jackson had been appointed secretary of war. That didn't bother the Crown. It kept on selling good government and South Africa profited by buying it.

When I visited South Africa, General Botha was dead. He was the best loved man who ever lived in South Africa. He had been loyal to the country that defeated him and was trusted by British and Boer alike after his surrender. He was succeeded by General Smuts as Prime Minister of the Union. Now Smuts is a different type of man. He is considered the smartest in South Africa, and his ability is recognized the world over. However, he was not loved like Botha. His loyalty to Great Britain I do not doubt but he is credited with trying to cater to the Boers. His history is a mixture. He was born of Boer parents and as a young lawyer started to work for Cecil Rhodes' diamond and gold corporations. Then the Boer-

British war came on and he stuck with the Boers and was President Kruger's treasurer. After the war he accepted office under the British. He knew on which side his bread was buttered. I was anxious to interview him and secured an appointment but not much of an interview. He is too smart for that! He gave me a lunch party, and had most of his cabinet present. It really resulted in all of them questioning me about the United States.

Today the South African Union is run by the Boers for the Boers, with a Boer for prime minister. However, the Prince of Wales was loyally received on his late visit.

The population of South Africa, to which the British government sells good government, includes about ten million blacks and one and one-half million whites. In speaking of South Africa, I now include not only the Union of South Africa, but Rhodesia—North and South—as well as South-west Africa, the mandated territory taken from Germany. The whites are about equally divided between Boer farmers and British merchants, manufacturers and miners.

The *whites do no work*—I mean manual labor—that is all done by the blacks, and is the curse of the whole country. A white man who works with his hands, unless he is a high-grade mechanic, is classed with the natives and is a social outlaw. There is nothing in the whole country for a white man to do except "boss niggers" and the Ethiopian is getting mighty uppish and sassy because he realizes that the white man is helpless without his labor. Many of the missionaries tell him that he is a "brother" to the white man, but draw the line at "brother-in-law" except in rare cases.

I could never understand why the white man in South Africa never lynched the blacks for raping little girls and white women. While I was there I read accounts of fourteen rape cases and not a lynching. In fact, not a black had been hanged for rape since the Union was formed. One case struck me as especially hard and I read the court reports. A white girl reported to a family near a park in Cape Town, that she had been raped. It was about 10 o'clock at night.

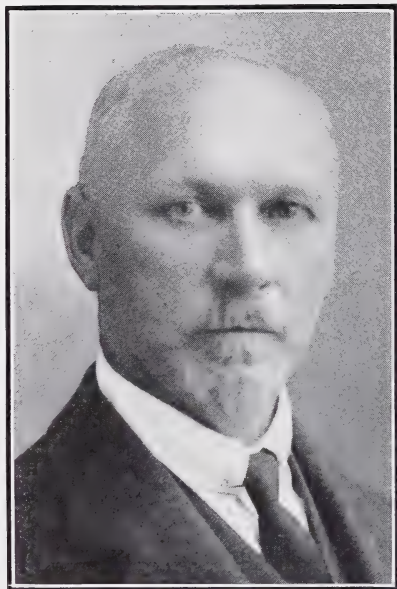
The people she appealed to referred her to the police station, which, they said, was four blocks away.

I am unable to understand why the government permits colored missionaries from the United States to enter the country and teach the equality of the blacks and whites. Of course, the whites do not believe it, but the blacks do. There were three Mormon missionaries (white) from the United States who went out on the same boat that I did. They work, I am told, with the colored people.

South Africa has 85 per cent of all the whites in Africa and it is confidently believed that when the mines play out South Africa will also go back to the blacks. I am forced to the same conclusion. Any negro with white blood is called "colored." They hate, and should, their white fathers. In Cape Town alone, there are 80,000 "colored" people.

From the Belgian and Portuguese Congo on the north to Cape Town it is nearly 2,000 miles. From Portuguese East Africa to the Atlantic Ocean it is 800 miles. This is a territory one-half the size of the United States. Transportation thru this great country, mostly desert, is the important

question. Without it the mines, except diamond, could hardly exist, and without mining South Africa would soon be a nigger heaven again. Altogether there are about 11,000 miles, including side tracks and terminals, and some 3,000 miles of privately owned roads in Rhodesia, leaving 8,000 miles of railroad owned and operated by the Union of South Africa.

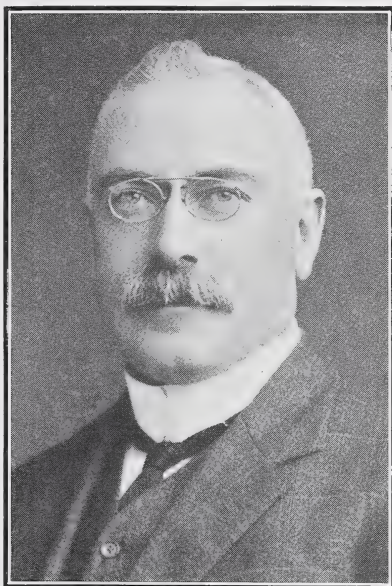


General J. C. Smuts, considered the smartest statesman developed by the Boers and an outstanding figure during and immediately after the World War.

The docks are included with the railroad property. There are no good natural harbors. The government debt shows that more than one-half of all the debt, or more than \$1,000,000,000, is due to the investment in railroads and docks. The general offices of the South Africa roads are located at Johannesburg, where they should be, but six months in every year the Director General, Sir William Hoy, has to remain at Cape Town because Parliament is in session there for six months. Sir William expressed himself to me as being glad that in another year he would be retired on a government pension, and as near as I could learn that was all the whole staff was working for—get on the government pay roll without even doing half a day's work. All the roads in South Africa are narrow gauge (three and one-half feet wide). There are twice as many employes per ton mile moved as in the United States and the passenger and freight rates are twice what they are in the United States, Canada or Australia.

My confidence in government owned and operated railroads was badly shaken in South Africa. First, the employes are all on government pay; second, they belong to the Union; third, there is a pension awaiting them whether they do anything or not, and this pension applies from the top to the bottom. The whole situation is rotten. The highest ambition of every black is to get a job on the railroad. In the mines he has to work.

Excepting mining and agriculture, which includes cattle,



Sir W. W. Hoy, Director General of Railroads in the South African Union. He is a man of exceptional executive ability facing a most difficult problem.

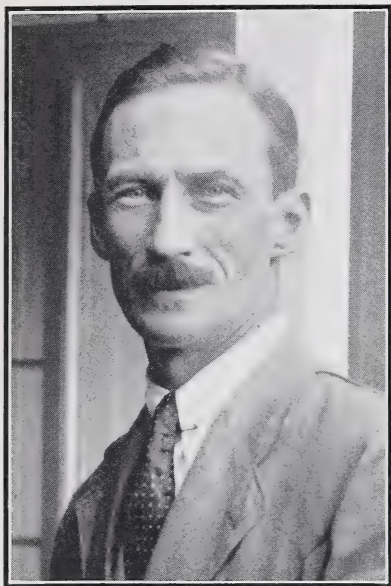
there is nothing to South Africa but the blacks. The country really lives off the mines. Eighty-five per cent of the diamonds and 60 per cent of the gold in the world is mined in South Africa. While other minerals are mined, they would not be of sufficient importance to keep the railroads going, and without rails the scattered products of the soil would have no way to reach a market.

While South Africa is one-half the size of the United States, the parts of it on which can be produced anything to eat and wear, excepting, of course, what a negro can live on, are not equal to more than one of our big States; and the white population of 1,500,000 is less than that of some of our smaller States. Mining will eventually disappear and the white man, except for a small fringe of a few miles along the coast, will be forced to go with it. This is the fixed belief of the hard-headed British and the easy-going, home-loving Boer, and I agree with them. The black population is increasing more rapidly than the white, the ratio being twenty to one, and the blacks can live where a white man will starve.

There are few rivers, except in the north tropical section, that do not go dry part of the year. The mountains are too low to carry snow on their tops and therefore do not provide a dependable water source for the streams. Only 25 per cent of the earth's surface is located south of the Equator, around the world, and less than one per cent of the white population. The lack of rainfall no doubt explains the absence of the white man, as he likes a bath every Saturday night, at least. The lack of water also accounts for the few trees south of the Equator, except in the tropical rain belt.

In South Africa there is no manufacturing of importance; they do not make even the millions of blankets sold every year to the negroes. The reason for this is that there is only black labor, and it is worthless except in the mines and on the Boer farms, where only animal intelligence is needed.

The finances of the country are in the hands of two banks. The legal rate of interest is 12 per cent, but this is materially augmented by commissions, etc. The government of the Union



R. A. J. Goode, administrator of Northern Rhodesia for the British South African Company. Born in Newfoundland, a cowboy in Texas and western Kansas, a printer in Topeka, Kansas, and a newspaper man in Chicago, his varied experience has well fitted him for his responsible post in a new country.

of South Africa has attempted to create a Federal Bank, but without success; possibly too many of the members of Parliament owe the old banks. Everybody complains of the banks, but the risk taken by bankers in a country of this character is great.

In politics, the Boers rather than the British control the situation and the only big difference I could see between political factions was who held down the jobs. The Crown has been very liberal in giving out titles (they cost nothing) to many. In fact, there are more "Sirs" in South Africa than in Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Every other man you meet is "Sir" Moses, "Sir" David or "Sir" Charles or "Sir" William.

In every country in the world of which I have written, and I write from personal observations on the spot, I have tried to give

the history and depict the present appearance and condition. I spent six months in South Africa, the best six months of the year. Many people said to me, "We are sorry you are visiting us when we have just had rain, and are looking our best." This statement was so general that I refrained from fixed conclusions about the country until I got away far enough to look at the country with a more inclusive perspective than just local color. This chapter may seem to be contradictory to some things which I wrote while trying to find and report only the best. All the preceding chapters were written while I was on the spot, seeing and investigating. This chapter is written

after I have departed from the scenes and am free from the influence of the cordial courtesy and hospitality of the people. It therefore represents my reflective, second thoughts. There are many good white people in South Africa. I am sorry for them. The future does not hold prospects for a permanent home for their children and grandchildren.



Natives such as these Barotses wonderingly saw the white man appear in Africa. Natives such as these probably will wonderingly see the white man depart from Africa.

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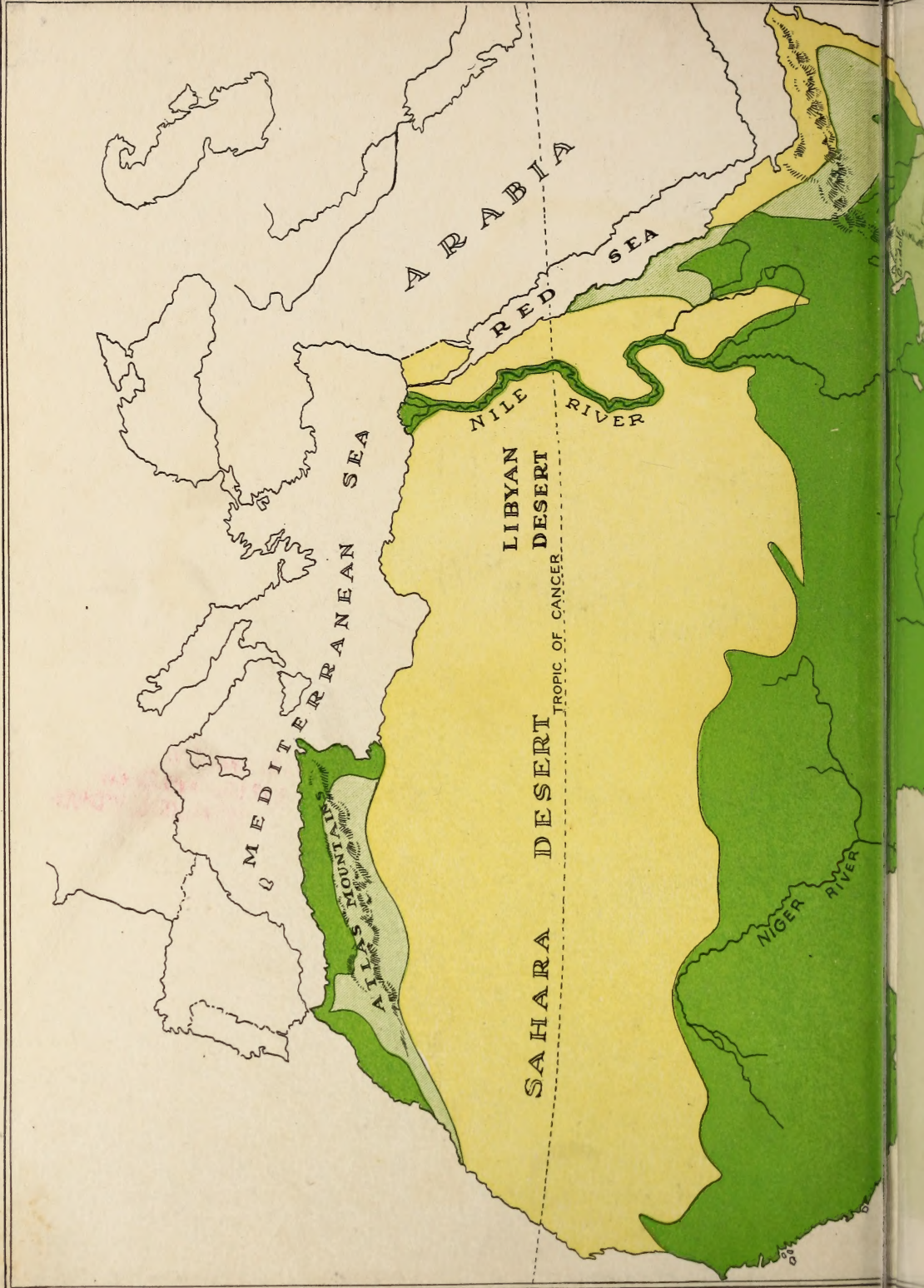
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Fair



Equator

ATLANTIC
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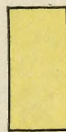
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